THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

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FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

A SET-BACK.

What Macallister Heard From the Liveried Servant.

The night was as balmy as Gilead, and Macallister McIlhenny had a dollar in his pocket. This was unusual, for what he ordinarily had in his pocket were a bunch of keys and a knife with three of the blades broken out.

And Macallister McIlhenny was happy. Any man ought to be happy with money in his pocket and hope in his heart, and Macallister McIlhenny was in that fix, for the girl he wanted to foreclose an emotional mortgage on had given him a gentle smile that very afternoon. He was now on his way to see her, and he crooned a love ditty as he walked.

At the door of her palarial mansion he was met by a liveried servant.

"Is Miss Montague at home?" he asked lightly.

"She is not, sir."

This reply set him back four pegs.

"Is her father at home?" he asked on a second attempt.

"He is not, sir."

"Is her mother?"

"She is not, sir."

"Is anybody at home?" he asked desperately.

"Nobody but the servants, sir."

What Macallister McIlhenny said about the servants need not be mentioned here.

"Where are they all?" was the next question, for he was not a man to throw up the sponge until the last armed foe had expired.

"They have gone to a boating party, sir."

"Oh, ah?"

"Yes, sir. It was quite unexpected, sir. The invitation came just after dinner, sir."

"Um! Was there a young man in the party?" inquired Mac, trying to appear very unconcerned.

"Yes, sir. He came for Miss Montague, sir."

"Was she glad to see him?"

"Yes, sir; I should say so, sir."

"Was he glad to see her?"

"Very, sir."

A cloud settled heavily on the brow of Macallister McIlhenny.

"Did you hear her say anything about expecting me this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah!" And again the heart of Macallister McIlhenny beat high with hope. "What did she say?"

The face of the liveried servant was as fixed as fate, as expressionless as the sphinx, as immobile as the countenance of a mummy.

"She said, sir," he replied, "that they had better get away before you came, sir, because if they waited until you left, sir, they wouldn't get started until it was time for breakfast, sir."

Alas, alas! By breakfast time there was no dollar in Macallister McIlhenny's pocket, and he couldn't have put his head in any pocket less in size than a coffee sack.—Detroit Free Press.

By the Card.

A traveler found at Richmond castle a guide who was amusingly dependent on tradition and guidebook.

"What is the height of this fine old keep?" asked the traveler.

"According to histroy, it's 99 feet," was the answer.

The same reply was made to various other questions relating to the height and depth of the measurements, and finally the men reached a part of the battlements where the hill on which the castle stands descends abruptly to the river.

"A pretty steep descent this," remarked the traveler.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "According to history, it's almost perpendicular."—Youth's Companion.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,

Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

WANTED—A first class millinery sales girl, local party preferred All communications confidential. Address P. O box 156.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 131 Central Street.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

A NICE OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in THE SUN building. Rent very low.

MAN KILLED

James Hurd of Bellevue Street the Victim.

DID HE FALL OR JUMP OFF THE TRAIN?

This Point Does Not Seem to be Cleared Up.

James Hurd of Bellevue street, Ward Four, was the victim of a railroad accident at the Gorham street overhead railroad bridge about 9 o'clock this morning.

What led to his death is not known any more than he either fell or jumped from the Salem train just after it passed the Bleachery station, coming into the city and was struck by a train going in the opposite direction.

Up till noontime the facts were not clearly known, some people who said they knew the family hinted that it was a case of suicide, but indications point more strongly to an accidental death.

Death must have been instantaneous, the skull being fractured and the head lacerated. The body was removed to Undertaker Brooks' rooms.

Mr Hurd had charge of the Linwood hotel at Pegeon Cove, and it is said he was expected home last night. He may have missed his train and came up on the first train from Salem this morning.

Some people think that he was out on the platform to get off at the Bleachery station, but why he wanted to get off here is not clearly explained as the Northern station is nearer Bellevue street.

Mr. Hurd was about 60 years old and leaves a wife and daughter. Chief Engineer Hosmer and Mrs. Hosmer boarded with the family, and Mr. Hosmer on hearing of the fatality made the preliminary arrangements for the care of the body.

LOCAL NOTES.

Look out for sneak thieves.

Keep cool in this warm weather and you'll be happy.

Fruit dealers report more variety of fruit at lower prices.

Get your shaving and hair cutting done at Glidden's, SUN building.

The committee on streets will meet at 2 and 7.30 o'clock Monday.

A meeting of the water board is called for 8 o'clock, Monday evening.

People stayed on the street later than usual last night to get a "breath of air."

A party of school ma'ams went to Kennebunkport, Me., for a two weeks' stay, today.

A gang of workmen and a steam roller are at work macadamizing Wilder street, from Broadway to Fletcher street.

Manager Gilbert is talking of putting "The Living Pictures" on the Lakeview theatre stage, next week in addition to "The Mascot."

What are those curbstones for, that are lying on the Common street side of the North common? They have been there about six weeks now, and besides being an obstruction are getting to be an eyesore to the residents on the street.

A CRUEL HOAX.

Rumored Drowning of Three Well Known Young Men.

A rumor was current yesterday to the effect that a party of well known young men who had left this city for a fishing trip to Gloucester had been drowned. THE SUN communicated with the Gloucester Times by telephone and found that the editor of that paper had heard nothing of such an occurrence. His reporters had been around the beach all day and if anything of the kind had happened they would know of it. He promised to investigate, however, and to notify THE SUN if any drowning accident occurred anywhere along the shore in the vicinity of Gloucester but THE SUN has not heard from him since.

Salem was also communicated with but no accident was heard of there so that it is safe to say that the rumor was a complete hoax.

It is not known how it started but if it was for a joke the originator of such a story should be ashamed of himself.

The families of those said to have been drowned spent the night in the greatest anxiety and had no means of ascertaining whether the rumor was true.

The boys are off shore fishing and are probably having an excellent time. The names of the alleged victims are Thomas F. Lennon, James O'Brien, and John Buchanan. Joe Farrell and T. P. Sullivan of city hall were also of the party.

A Quiet Court Session.

Thomas F. Savage, the man who escaped from the farm, was tried in court this morning and held in $300 to the superior court.

There were four drunks, and a number of continued cases.

The continued case of Ellen Twohey, charged with keeping liquor, was further continued till Aug. 14.

Telephone Company Officials.

James P. McKinstry, general manager; J. E. Farnsworth, general auditor of the Erie Telegraph and Telephone company; Charles P. Wainman, general superintendent of the Northwestern division, residing in Minneapolis; P. G. Reynolds, superintendent of construction; Arthur F. Adams, general superintendent of the Arkansas division, residing in Little Rock; and George W. Foster, general superintendent of the North Texas division, residing in Dallas, are in this city, consulting with the board of directors relative to the contemplated extension of the telephone service in their respective divisions.

BOOT'S OLD 64 CIGAR, For Sale by all Dealers.
For a Good Smoke Try One.
No. 9 Merrimack St. Henry Boot, Prop.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 333 to 345 Central St
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

T. M. BOLTON, 139 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 373 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Street & Kingsbury.)

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street
COAL.
Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

NO ICE CREAM SUNDAYS.

CAMBRIDGE FAMILIES MUST GET IT SATURDAY NIGHT.

Not Only Have They Got to Order It Then But Have It Delivered—Another Chapter in the Sunday Laws Enforcement in the University City.

Another chapter of the new novel, "Cambridge and the Sunday Laws," is out.

It came out yesterday and deals with more enforcement of the laws. It is now the ice cream dealers, instead of the druggists, that are being dealt with. The order contained copies of the Sunday law. The ice cream dealers who received them are those who deliver the ices on Sunday. The whole business is to the effect that they are forbidden to deliver their goods on Sunday.

Just how this state of things will be received is uncertain. It will be interesting news to some, at all events. During the heated season, as well as the cool, very many residents are wont to have ice cream served on their tables on Sunday. They don't want the trouble of making the delicacy, so they order it on Saturday, and it is delivered, cold and well frozen, at whatever hour it is wanted. But, according to the law and the order, the dealer can do so no more, and unless the man, woman or child who wants the dish gets down into the cellar or in the back yard and makes it, they must go without it.

Some dealers said last night that no order had been received by them, so they did not know what would be done until it was received.

Others had received the notice, and naturally are not over and above pleased with the state of affairs. There is no association, so that the possibility of concerted action on the part of the dealers is not very likely. They all want the law tested, and it is possible that a test case may result.

Those citizens of Cambridge who want ice cream for their dinner tomorrow must make it themselves or get it on Saturday, and trust to luck and the refrigerator to have it retain any of those characteristics of ice cream the next morning. To those who want their cream on Sunday this fact must be an unpleasant matter to contemplate on a day like yesterday, for instance.

The next chapter will probably come out next week, if there is anything else done in Cambridge contrary to the Sunday laws.

HER LEG CUT OFF.

Distressing Accident to Little Edith Robertshaw Yesterday

The accident which befell Edith Robertshaw on the railroad tracks under Hale street bridge yesterday afternoon, was a most distressing affair. The little girl—she is only seven years old—was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Willman of Hale street, her home being in Watertown.

She was with a little girl two years younger than herself and had passed through Horne's coal yard to get on to the tracks. She passed behind a flat car which was side tracked just as a freight train which was being made up backed on the same siding and jolted into the car in question. The younger child got out of the way of the car but Edith was caught and thrown across the track, her left leg being crushed frightfully below the knee.

The accident seems especially distressing to so young a girl but if ever an instance of real "grit" "spunk" or whatever courage may be called in a familiar way was seen this one is not exceeded. When she was picked up she did not shed a tear, or utter a cry of pain, and when a gentleman who was near by was asked to run across the street to tell her friends she told him not to as it would worry and distress them.

Edith was taken by Dr. Ricker in the ambulance to the General hospital where tender hands cared for the young patient. It was found necessary to amputate the leg just above the knee. By this time Edith had succumbed to the shock, but there was every hope after the operation that she would pull out all right.

Edith Robertshaw is reported as resting quite comfortably this morning and is almost sure of a speedy recovery.

Easy to Break an Arm.

Arthur S. Howard, of Tech, who was editor of the High School Review, and major of the battalion in '92, stubbed his toe on Central street, yesterday, and falling, broke his left forearm.

The Lowell House Burned.

The Lowell house, a well known beach hotel at Crescent beach, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The fire was discovered about 7.30 o'clock, and a smart response was made by the fire department, but all their efforts were of no avail, and only the front walls were left to show where the big hotel had stood. The loss will amount to some $1500, and the building was uninsured. This house was burnt last fall, and has only just been renovated. While the firemen were at work yesterday, they discovered large quantities of beer and spirits.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street.
Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry.
Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

W. A. LEW. 49 John Street.
Clothing, Cleansed. Dyed and Pressed
Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street.
Constable and Auctioneer.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 137 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Mansur Block
Attorney at Law.

THE STRIKE

Not Endorsed by Federation of Labor.

Pullman Is Set Down as a Public Enemy in Refusing to Arbitrate.

Sympathetic Strikers Are Advised to Return to Work if the Opportunity is Given Them.

Debs Is Willing to Declare the Strike Off, Provided the Men Who Went Out Are Reinstated—Railroad Officials Are Considering the Matter—Bloody Battle Between Strikers and Regulars In Sacramento.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Following is the text of the proposition made by President Debs to the railway managers:

CHICAGO, July 12.

To the Railway Managers:

GENTLEMEN—The existing troubles growing out of the Pullman strike having assumed continental proportions, and there being no indication of relief from the widespread business demoralization and distress incident thereto, the railway employes, through the board of directors of the American Railway union, respectfully make the following proposition as a basis of settlement:

They agree to return to work in a body at once, provided they shall be restored to their former positions without prejudice, except in cases, if any there be, where they have been convicted of crime. This proposition, looking to an immediate settlement of the existing strike on all lines of railway, is inspired by a purpose to subserve the public good. The strike, small and comparatively unimportant in its inception, has extended in every direction, until now it involves or threatens not only every public interest, but the peace, security and prosperity of our common country.

The contest has waged fiercely. It has extended far beyond the limits of interests originally involved, and has laid hold of a vast number of industries and enterprises in no wise responsible for the differences and disagreements that led to the trouble Factory, mill, mine and shop have been silenced; widespread demoralization has sway, The interests of multiplied thousands of innocent people are suffering. The common welfare is seriously menaced. The public peace and tranquility are in peril. Grave apprehensions of the future prevail. This being true, and the statement will not be controverted, we conceive it to be our duty as citizens and as men to make extraordinary efforts to end existing strife, and avert approaching calamity, whose shadows are even now upon us.

If ended now, the contest, however serious in its consequences, will not have been in vain. Sacrifices have been made, but they will have their compensations. Indeed, if lessons shall be taught by experience, the troubles, now so widely deplored, will prove a blessing of inestimable value in the months and years to come. The difference that led up to the present complications need not now be discussed.

At this supreme juncture every consideration of duty and patriotism demands that a remedy for existing trouble be found and applied. The employes propose to do their part by meeting their employers half way. Let it be stated that they do not impose any condition of settlement, except that they be returned to their former positions. They do not ask the recognition of the organization or of any organization.

Believing this proposition to be fair, reasonable and just, it is respectfully submitted, with the belief that its acceptance will result in the prompt resumption of traffic, the revival of industries and the restoration of peace and order. Respectfully,

EUGENE V. DEBS, President,
GEORGE H. HOWARD, Vice President,
SYLVESTER KELIHER, Secretary, American Railway Union.

The Federation's Views.

The conference committee of the Federation of Labor presented for adoption an address to the public.

President Gompers read it. P. H. Morrissey, vice grand master of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and T. W. Arnold, secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, made stirring speeches in opposition to the endorsement of Debs and the course pursued by the A. R. U

P. J. McGuire, first vice president of the Federation of Labor, urged that the Pullman strike was purely local and should be dealt with by the people of Chicago. A resolution was adopted condemning both the Republican and Democratic parties and pledging support to the Populists. The address was finally adopted, as follows:

The great industrial upheaval now agitating the country, has been carefully, calmly and fully considered in a conference of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, and the executive officers and representatives of the national and international unions, and brotherhoods of railway men, called to meet in the city of Chicago on July 12, 1894.

In the light of all the evidence obtainable, and in view of the peculiar complications now enveloping the situation, we are forced to the conclusion that the best interests of the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor demand that they refrain from participating in any general and local strike which may be proposed in connection with the present railroad troubles.

In making this declaration, we do not wish it understood that we are in any way antagonistic to any labor organization now struggling for right or justice, but rather to the fact that the present contest has become surrounded and beset with complications so grave in their nature that we cannot consistently advise a course which would but add to the general confusion.

The trades union movement is one of reason, one of deliberation, and, depending entirely upon the voluntary and sovereign action of its membership, it is democratic in principles and actions, conservative in its demands and consistent in its efforts to secure them. Industrial contests cannot be entered into at the behest of any individual officer of this conference, regardless of the position he may occupy in our organization.

While we may not have the power to order a strike of the working people of our country, we are fully aware that a recommendation from this conference to them to lay down their tools of labor would largely influence the members of our affiliated organizations, and appreciating the responsibility resting upon us, and the duty we owe to all, we declare it to be the sense of this conference that a general strike at this time is inexpedient, unwise and contrary to the best interests of the working people.

We further recommend that all connected with the American Federation of Labor now out on sympathetic strike should return to work, and those who contemplate going out on sympathetic strike are advised to remain at their usual vocations.

In the strike of the American Railway union we recognize an impulsive, vigorous protest against the gathering, growing forces of plutocratic power and corporation rule. In the sympathetic movement of that order to help the Pullman employes they have demonstrated the hollow sham of Pullman's paradise. Mr. Pullman, in his persistent repulses of arbitration, and his heartless autocratic treatment of his employes, has proven himself a public enemy.

Against an array of armed force and brutal moneyed autocracy, would it not be worse than folly to call them out on general or local strike in these days of stagnant trade and commercial depression?

No. Better let us organize more generally, combine more closely with other forces, educate and prepare ourselves to protect our interests, and that we may go to the ballot box and cast our votes as American free men, united and determined to redeem this country from its present political and industrial misrule, to take it from the hands of plutocratic wreckers and place it in the hands of the common people.

The committee voted to appropriate $1000 to assist Debs in procuring counsel. The conference then adjourned.

Bloody Work at Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, July 14.—Yesterday was one of the most exciting days in the history of the strike. As a result two men are in the hospital, while several others are reported dead or injured. Shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning, a switch engine was proceeding along Front street to clear the track. A company of regulars under command of Captain Roberts accompanied the engine.

As they reached I street, it is claimed, a gang of strikers fired on the troops. The soldiers returned the fire, and several men were seen to fall. Two of them were picked up by the police and removed to the receiving hospital. Their names are John Stuart and Frank Buckley.

The former was a marine of the U. S. S. Alliance, and he was attracted to the scene of the conflict by a large crowd. He was shot through the body. Buckley lives in Butte county, and was here on a visit. He was shot through the right shoulder. Both men deny that they are in any way connected with the strikers. Stuart has made an ante-mortem statement, in which he says he was shot down because he refused to halt when ordered to do so by the regulars.

The shooting was heard at the depot, and Colonel Graham, who is in command, ordered the First Corps of Marines, under Captain Berryman, and the Third United States marine corps, under Lieutenant Draper, to start from the depot with fixed bayonets. They divided into charging squads and extended the dead line to Second street.

Shortly afterward troop I, Fourth United States cavalry, made a flying dash down Second street to J, and thence to Front, sweeping everything before them. United States Marshal Bald was in the lead, and proclaimed martial law. He called upon the people in the name of the United States to go to their homes and remain there until the trouble is over. A few obeyed, but the majority remained on the streets in defiance of the marshal's order.

The streets are now comparatively deserted, and few cars to be seen, and they are being watched.

The railroad succeeded in getting a train to Rocklin. The train was accompanied by two companies of regulars.

Later another train left for the east It consisted of two coaches, two flat cars and several fruit cars. Two gatling guns were placed on the flat cars, to be used if occasion demanded. The railroad officials fear that more trouble will occur at Truckee.

The Managers' Position.

Mayor Hopkins and Alderman McGillen had a short and harmonious conference with Chairman St. John and Strike Manager Egan of the General Managers' association. Chairman St. John spoke somewhat disparagingly of Mr. Debs and his associates and declared that the general managers of the various roads running into Chicago did not recognize the president of the American Railway union or his conferees.

Mr. Egan said he would call a meeting of the General Managers' association as soon as possible, but that he did not think they would take any action. So far as the roads were concerned, Mr. Egan declared, the strike was already at an end. If the men wished to stay out of work, that was none of the business of the general managers.

Considered at an End.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Whatever may be the future course of Debs, the fact that he has sought to make overtures to the railway managers for the termination of the great strike is taken in official circles here as indicating that he admits, as others have seen, that the insurrection is practically at end. General Schofield, the commander of the United States army, believes that the president's promise to appoint a commission to investigate the causes of the strike and all of the issues involved, when the reign of lawlessness had ceased, has has induced the leaders to clear the way for the appointment of the commission by removing all pretext for disorder.

Praise From England.

LONDON, July 14.—The Daily News, commenting on President Cleveland's promise to appoint a commission to investigate the railroad strikes, says: Mr. Cleveland is neither brilliant nor dazzling, but he is clear-headed, cool an sensible, and may be credited with the honor of having done the best he could at the earliest favorable moment. He is apparently trying to do for the United States what Lord Rosebery has already done for England.

Pullman's Side.

NEW YORK, July 14.—George M. Pullman gave out a statement last evening in reference to the strike situation. He quoted figures, which he claimed were conclusive, showing that business at Pullman had been recently conducted at a loss to keep his employes at work. The charges of watered stock were denied, and he claimed that the demand for arbitration was unreasonable and unfair.

Corkonians Favor Rossa.

CORK, July 14.—The municipal council, after a heated discussion last night, adopted, by a vote of 28 to 24, a resolution urging the Dublin corporation to elect O'Donovan Rossa a city mashal, as a reward for his services to Ireland.

Incendiaries at Work.

LONDON, July 14.—A fire occurred in the Devenport dockyard last night and caused much damage Another fire occurred there recently, and it is supposed that both were started by incendiaries.

Held In $5000.

BOSTON, July 14.—Guy Cassella, charged with causing the death of Max Lewis July 4, was yesterday held in $5000 for the August term of the superior court. Cassella had discharged a revolver in such a way as to inflict a mortal wound on the scalp of Max Lewis, who died the following day.

Sang Kee Is In Boston.

BOSTON, July 14.—Special Chinese Inspector Miller knows Sang Kee, the noted Montreal Chinese hotel keeper and smuggler, and he says that he is now in this city, but that his arrest has not been attempted so far as he is aware.

CHATS ABOUT PEOPLE

Some of Them Have Already Enjoyed Room and Board for Their Summer Vacation.

Miss Norcross of Sherman street, is taking in a delightful trip on Lake George and through Ausable chasm and the Chateaugay region.

Mrs. Leonard Huntress and children are at Ogonquit, and Dr. Huntress will join them later.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest G. Dumas started yesterday on a carriage trip to Temple, N. H.

Shep. Shaw and C. F. Parsons have gone to the Miramachi river, in the Provinces.

Mrs. Richard Bray and her daughter, Nellie, will leave on Tuesday next for a brief stay in New Hampshire. Afterwards they will go to Narraganset bay to stay until September. Supt. "Dick" Bray will be unable to leave his work, and he will swelter in town with the rest of us.

Thomas Riley, Thomas Dunn, the Misses Desmond and Miss Cook drove up from Lawrence last evening to enjoy the hospitality of Lowell friends.

Lawyer Dan Donohoe has a business trip to the Provinces next week, and in going he will inhale all the vigor possible from the salt, sea air and try to get his sea legs on before crossing the Bay of Fundy.

Miss Lottie Brown and Miss Alma Perley have gone to Deer's Isle, Me.

Miss Rosalie Roach and Miss Mary Roach have gone to Lynn to visit relatives for a month.

Mr. B. F. Henry formerly with A. W. Stearns & Co., of Lawrence and late of O'Donnell & Gilbride's of this city, left yesterday for Atlanta, Ga., where he will take charge of the J. N. Winslow Co.'s large establishment.

Mr. James Howard has been elected a member of the Mass. Pharmaceutical association.

Solon W. Stevens, Esq., and family will spend the month of August at Mt. Vernon.

The engagement of Miss Lucy G. Downs of the Bon Marche and Mr. Charles H. Holgate, is announced.

Arthur Hatch and Perry Thompson have passed the entrance "exam" to Harvard.

Mrs. Warren R Stone and daughter May, and Mrs. E. M. Davenport are at Higgins beach, Me., until September.

Miss Eva J. Wilson has gone to her home in Nova Scotia, for a couple of months.

Mrs. E. B. Symonds and Miss Sylvia Symonds are enjoying themselves among the New Hampshire hills.

Rev. F. O. Hall and his party have reached old England's shores after a delightful passage.

Miss Jane Ireson of Boston is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Pillsbury in Tewksbury.

Mrs. T. W. Thompson of Bridge street gave a whist party Thursday evening in honor of her guest Miss Hoxie of Watertown.

Miss Flora Armstrong of Methuen street has gone to Somerville and Nantasket beach.

Edward Teague, son of Patrick Teague of Pawtucketville, and formerly of Phillips-Andover, has successfully passed the examination for admission to Harvard medical school.

The name of Edward J. Shannahan appears among the list of matriculates of the college of physicians and surgeons printed in the catalogue.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Margaret Moran, died yesterday at her home, 420 Fletcher street. Deceased was the widow of the late Patrick Moran, and has been ill for several weeks. She was very well known, and her many charitable acts endeared her to the ones she favored. She leaves four sisters one of whom is Mrs. James Marren.

Sarah McNulty died yesterday morning at St. John's hospital.

Rev. Henry Mathews, of North Andover, a Methodist minister, who was first located over a Lowell parish, died at his home yesterday, aged 57 years.

Miss Mary Maher, aged 59 years, died yesterday at the home of her sister Mrs. James Carmichael, 45 Whipple street. Deceased was, until three months ago a resident of Boston, when her health began to fail and she came to Lowell to spend her declining days with her sister. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Thomas A. Haworth, aged 11, son of Eli and Susie Howarth, died last night at 112 Fayette street. Funeral took place this afternoon at the Edson cemetery, with C. M. Young in charge.

Charles S. McKenzie, aged 6 months, died this morning at 12 Short street.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

Money Order Office Hours.

After July 21st the money order office of the post office will close on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 p. m., on other nights at 8. These are the nights when the accounts have to be balanced, requiring extra time for the clerks to work.

Want to Buy Real Estate?

The sale of property on which taxes have not been paid, by the city treasurer will take place at the city treasurer's office Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

Evangelistic Tent Meetings.

John Martin and William Mathews, evangelists, have opened tent services between Anderson and Weed streets, on Gorham street. Preaching every evening at 7.45 and Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Look It Up Mr. Sullivan.

What advantage is it to a lady passenger sitting in the front seat of a trailer on the Lakeview route to have smokers in the two rear seats of the electric car ahead? The breeze carries back the smoke, ashes and debris from cabbage filled Havannas into the trailer.

Didn't Use "Swear" Words.

William Ducharme, a job wagon driver, was arrested yesterday on a complaint, charging him with using profane language. He pleaded not guilty, and was discharged by the court.

May Come to Lowell.

It is rumored that one of the largest liquor dealers in Boston, who lived in Lowell in his younger days and who has made a fortune in business at the Hub, contemplates spending the remainder of his days in Lowell. He has been looking over several fine mansions and it is quite certain that fall will see him and his family among us. Many of his relatives live in Lowell.

Kept His Chair Warm.

Despite the fact that a torrid wave has struck us, the liquor dealers are not overburdened with business. Yesterday one dealer who is generally kept busy, spent the greater part of the day, sitting on a chair near the entrance to his store.

Our Store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings through July and August.

If we should send a special messenger to every young man in town it would be to inform him that eight or ten good styles of Summer suits are down to $6 and $8.

These Suits will fit young men 15 to 18 years of age; are all wool; neat patterns, marked at these prices, because lots are broken.

Regular prices have been eight to fourteen dollars. Now $6 to $8.

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

CARPET MILL LOOMS

WILL SOON BE RUNNING AS MERRILY AS EVER.

Brussels Weavers Met Last Night and Decided to Accept the Terms Made by the Company—Ingrain Weavers Expected to Take Like Action.

It looks now as though the looms in the Carpet mills, which have been idle for eight weeks will start up again one week from Monday.

The brussels weavers decided upon such action at a meeting held last evening and the decision of the ingrain weavers will be given out after their meeting, Monday evening.

Last night's meeting was a hot one and lasted three hours. From the expression of opinion it was quite evident that many of the strikers were anxious to return to work. The subcommittee appointed to confer with Agent Lyon reported the result of their audience with him. So far as can be learned Mr. Lyon proposed that the weavers return to work at the wages they were receiving when they left work, and as soon as the tariff bill passed they will receive an increase of 10 per cent.

The hall was crowded during the evening and the discussion of the proposition was very general. There were some who objected to accepting the company's terms and urged upon the others to stand fast. After debating the question for two hours a vote was ordered. It resulted in the acceptance of the company's terms by a vote 63 to 33.

Some one then raised the point that a two-thirds vote is necessary to carry such a motion, but the chair decided in the negative. An appeal was taken and the debate following lasted for one hour. Finally when a vote was taken the decision of the chair was sustained.

The majority endeavored to have the action of the society on the question of returning to work made unanimous, but in this they failed.

Some time today a committee from the brussels weavers will wait on Agent Lyon and inform him of the action taken.

CARPET WEAVERS.

Have Some Corrections and Contradictions to Make.

The press committee of the brussels weavers called at THE SUN office today to correct a statement made by a morning paper to the effect that the promised increase of wages was made conditional upon the passage of the tariff bill. If the tariff bill should fail to pass it would be made as promised.

The prices given by the same paper are also pronounced incorrect. They were all right before the cut down.

The ingrain weavers wish it to be distinctly understood that they have made no agreement to concur in the action of the brussels weavers. They will meet Monday evening to decide upon what they will do and this will depend upon the agent's offer, not upon what the brussels weavers may have done or failed to do. They are entirely independent of the brussels weavers but of course both bodies are in full sympathy with each other in efforts to secure better terms from their employers.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

Mary Curran, aged 1 year, child of Patrick J. and Mary Curran, died yesterday at their home, 30 Lagrange street. The funeral took place this afternoon and interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Wm. Winn took place this afternoon from his parents' home, 82 West Third street. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

Alice H. Muchrie was buried this afternoon from her parents' home, 314 Fletcher street. Interment was in the Edson cemetery.

The funeral of William, child of Bartholemew and Delia McGrath, occurred this afternoon from their home, 102 Common street and was well attended. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

A high mass of requiem was offered up at St. Peter's church this morning for the repose of the soul of Patrick Sheridan. The regular choir of the church assisted at the service. The funeral was largely attended. Interment took place in the Catholic cemetery.

Marcellus Has Returned.

Marcellus Fletcher, the old war horse, struck into town yesterday morning, and he looked as though he had just returned from a haying expedition.

Marcellus has spent several weeks down in the camp of his conqueror, "Dick" Carter. He owns considerable property in Lawrence, and has been superintending the work of making repairs.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

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FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

A SET-BACK.

What Macallister Heard From the Liveried Servant.

The night was as balmy as Gilead, and Macallister McIlhenny had a dollar in his pocket. This was unusual, for what he ordinarily had in his pocket were a bunch of keys and a knife with three of the blades broken out.

And Macallister McIlhenny was happy. Any man ought to be happy with money in his pocket and hope in his heart, and Macallister McIlhenny was in that fix, for the girl he wanted to foreclose an emotional mortgage on had given him a gentle smile that very afternoon. He was now on his way to see her, and he crooned a love ditty as he walked.

At the door of her palatial mansion he was met by a liveried servant.

"Is Miss Montague at home?" he asked lightly.

"She is not, sir."

This reply set him back four pegs.

"Is her father at home?" he asked on a second attempt.

"He is not, sir."

"Is her mother?"

"She is not, sir."

"Is anybody at home?" he asked desperately.

"Nobody but the servants, sir."

What Macallister McIlhenny said about the servants need not be mentioned here.

"Where are they all?" was the next question, for he was not a man to throw up the sponge until the last armed foe had expired.

"They have gone to a boating party, sir."

"Oh, ah?"

"Yes, sir. It was quite unexpected, sir. The invitation came just after dinner, sir."

"Um! Was there a young man in the party?" inquired Mac, trying to appear very unconcerned.

"Yes, sir. He came for Miss Montague, sir."

"Was she glad to see him?"

"Yes, sir; I should say so, sir."

"Was he glad to see her?"

"Very, sir."

A cloud settled heavily on the brow of Macallister McIlhenny.

"Did you hear her say anything about expecting me this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah!" And again the heart of Macallister McIlhenny beat high with hope. "What did she say?"

The face of the liveried servant was as fixed as fate, as expressionless as the sphinx, as immobile as the countenance of a mummy.

"She said, sir," he replied, "that they had better get away before you came, sir, because if they waited until you left, sir, they wouldn't get started until it was time for breakfast, sir."

Alas, alas! By breakfast time there was no dollar in Macallister McIlhenny's pocket, and he couldn't have put his head in any pocket less in size than a coffee sack.—Detroit Free Press.

By the Card.

A traveler found at Richmond castle a guide who was amusingly dependent on tradition and guidebook.

"What is the height of this fine old keep?" asked the traveler.

"According to histroy, it's 90 feet," was the answer.

The same reply was made to various other questions relating to the height and depth of the measurements, and finally the men reached a part of the battlements where the hill on which the castle stands descends abruptly to the river.

"A pretty steep descent this," remarked the traveler.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "According to history, it's almost perpendicular."—Youth's Companion.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,

Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

WANTED—A first class millinery sales girl; local party preferred. All communications confidential. Address P. O. box 186.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 131 Central Street.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal
of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portlandrain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

A NICE OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in THE SUN building. Rent very low.

MAN KILLED

James Hurd of Bellevue Street the Victim.

DID HE FALL OR JUMP OFF THE TRAIN?

This Point Does Not Seem to be Cleared Up.

James Hurd of Bellevue street, Ward Four, was the victim of a railroad accident at the Gorham street overhead railroad bridge about 9 o'clock this morning.

What led to his death is not known any more than he either fell or jumped from the Salem train just after it passed the Bleachery station, coming into the city and was struck by a train going in the opposite direction.

Up till noontime the facts were not clearly known, some people who said they knew the family hinted that it was a case of suicide, but indications point more strongly to an accidental death.

Death must have been instantaneous, the skull being fractured and the head lacerated. The body was removed to Undertaker Brooks' rooms.

Mr. Hurd had charge of the Linwood hotel at Pegeon Cove, and it is said he was expected home last night. He may have missed his train and came up on the first train from Salem this morning.

Some people think that he was out on the platform to get off at the Bleachery station, but why he wanted to get off here is not clearly explained as the Northern station is nearer Bellevue street.

Mr. Hurd was about 60 years old and leaves a wife and daughter. Chief Engineer Hosmer and Mrs. Hosmer boarded with the family, and Mr. Hosmer on hearing of the fatality made the preliminary arrangements for the care of the body.

LOCAL NOTES.

Look out for sneak thieves.

Keep cool in this warm weather and you'll be happy.

Fruit dealers report more variety of fruit at lower prices.

Get your shaving and hair cutting done at Glidden's, SUN building.

The committee on streets will meet at 2 and 7.30 o'clock Monday.

A meeting of the water board is called for 8 o'clock, Monday evening.

People stayed on the street later than usual last night to get a "breath of air."

A party of school ma'ams went to Kennebunkport, Me., for a two weeks' stay, today.

A gang of workmen and a steam roller are at work macadamizing Wilder street, from Broadway to Fletcher street.

Manager Gilbert is talking of putting "The Living Pictures" on the Lakeview theatre stage, next week in addition to "The Mascot."

What are those curbstones for, that are lying on the Common street side of the North common? They have been there about six weeks now, and besides being an obstruction are getting to be an eyesore to the residents on the street.

A CRUEL HOAX.

Rumored Drowning of Three Well Known Young Men.

A rumor was current yesterday to the effect that a party of well known young men who had left this city for a fishing trip to Gloucester had been drowned. THE SUN communicated with the Gloucester Times by telephone and found that the editor of that paper had heard nothing of such an occurrence. His reporters had been around the beach all day and if anything of the kind had happened they would know of it. He promised to investigate, however, and to notify THE SUN if any drowning accident occurred anywhere along the shore in the vicinity of Gloucester but THE SUN has not heard from him since.

Salem was also communicated with but no accident was heard of there so that it is safe to say that the rumor was a complete hoax.

It is not known how it started but if it was for a joke the originator of such a story should be ashamed of himself.

The families of those said to have been drowned spent the night in the greatest anxiety and had no means of ascertaining whether the rumor was true.

The boys are off shore fishing and are probably having an excellent time. The names of the alleged victims are Thomas F. Lennon, James O'Brien, and John Buchanan. Joe Farrell and T. P. Sullivan of city hall were also of the party.

A Quiet Court Session.

Thomas F. Savage, the man who escaped from the farm, was tried in court this morning and held in $300 to the superior court.

There were four drunks, and a number of continued cases.

The continued case of Ellen Twohey, charged with keeping liquor, was further continued till Aug. 14.

Telephone Company Officials.

James P. McKinstry, general manager; J. E. Farnsworth, general auditor of the Erie Telegraph and Telephone company; Charles P. Wainman, general superintendent of the Northwestern division, residing in Minneapolis; P. G. Reynolds, superintendent of construction; Arthur F. Adams, general superintendent of the Arkansas division, residing in Little Rock; and George W. Foster, general superintendent of the North Texas division, residing in Dallas, are in this city, consulting with the board of directors relative to the contemplated extension of the telephone service in their respective divisions.

BOOT'S OLD 64 CIGAR, For Sale by all Dealers.
For a Good Smoke Try One.
No. 9 Merrimack St. Henry Boot, Prop.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 333 to 345 Central St
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc.,
Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

T. M. BOLTON, 139 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Rep string at the Lowest Rates

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 313 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Street & Kingsbury.)

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street
COAL.
Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street.
Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry.
Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

W. A. LEW, 49 John Street.
Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed
Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

E. E. DONOVAN, Office: 88 Gorham Street,
Constable and Auctioneer.

JOHN W. McKVOY, 187 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Masonic Block
Attorney at Law.

NO ICE CREAM SUNDAYS.

CAMBRIDGE FAMILIES MUST GET IT SATURDAY NIGHT.

Not Only Have They Got to Order It Then But Have It Delivered—Another Chapter in the Sunday Laws Enforcement in the University City.

Another chapter of the new novel, "Cambridge and the Sunday Laws," is out.

It came out yesterday and deals with more enforcement of the laws. It is now the ice cream dealers, instead of the druggists, that are being dealt with. The order contained copies of the Sunday law. The ice cream dealers who received them are those who deliver the ices on Sunday. The whole business is to the effect that they are forbidden to deliver their goods on Sunday.

Just how this state of things will be received is uncertain. It will be interesting news to some, at all events. During the heated season, as well as the cool, very many residents are wont to have ice cream served on their tables on Sunday. They don't want the trouble of making the delicacy, so they order it on Saturday, and it is delivered, cold and well frozen, at whatever hour it is wanted. But, according to the law and the order, the dealer can do so no more, and unless the man, woman or child who wants the dish gets down into the cellar or in the back yard and makes it, they must go without it.

Some dealers said last night that no order had been received by them, so they did not know what would be done until it was received.

Others had received the notice, and naturally are not over and above pleased with the state of affairs. There is no association, so that the possibility of concerted action on the part of the dealers is not very likely. They all want the law tested, and it is possible that a test case may result.

Those citizens of Cambridge who want ice cream for their dinner tomorrow must make it themselves or get it on Saturday, and trust to luck and the refrigerator to have it retain any of those characteristics of ice cream the next morning. To those who want their cream on Sunday this fact must be an unpleasant matter to contemplate on a day like yesterday, for instance.

The next chapter will probably come out next week, if there is anything else done in Cambridge contrary to the Sunday laws.

HER LEG CUT OFF.

Distressing Accident to Little Edith Robertshaw Yesterday.

The accident which befell Edith Robertshaw on the railroad tracks under Hale street bridge yesterday afternoon, was a most distressing affair. The little girl—she is only seven years old—was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Willman of Hale street, her home being in Watertown.

She was with a little girl two years younger than herself and had passed through Horne's coal yard to get on to the tracks. She passed behind a flat car which was side tracked just as a freight train which was being made up backed on the same siding and jolted into the car in question. The younger child got out of the way of the car but Edith was caught and thrown across the track, her left leg being crushed frightfully below the knee.

The accident seems especially distressing to so young a girl but if ever an instance of real "grit" "spunk" or whatever courage may be called in a familiar way was seen this one is not exceeded. When she was picked up she did not shed a tear, or utter a cry of pain, and when a gentleman who was near by was asked to run across the street to tell her friends she told him not to as it would worry and distress them.

Edith was taken by Dr. Ricker in the ambulance to the General hospital where tender hands cared for the young patient. It was found necessary to amputate the leg just above the knee. By this time Edith had succumbed to the shock, but there was every hope after the operation that she would pull out all right.

Edith Robertshaw is reported as resting quite comfortably this morning and is almost sure of a speedy recovery.

Easy to Break an Arm.

Arthur S. Howard, of Tech, who was editor of the High School Review, and major of the battalion in '92, stubbed his toe on Central street, yesterday, and falling, broke his left forearm.

The Lowell House Burned.

The Lowell house, a well known beach hotel at Crescent beach, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The fire was discovered about 7.30 o'clock, and a smart response was made by the fire department, but all their efforts were of no avail, and only the front walls were left to show where the big hotel had stood. The loss will amount to some $1500, and the building was uninsured. This house was burnt last fall, and has only just been renovated. While the firemen were at work yesterday, they discovered large quantities of beer and spirits.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

THE STRIKE

Not Endorsed by Federation of Labor.

Pullman Is Set Down as a Public Enemy in Refusing to Arbitrate.

Sympathetic Strikers Are Advised to Return to Work if the Opportunity is Given Them.

Debs Is Willing to Declare the Strike Off, Provided the Men Who Went Out Are Reinstated—Railroad Officials Are Considering the Matter—Bloody Battle Between Strikers and Regulars in Sacramento.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Following is the text of the proposition made by President Debs to the railway managers:

CHICAGO, July 12.

To the Railway Managers:

GENTLEMEN—The existing troubles growing out of the Pullman strike having assumed continental proportions, and there being no indication of relief from the widespread business demoralization and distress incident thereto, the railway employes, through the board of directors of the American Railway union, respectfully make the following proposition as a basis of settlement:

They agree to return to work in a body at once, provided they shall be restored to their former positions without prejudice, except in cases, if any there be, where they have been convicted of crime. This proposition, looking to an immediate settlement of the existing strike on all lines of railway, is inspired by a purpose to subserve the public good. The strike, small and comparatively unimportant in its inception, has extended in every direction, until now it involves or threatens not only every public interest, but the peace, security and prosperity of our common country.

The contest has waged fiercely. It has extended far beyond the limits of interests originally involved, and has laid hold of a vast number of industries and enterprises in no wise responsible for the differences and disagreements that led to the trouble. Factory, mill, mine and shop have been silenced: widespread demoralization has sway. The interests of multiplied thousands of innocent people are suffering. The common welfare is seriously menaced. The public peace and tranquillity are in peril. Grave apprehensions of the future prevail. This being true, and the statement will not be controverted, we conceive it to be our duty as citizens and as men to make extraordinary efforts to end existing strife, and avert approaching calamity, whose shadows are even now upon us.

If ended now, the contest, however serious in its consequences, will not have been in vain. Sacrifices have been made, but they will have their compensations. Indeed, if lessons shall be taught by experience, the troubles, now so widely deplored, will prove a blessing of inestimable value in the months and years to come. The difference that led up to the present complications need not now be discussed.

At this supreme juncture every consideration of duty and patriotism demands that a remedy for existing trouble be found and applied. The employes propose to do their part by meeting their employers half way. Let it be stated that they do not impose any condition of settlement, except that they be returned to their former positions. They do not ask the recognition of the organization or of any organization.

Believing this proposition to be fair, reasonable and just, it is respectfully submitted, with the belief that its acceptance will result in the prompt resumption of traffic, the revival of industries and the restoration of peace and order. Respectfully,

EUGENE V. DEBS, President.
GEORGE H. HOWARD, Vice President.
SYLVESTER KELLIHER, Secretary, American Railway Union.

The Federation's Views.

The conference committee of the Federation of Labor presented for adoption an address to the public.

President Gompers read it. P. H. Morrissey, vice grand master of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and T. W. Arnold, secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, made stirring speeches in opposition to the endorsement of Debs and the course pursued by the A. R. U.

P. J. McGuire, first vice president of the Federation of Labor, urged that the Pullman strike was purely local and should be dealt with by the people of Chicago. A resolution was adopted condemning both the Republican and Democratic parties and pledging support to the Populists. The address was finally adopted, as follows:

The great industrial upheaval now agitating the country, has been carefully, calmly and fully considered in a conference of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, and the executive officers and representatives of the national and international unions, and brotherhoods of railway men, called to meet in the city of Chicago on July 12, 1894.

In the light of all the evidence obtainable, and in view of the peculiar complications now enveloping the situation, we are forced to the conclusion that the best interests of the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor demand that they refrain from participating in any general and local strike which may be proposed in connection with the present railroad troubles.

In making this declaration, we do not wish it understood that we are in any way antagonistic to any labor organization now struggling for right or justice, but rather to the fact that the present contest has become surrounded and beset with complications so grave in their nature that we cannot consistently advise a course which would but add to the general confusion.

The trades union movement is one of reason, one of deliberation, and, depending entirely upon the voluntary and sovereign action of its membership, it is democratic in principles and actions, conservative in its demands and consistent in its efforts to secure them. Industrial contests cannot be entered into at the behest of any individual officer of this conference, regardless of the position he may occupy in our organization.

While we may not have the power to order a strike of the working people of our country, we are fully aware that a recommendation from this conference to them to lay down their tools of labor would largely influence the members of our affiliated organizations, and appreciating the responsibility resting upon us, and the duty we owe to all, we declare it to be the sense of this conference that a general strike at this time is inexpedient, unwise and contrary to the best interests of the working people.

We further recommend that all connected with the American Federation of Labor now out on sympathetic strike should return to work, and those who contemplate going out on sympathetic strike are advised to remain at their usual vocations.

In the strike of the American Railway union we recognize an impulsive, vigorous protest against the gathering, growing forces of plutocratic power and corporation rule. In the sympathetic movement of that order to help the Pullman employes they have demonstrated the hollow sham of Pullman's paradise. Mr. Pullman, in his persistent repulses of arbitration, and his heartless autocratic treatment of his employes, has proven himself a public enemy.

Against an array of armed force and brutal moneyed autocracy, would it not be worse than folly to call them out on general or local strike in these days of stagnant trade and commercial depression?

No. Better let us organize more generally, combine more closely with other forces, educate and prepare ourselves to protect our interests, and that we may go to the ballot box and cast our votes as American free men, united and determined to redeem this country from its present political and industrial misrule, to take it from the hands of plutocratic wreckers and place it in the hands of the common people.

The committee voted to appropriate $1000 to assist Debs in procuring counsel. The conference then adjourned.

Bloody Work at Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, July 14.—Yesterday was one of the most exciting days in the history of the strike. As a result two men are in the hospital, while several others are reported dead or injured. Shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning, a switch engine was proceeding along Front street to clear the track. A company of regulars under command of Captain Roberts accompanied the engine.

As they reached I street, it is claimed, a gang of strikers fired on the troops. The soldiers returned the fire, and several men were seen to fall. Two of them were picked up by the police and removed to the receiving hospital. Their names are John Stuart and Frank Buckley.

The former was a marine of the U. S. S. Alliance, and he was attracted to the scene of the conflict by a large crowd. He was shot through the body. Buckley lives in Butte county, and was here on a visit. He was shot through the right shoulder. Both men deny that they are in any way connected with the strikers. Stuart has made an ante-mortem statement, in which he says he was shot down because he refused to halt when ordered to do so by the regulars.

The shooting was heard at the depot, and Colonel Graham, who is in command, ordered the First Corps of Marines, under Captain Berryman, and the Third United States marine corps, under Lieutenant Draper, to start from the depot with fixed bayonets. They divided into charging squads and extended the dead line to Second street.

Shortly afterward troop I, Fourth United States cavalry, made a flying dash down Second street to J, and thence to Front, sweeping everything before them. United States Marshal Baird was in the lead, and proclaimed martial law. He called upon the people in the name of the United States to go to their homes and remain there until the trouble is over. A few obeyed, but the majority remained on the streets in defiance of the marshal's order.

The streets are now comparatively deserted, and few cars to be seen, and they are being watched.

The railroad succeeded in getting a train to Rocklin. The train was accompanied by two companies of regulars.

Later another train left for the east. It consisted of two coaches, two flat cars and several fruit cars. Two gatling guns were placed on the flat cars, to be used if occasion demanded. The railroad officials fear that more trouble will occur at Truckee.

The Managers' Position.

Mayor Hopkins and Alderman McGillen had a short and harmonious conference with Chairman St. John and Strike Manager Egan of the General Managers' association. Chairman St. John spoke somewhat disparagingly of Mr. Debs and his associates and declared that the general managers of the various roads running into Chicago did not recognize the president of the American Railway union or his conferees.

Mr. Egan said he would call a meeting of the General Managers' association as soon as possible, but that he did not think they would take any action. So far as the roads were concerned, Mr. Egan declared, the strike was already at an end. If the men wished to stay out of work, that was none of the business of the general managers.

Considered at an End.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Whatever may be the future course of Debs, the fact that he has sought to make overtures to the railway managers for the termination of the great strike is taken in official circles here as indicating that he admits, as others have seen, that the insurrection is practically at end. General Schofield, the commander of the United States army, believes that the president's promise to appoint a commission to investigate the causes of the strike and all of the issues involved, when the reign of lawlessness had ceased, has has induced the leaders to clear the way for the appointment of the commission by removing all pretext for disorder.

Praise From England.

LONDON, July 14.—The Daily News, commenting on President Cleveland's promise to appoint a commission to investigate the railroad strikes, says: Mr. Cleveland is neither brilliant nor dazzling, but he is clear-headed, cool and sensible, and may be credited with the honor of having done the best he could at the earliest favorable moment. He is apparently trying to do for the United States what Lord Rosebery has already done for England.

Pullman's Side.

NEW YORK, July 14.—George M. Pullman gave out a statement last evening in reference to the strike situation. He quoted figures, which he claimed were conclusive, showing that business at Pullman had been recently conducted at a loss to keep his employes at work. The charges of watered stock were denied, and he claimed that the demand for arbitration was unreasonable and unfair.

Corkonians Favor Rossa.

CORK, July 14.—The municipal council, after a heated discussion last night, adopted, by a vote of 28 to 24, a resolution urging the Dublin corporation to elect O'Donovan Rossa a city marshal, as a reward for his services to Ireland.

Incendiaries at Work.

LONDON, July 14.—A fire occurred in the Devenport dockyard last night and caused much damage. Another fire occurred there recently, and it is supposed that both were started by incendiaries.

Held In $5000.

BOSTON, July 14.—Guy Cassella, charged with causing the death of Max Lewis July 4, was yesterday held in $5000 for the August term of the superior court. Cassella had discharged a revolver in such a way as to inflict a mortal wound on the scalp of Max Lewis, who died the following day.

Sang Kee Is In Boston.

BOSTON, July 14.—Special Chinese Inspector Miller knows Sang Kee, the noted Montreal Chinese hotel keeper and smuggler, and he says that he is now in this city, but that his arrest has not been attempted so far as he is aware.

CHATS ABOUT PEOPLE

Some of Them Have Already Enjoyed Room and Board for Their Summer Vacation.

Miss Norcross of Sherman street, is taking in a delightful trip on Lake George and through Ausable chasm and the Chateaugay region.

Mrs. Leonard Huntress and children are at Ogonquit, and Dr. Huntress will join them later.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest G. Dumas started yesterday on a carriage trip to Temple, N. H.

Shep Shaw and C. F. Parsons have gone to the Miramichi river, in the Provinces.

Mrs. Richard Bray and her daughter, Nellie, will leave on Tuesday next for a brief stay in New Hampshire. Afterwards they will go to Narragansett bay to stay until September. Supt. "Dick" Bray will be unable to leave his work, and he will swelter in town with the rest of us.

Thomas Riley, Thomas Dunn, the Misses Deswond and Miss Cook drove up from Lawrence last evening to enjoy the hospitality of Lowell friends.

Lawyer Dan Donohoe has a business trip to the Provinces next week, and in going he will inhale all the vigor possible from the salt, sea air and try to get his sea legs on before crossing the Bay of Fundy.

Miss Lottie Brown and Miss Alma Perley have gone to Deer's Isle, Me.

Miss Rosalie Roach and Miss Mary Roach have gone to Lynn to visit relatives for a month.

Mr. B. F. Henry formerly with A. W. Stearns & Co., of Lawrence and late of O'Donnell & Gilbride's of this city, left yesterday for Atlanta, Ga., where he will take charge of the J. N. Winslow Co.'s large establishment.

Mr. James Howard has been elected a member of the Mass. Pharmaceutical association.

Solon W. Stevens, Esq., and family will spend the month of August at Mt. Vernon.

The engagement of Miss Lucy G. Downs of the Bon Marche and Mr. Charles H. Holgate, is announced.

Arthur Hatch and Perry Thompson have passed the entrance "exam" to Harvard.

Mrs. Warren R. Stone and daughter May, and Mrs. E. M. Davenport are at Higgins beach, Me., until September.

Miss Eva J. Wilson has gone to her home in Nova Scotia, for a couple of months.

Mrs. E. B. Symonds and Miss Sylvia Symonds are enjoying themselves among the New Hampshire hills.

Rev. F. O. Hall and his party have reached old England's shores after a delightful passage.

Miss Jane Ireson of Boston is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Pillsbury in Tewksbury.

Mrs. T. W. Thompson of Bridge street gave a whist party Thursday evening in honor of her guest Miss Hoxie of Watertown.

Miss Flora Armstrong of Methuen street has gone to Somerville and Nantasket beach.

Edward Teague, son of Patrick Teague of Pawtucketville, and formerly of Phillips-Andover, has successfully passed the examination for admission to Harvard medical school.

The name of Edward J. Shannahan appears among the list of matriculates of the college of physicians and surgeons printed in the catalogue.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Margaret Moran, died yesterday at her home, 420 Fletcher street. Deceased was the widow of the late Patrick Moran, and has been ill for several weeks. She was very well known, and her many charitable acts endeared her to the ones she favored. She leaves four sisters one of whom is Mrs. James Marren.

Sarah McNulty died yesterday morning at St. John's hospital.

Rev. Henry Mathews, of North Andover, a Methodist minister, who was first located over a Lowell parish, died at his home yesterday, aged 67 years.

Miss Mary Maher, aged 59 years, died yesterday at the home of her sister Mrs. James Carmichael, 46 Whipple street. Deceased was, until three months ago a resident of Boston, when her health began to fail and she came to Lowell to spend her declining days with her sister. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Thomas A. Haworth, aged 11, son of Eli and Susie Howarth, died last night at 112 Fayette street. Funeral took place this afternoon at the Edson cemetery, with C. M. Young in charge.

Charles S. McKenzie, aged 6 months, died this morning at 12 Short street.

McMannon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

Money Order Office Hours.

After July 21st the money order office of the post office will close on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 p. m., on other nights at 8. These are the nights when the accounts have to be balanced, requiring extra time for the clerks to work.

Want to Buy Real Estate?

The sale of property on which taxes have not been paid, by the city treasurer will take place at the city treasurer's office Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

Evangelistic Tent Meetings.

John Martin and William Mathews, evangelists, have opened tent services between Anderson and Weed streets, on Gorham street. Preaching every evening at 7.45 and Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Look It Up Mr. Sullivan.

What advantage is it to a lady passenger sitting in the front seat of a trailer on the Lakeview route to have smokers in the two rear seats of the electric car ahead? The breeze carries back the smoke, ashes and debris from cabbage filled Havannas into the trailer.

Didn't Use "Swear" Words.

William Ducharme, a job wagon driver, was arrested yesterday on a complaint, charging him with using profane language. He pleaded not guilty, and was discharged by the court.

May Come to Lowell.

It is rumored that one of the largest liquor dealers in Boston, who lived in Lowell in his younger days and who has made a fortune in business at the Hub, contemplates spending the remainder of his days in Lowell. He has been looking over several fine mansions and it is quite certain that fall will see him and his family among us. Many of his relatives live in Lowell.

Kept His Chair Warm.

Despite the fact that a torrid wave has struck us, the liquor dealers are not overburdened with business. Yesterday one dealer who is generally kept busy, spent the greater part of the day, sitting on a chair near the entrance to his store.

Our Store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings through July and August.

If we should send a special messenger to every young man in town it would be to inform him that eight or ten good styles of Summer suits are down to $6 and $8.

These Suits will fit young men 15 to 18 years of age; are all wool; neat patterns, marked at these prices, because lots are broken.

Regular prices have been eight to fourteen dollars. Now $6 to $8.

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

CARPET MILL LOOMS

WILL SOON BE RUNNING AS MERRILY AS EVER.

Brussels Weavers Met Last Night and Decided to Accept the Terms Made by the Company—Ingrain Weavers Expected to Take Like Action.

It looks now as though the looms in the Carpet mills, which have been idle for eight weeks will start up again one week from Monday.

The brussels weavers decided upon such action at a meeting held last evening and the decision of the ingrain weavers will be given out after their meeting, Monday evening.

Last night's meeting was a hot one and lasted three hours. From the expression of opinion it was quite evident that many of the strikers were anxious to return to work. The subcommittee appointed to confer with Agent Lyon reported the result of their audience with him. So far as can be learned Mr. Lyon proposed that the weavers return to work at the wages they were receiving when they left work, and as soon as the tariff bill passed they will receive an increase of 10 per cent.

The hall was crowded during the evening and the discussion of the proposition was very general. There were some who objected to accepting the company's terms and urged upon the others to stand fast. After debating the question for two hours a vote was ordered. It resulted in the acceptance of the company's terms by a vote 63 to 38.

Some one then raised the point that a two-thirds vote is necessary to carry such a motion, but the chair decided in the negative. An appeal was taken and the debate following lasted for one hour. Finally when a vote was taken the decision of the chair was sustained.

The majority endeavored to have the action of the society on the question of returning to work made unanimous, but in this they failed.

Some time today a committee from the brussels weavers will wait on Agent Lyon and inform him of the action taken.

CARPET WEAVERS.

Have Some Corrections and Contradictions to Make.

The press committee of the brussels weavers called at THE SUN office today to correct a statement made by a morning paper to the effect that the promised increase of wages was made conditional upon the passage of the tariff bill. If the tariff bill should fail to pass it would be made as promised.

The prices given by the same paper are also pronounced incorrect. They were all right before the cut down.

The ingrain weavers wish it to be distinctly understood that they have made no agreement to concur in the action of the brussels weavers. They will meet Monday evening to decide upon what they will do and this will depend upon the agent's offer, not upon what the brussels weavers may have done or failed to do. They are entirely independent of the brussels weavers but of course both bodies are in full sympathy with each other in efforts to secure better terms from their employers.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

Mary Curran, aged 1 year, child of Patrick J. and Mary Curran, died yesterday at their home, 30 Lagrange street. The funeral took place this afternoon and interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Wm. Winn took place this afternoon from his parents' home, 82 West Third street. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

Alice H. Mucharie was buried this afternoon from her parents' home, 314 Fletcher street. Interment was in the Edson cemetery.

The funeral of William, child of Bartholemew and Della McGrath, occurred this afternoon from their home, 102 Common street and was well attended. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

A high mass of requiem was offered up at St. Peter's church this morning for the repose of the soul of Patrick Sheridan. The regular choir of the church assisted at the service. The funeral was largely attended. Interment took place in the Catholic cemetery.

Marcellus Has Returned.

Marcellus Fletcher, the old war horse, struck into town yesterday morning, and he looked as though he had just returned from a hoeing expedition.

Marcellus has spent several weeks down in the camp of his conqueror, "Dick" Carter. He owns considerable property in Lawrence, and has been superintending the work of making repairs.

WHERE NOW IS UNITY?

Recent Important Conferences of Organized Labor.

The Philadelphia and St. Louis Meetings—Sound Base of Trade Organization—The American Railway Union—A Shady Transaction by Labor Officials.

What of the unity movement? What has been done since the Philadelphia conference to accomplish the consolidation of organized labor? How stands the case now, and what of the future? These are some of the questions which are being asked of me—and no doubt of many others—by earnest men of the rank and file. I doubt my ability to make satisfactory replies, and in my judgment I admit I am somewhat short of infallibility, but I have opinions, and I give them for what they are worth, assuring my readers that anything I may say upon this subject is inspired solely by a desire to see the labor movement of America solidified upon a plan for practical work under a compact and system which will embody the correct principles of industrial organization and insure the power to enforce just and wise measures. I do not hope any more to see the burial of all prejudice, but I am sure that it may be made harmless so far as any save those who hold it are concerned.

What has been done so far in the line of unity? First, a conference was held in Philadelphia April 28-29, composed of over 50 representative labor men, at which the sentiment was for complete harmony, and the consensus of opinion favored a readjustment of economic organization upon the practical lines of special interests and the unification of all for general work and the good of the whole as well as each of its parts. Second, representatives of the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, several of the railway brotherhoods and the Farmers' Alliance met in St. Louis on June 11 and adopted a set of resolutions which provide for semiannual conferences of representatives of organized labor "for the purpose of considering questions and devising plans for the protection and advancement of the toiling masses." A resolution to which I shall refer later was also adopted. Third, the American Railway union at its convention in Chicago received overtures from the general executive board of the Knights of Labor and effected a friendly alliance. The extent of the compact I do not fully know at this writing.

Taking these three important events in their order, let us first consider the Philadelphia conference. There was no authority behind that meeting, it is true, but that fact was its strongest recommendation to favor. It was composed of men, many of them officials of labor organizations, who came together because they love the labor movement and not because of a duty placed upon them by a superior authority. They were not, with slight exception, sent there to "protect the interests" of any organization, but came of their own will to contribute out of their experience to the advancement of the cause of labor, and they paid their own expenses. Men who had never before met as friends to co-operate in the movement joined hands at that conference and pledged their efforts as individuals to the improvement of the toilers' condition. Such a gathering was never had under "authority." If the Philadelphia conference had done nothing more than establish friendship and confidence where there had before been enmity and distrust, it would have earned a prominent place in the history of labor, but it did that and more.

It gave the keynote for a harmony movement; publicly enunciated the principle upon which unity will be established at some time in the future. Upon no other principle can it be established. The principle is that there shall not be two distinct organizations in the same trade. There cannot be harmony where the members of a calling are divided into two or more organizations, owing allegiance some to one and some to another authority, and such a thing as permanent success for either of such organizations is out of the question. Dual organization means conflicting authority and—well, for 10 years we have seen what that means. The Philadelphia conference is given credit for accomplishing something else. It is said that if that body had not adopted resolutions setting forth that if the conference provided for by the general assembly of the Knights of Labor was not held before a certain date a congress of labor should be called upon the authority of the Philadelphia conference the K. of L. conference would never have been held. Whether this is true or not I cannot say, but everybody knows that on the day following the close of the Philadelphia conference the general executive board of the Knights of Labor called its conference and named a time inside the limit set by the Philadelphia resolution.

On June 11 three of the general officers of the Knights of Labor, three from the American Federation of Labor, two from the Farmers' Alliance, one from the Bottle Blowers and one or more from each of the railway organizations, excepting the Telegraphers and the American Railway union, met in St Louis pursuant to the call of the first named. I have already referred to the agreement adopted at this meeting to hold semiannual conferences. The paragraph referring to representation in these future conferences reads: "The representation in the conferences shall be from the general assembly of the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, the various brotherhoods and orders of railway men and such national and international organizations of wage workers and farmers as are not affiliated with any of the before mentioned organizations, provided that any such national or international labor organization is not organized to antagonize or undermine any existing bona fide national or international union of the same trade or calling." Bear in mind that the American Railway union was not represented in the conference and take into consideration the fact that some of the brotherhood men declared that they would not sit with A. R. U. men, and you will appreciate the force of the "provided" part of the resolution quoted. The proviso should have been left out of the resolution.

The Knights of Labor representatives introduced a proposition for the interchange of working cards between their organization and the unions affiliated with the American federation. This was defeated and the following adopted: "For the purpose of preventing strife and antagonism between labor organizations we declare that there should not be a dual organization or authority in any trade or calling, and that in matters of trade conflicts, boycotts and trade labels the union particularly in interest should have absolute authority and autonomy." This contains the principle laid down at Philadelphia. It was opposed by the representative of the general executive board then, and the general officers of the order voted against it at St. Louis. They favored, as has been stated, an interchange of working cards and joint authority in conflicts with employers. I should like every reader to decide for himself between these two propositions, but I have no wish to evade the question myself, and I say that there cannot be harmony and peace in a trade where some of the workers owe allegiance to one authority and some to another, where there may be a wide difference in the financial obligations in the two organizations, and while men are human beings and the wish to excel—in combination as well as individually—is a human characteristic. Labor organizations, to be successful, must be conducted on business principles.

There were 24 Knights of Labor in the Philadelphia conference, the majority being among the oldest members of the order and all of more or less prominence. So far as I know, the one organization to each trade principle was indorsed by every Knight present excepting Schonfarber, who represented the general executive board. I firmly believe that a majority of the members of the order today favor that plan, and that if the question was fairly explained to them the whole rank and file of the order would agree to it, for its adoption would settle the controversies which have depleted the organization during the past eight years, and it would soon grow to its former magnificent position in the industrial movement. I say this as one member of the Knights of Labor who contributed to some extent toward building up the organization prior to 1887, and who is now in the ranks ready to help do the work over again upon a more lasting basis.

At the close of the St. Louis conference the general officers of the Knights went to Chicago, where the American Railway union was in session, and that organization, after listening to an address from the general master workman, adopted a resolution declaring its willingness to co-operate with the Knights of Labor. Subsequently, I understand, a close alliance was effected between the two organizations. Now we begin to get into the stumps in trying to steer the craft to harmony shore. We find by looking at our notes that the general officers of the Knights of Labor make an agreement to meet semiannually in a labor conference from which the American Railway union is barred, and within a few hours of that agreement they are making overtures for and effecting an offensive and defensive alliance with that same American Railway union. What are our general officers driving at? Have they repudiated the action of the St. Louis conference?

Now a word about the American Railway union. In the first place, I want to say that that organization has never had a warmer sympathizer than myself, and I esteem no man in the labor movement above its projector and present president. The birth of the idea of the union was an inspiration. For the great majority of railway employees organization had been a complete failure. Aristocracy and exclusiveness were the curses of the railway brotherhoods, and as a general thing the greater number of the railway men were ignored and left to the tender mercies of the corporations. In one year the American Railway union has changed all this, and now, where it has the power to secure it, every man in the service has a show. But, says Mr. Critic, is not the A. R. U. built upon the plan which you oppose in the Knights of Labor, and will not the conflicts it must necessarily have with the brotherhoods interfere with your unity scheme? No, emphatically, to the first part of the query, and no, with a proviso, to the second portion. I do not mean that the situation could not be better, but the difficulties in the way are not insurmountable.

The American Railway union restricts its membership to railway service, each man on a road has the same employer, and interests are as nearly identical as it is possible for the interests of two individuals to be. The Knights of Labor try to direct the trade interests of a thousand and one callings at one and the same time, and if the policy of the past few years is followed they will double up as many railroad men as they can when they can. There was a time when I thought the whole labor movement might be combined in the Knights through the trades district system, but the shortsighted men who had control of the order thought they could drive the trade organization out of existence and organize all the workers into mixed assemblies. They opened the war upon that line, and the trade unions grew in power as they had never grown before, while the Knights lost heavily. Thus the order lost its chance to become the great central body of organized labor. I firmly believe the same spirit of antagonism to the trade organization principle dominates those now in control of the order, and that they give support to the trade districts solely for the purpose of fighting the trade unions.

As to the antagonisms between the Railway union and the brotherhoods standing in the way of the unity movement, I freely confess that they do, but they can be cleared away if the men at the front want harmony or if the rank and file can be made to see where the stumbling blocks are. There are two plans, either one of which will accomplish the desired end, but I have not the time or space to discuss them here. But in the first place there must be a hatchet burying, and the true men on all sides must lay aside personal grievances and meet together as conscientious and intelligent representatives of labor. And now I want to say that it was neither manly nor wise for the St. Louis conference to yield to the prejudice which was shown by certain brotherhood men toward the A. R. U. The Railway union was not represented in the Philadelphia conference, but the absence of Mr. Debs and others of the organization was due to the Great Northern strike, and they would have been warmly welcomed had they been able to accept the urgent invitations extended. There was some difference between the "unity" meetings at Philadelphia and St. Louis.

This brings to my mind the fact that certain brothers connected with the general office of the Knights of Labor have seemed to take delight in relating that a resolution indorsing the Great Northern strike was introduced at the Philadelphia conference and afterward withdrawn without action. The resolution was thoughtlessly introduced, but when it was explained that there was a controversy in that strike between the A. R. U. and one of the brotherhoods which had representatives in the conference, and who, of course, under the circumstances, could not support the resolution, it was decided, as we were assembled to create harmony rather than aggravate the situation, and as the resolution would not receive every vote in the conference, that it be withdrawn and no record made of it. Not the slightest animus was displayed by the brotherhood men, and the discussion of the subject was among the quietest features of the conference. I leave my readers to judge of the motive which dictated the use that has been made of information obtained by the representative of the general executive board who had a seat among the honorable gentlemen of that conference.

I am not going to quarrel with anybody I am for peace at almost any price, but I hate treachery, and I cannot close this letter without exposing a cowardly, traitorous action which followed the Philadelphia conference, and at the same time if the reader has been deceived by that action he will be set straight. The Philadelphia Times, which has always been an enemy of the labor movement and for several years the implacable, unprincipled foe of T. V. Powderly and most of his associate general officers, printed what purported to be a report of the proceedings of the conference. The article was a foul lie from beginning to finish. It was directly opposite in its statements and tone to the reports which appeared in all the other Philadelphia papers. The intention of the writer of the article was to heap insult upon the head of Mr. Powderly and to kill the influence of the conference at one and the same time. I feel pretty sure that I could name the two members of the order who concocted the blasphemy, but I probably would have difficulty in proving them guilty, so will not name them. Some days after the conference adjourned a delivery wagon carried to the general office of the Knights of Labor a load of the Philadelphia Times of the issue containing that infamous article. The papers were taken into the office, and a heavy pencil mark was drawn around the article in each copy. The papers were then mailed to the local secretaries of the order throughout the whole country. Remember that one of the men who holds an important and responsible place in the general office was present during every minute of the conference's sessions and knew that The Times article was an outrageous lie. He probably knew what use was to be made of it, too, which would account for the ability of The Times to supply the extra copies. Well, you see I understand that there are some things that stand in the way of unity. Some of these days I'll tell you how to get rid of those things. You know now, did you say? Good!

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

Out of Work In New York.

At a recent meeting of New York Central Labor union reports were made by several organizations as to the numbers belonging to their organizations who are out of work.

The Tin and Sheet Iron Workers' union reported 30 per cent out of work; Reliance Association of Marble Cutters, 35 per cent; Progress Association of Steam Fitters' Helpers, 80 per cent; Granite Cutters' union, 20 per cent; Woodcarvers' union, 55 per cent; Gilders' union, 80 per cent; Plumbers and Gas Fitters' union, 10 per cent; Progressive Painters' union No. 1, 50 per cent; Terra Cotta Workers' union, 15 per cent; Varnishers' union, 50 per cent; Machine Stone Workers, 50 per cent; Plasterers' Laborers' union, 10 per cent.

Remember these are skilled trades, and that the statistics deal with organized labor, which in New York always has more than its proportions of the situations. The figures indicate that "the depression" still holds on in New York.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

DIRECTIONS FOR LAUNDERING HANDKERCHIEFS TO LOOK NEW.

Substitute for Putty—A Simple Filter—Chasing Water Bugs—Roll up an Umbrella.

After they have been washed and brought in dried from the line, instead of sprinkling them for ironing, as you do the other clothes, put 2 quarts of water in a bowl and squeeze 6 drops of bluing into it from the bluebag; then take a piece of raw starch the size of a pigeon's egg and dissolve it in the water, being careful that it does not settle in the bottom of the bowl.

Take each handkerchief separately, dip it up and down in this water two or three times, squeeze it as dry as possible with the hands; then, when they have all been dipped in, lay them out smoothly in a towel and place them in the clothesbasket.

To iron them lay them out flat on the ironing table and smooth them on both sides. After this make a fold 2 inches deep across the handkerchief and press it in lightly with the iron; then make a fold the other way across the handkerchief just as they are folded in the boxes when you buy them. By laundering them in this way handkerchiefs will look quite new as long as they last.

How to Make a Substitute For Putty.

A cheap and effective substitute for putty to stop cracks in woodwork is made by soaking newspapers in a paste made by boiling a pound of flour in three quarts of water and adding a teaspoonful of alum. The mixture should be of about the same consistency as putty and should be forced into the cracks with a caseknife. It will harden like papier mache, and when dry may be painted or stained to match its surroundings, when it will be almost imperceptible.

How to Make a Simple Filter.

A very cheap and effective filter may be made by means of a common flowerpot. Fill the hole with a piece of sponge and then place in the pot alternate layers of sand, charcoal and small pebbles. This may then be placed in a jar or other convenient vessel, into which the water as it passes through may be received. The effectiveness of this filter may be enhanced by having several flowerpots and letting the water pass from one to the other into a receiver beneath.

Another filter is made by placing in a tank of impure water a vessel so arranged that a sponge which it contains shall lap over the edge and dip into the water of the tank. The sponge gradually sucks up and purifies the water in the reservoir and allows it to drop into the smaller vessel, from which it may be drawn off by a tube. By placing a few lumps of charcoal at the bottom of the receiver filtration of the most perfect kind is effected.

How to Drive Away Water Bugs.

The persistent use of borax will keep premises free from roaches or water bugs, but everything must be kept scrupulously clean. Dust the borax in their haunts, particularly around the sink, water pipes and boiler. Leave it there until the next day's sweeping; then put around fresh borax, using it plentifully. Have no paper on the closet shelves. Wash the tops of doors and windows with boiling suds and rub when dry with a cloth saturated with kerosene. The bundle kindling wood is a prolific source of water bugs in the house. Each bundle before it is carried in should be knocked violently down on the cellar floor or yard stones, while some one stands ready with a kettle of boiling water to prevent the escape of the bugs that run from it, but by far the better way is not to use it at all.

How to Clean Soiled Black.

Soiled black garments may be cleaned by sponging with clear black coffee, with an equal quantity of water added and a teaspoonful each of ammonia and alcohol for each pint.

How to Roll Up Umbrellas.

The right way to roll your umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twirled around with the other hand. Then your umbrella will be as nicely closed as when you bought it, and the only wear and tear will be on the cloth. It is twisting the ribs out of shape around the stick and fastening them there that spoils most of the umbrellas. Never hold the umbrella by the handle alone when you roll it up, and you will find it will last longer and cost less for repairs.

How to Mend Torn Books.

You can mend the torn pages of your books with tissue paper and white of an egg and not make them unsightly or keep you from reading right through the paper.

How to Make Kidney Omelet.

Get a veal kidney for the best results, although sheep's or lamb's kidney may be used. Trim off all the fat and cut it in small dice. Put a teaspoonful of butter over the fire in a small stewpan, and when very hot fry in it a half teaspoonful of finely chopped onions until of a golden color. This must not be allowed to scorch. Put in the minced kidney and a little chopped parsley and stew for about eight minutes, stirring and shaking occasionally. Meantime make an omelet, and when just ready to fold place the above mixture in the center.

How to Brush a Silk Dress.

A silk dress should always be brushed with a very soft camel's hair brush. Whisk brooms are too harsh and cut the silk.

Laudable.

Witherby—You are not going to take the twins to church today, are you?

Mrs. Witherby—Yes, I thought I would. It is Easter, you know. What objection have you?

Witherby—I thought I would like to get a little sleep.—Truth.

Her Idea.

Mistress (at a dinner party)—But, Mary, how often must I tell you always to serve on the left?

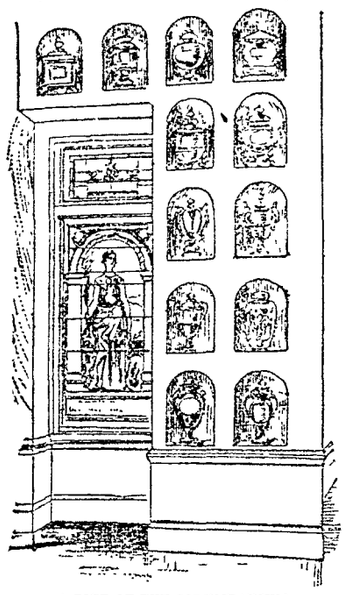
Mary (from the country)—Oh, madam, but isn't that merely a superstition?—Fliegende Blatter.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THE COLUMBARIUM FOR KEEPING CINERARY URNS.

Various Designs of Urns and the Purposes for Which Used—Historical Sketch of Them.

With the growth of modern theory that cremation affords a desirable sanitary method of disposing of the dead, there has been a revival of crematories and of the manufacture of cinerary urns. Every public crematory has a chapel attached for the performance of religious rites over the ashes, and there is in the crematory cemeteries what are called columbariums, vast vaults of romanesque designs, where the urns are ranged in orderly design and where the surviving friends of the dead visit with the same interest and solemnity with which one visits any ordinary burial spot. On Decoration day, for instance, according to the New York Sun, authority for the following, nearly 1,000 persons visited the columbarium at Fresh Pond and decorated the urns there contained. This building is an example of all used by cremationists for such purposes. It has walls of pure white and a varnished floor and is lighted by a stained glass window ornamented after the manner of cathedral windows. All around the walls, ranged in rows and tiers, are Roman niches for the cinerary urns. These niches are built 22 inches in height, with an arched dome, and are nearly 2 feet deep and contain urns of an almost uniform height of 18 inches. These urns when unused are all pure white, but when filled are decorated with appropriate frescoes.

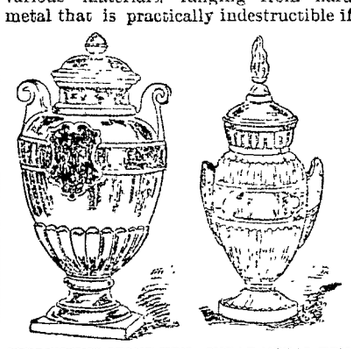


A PIER OF THE COLUMBARIUM.

These decorations reflect the varied tastes of their owners, for all are owned, just as burial vaults in a cemetery are owned, in perpetuity, and they are bought in groups for families.

The cremationists insist that in the Roman niches they have solved the problem of a becoming repository for incinerated remains that secures sanitary safety without burying the remains from the sight of the living.

Cinerary urns are made nowadays of various materials, ranging from hard metal that is practically indestructible if properly cared for, to sculptured stone and enduring bronze. The designs and ornamentations of the urns are multitudinous in their variety. The cheapest style of cinerary urn, made of metal, costs from $6 to $8. For $10 the advocate of cremation can secure an urn of oxidized silver or barbedienne bronze that is both substantial in construction and chaste in design.



SERPENTINE STONE URN. CHEAP METAL URN.

All these urns are made of cast metal. The next style, costing $20, is made of Japanese bronze or oxidized silver. A third style is made of copper with bronze trimmings, and a fourth of serpentine stone. China is sometimes used, but its use is rare. The latter costs $50. Urns costing above this figure are only manufactured to order in this country. The ashes are usually first placed in a metal canister, which is hermetically sealed and then locked. This canister fits snugly in the body of the urn. The cover of the urn is made with a screw thread and is screwed down tightly upon the body of the urn and then sealed with white lead. It is impossible for air to enter the urn after this treatment, which insures the preservation of the ashes.

The American Spiders.

"The astronomers of the naval observatory at Washington have sought all over the world for spiders' webs, utilized in telescopes for cross lines. Threads of cobwebs are employed for the purpose because they are wonderfully strong for their exceeding fineness and are not affected by moisture or temperature. According to The Optician, specimens were obtained from China by the directors of the observatory, because it was imagined that the large spider of that country would perhaps produce a particularly excellent quality of web. However, it was found that the best web is spun by spiders of the United States, such as are found in the neighborhood of Washington. This is another case in which manufacturing in this country excels that of all others. Even the spiders of this great and glorious land are a credit to it, says Railway Engineering.

Stars Visible to the Naked Eye.

In the army of stars there exist various degrees; they are divided in stars of the first magnitude, of the second magnitude, etc. The stars which any normal eye can yet see without the aid of an optical instrument belong about to the sixth magnitude. According to Honzeau's computation, there are on the firmament 20 stars of the first, 51 of the second, 200 of the third, 595 of the fourth, 1,213 of the fifth and 3,640 of the sixth magnitude, hence, altogether, 5,719 stars which can be seen with the naked eye. But, as in our longitudes only three-fourths of all the stars rise above the horizon, we see, during the whole life, no more than 4,300 stars unless we increase our sight by the aid of the telescope, according to an exchange.

A Valuable Acquisition.

"I'll have you arrested for obtaining goods under false pretenses," she exclaimed when they had a row, and she told him she had only fooled him into marrying her anyhow.

"Do," she responded scornfully, "and when the goods are shown in court the case will be dismissed. There is nothing of value."—Detroit Free Press.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

VALUE OF THE PLAIN SIMPLE WHISK BROOM.

Something Nice for a Light Sunday Supper—Recipes of Various Kinds to Suit all Tastes.

"Nothing makes a better dishcloth than no cloth at all, but a whisk broom."

This was said, according to Golden Days, by a woman of household skill and experience and with a knowledge of sanitation. And then she continued:

"The practice of using any old rag, an old stocking cut open or any similar thing in sinks is foolish. Bits wear off and become clogs to the drain pipes. If cloths must be had, those of coarse mesh, loosely knitted from a tightly woven cord, are best. A broom, however, is very much better. Select a short, stubby one. To scrape the bottom of saucepans and pots there is nothing so good.

"The wire cloth is not so cleanly; bits of food will get in its interstices and will not easily get out, but nothing clings long to a whisk. Hold it under the faucet for a moment after using, and it is quickly and thoroughly cleansed.

"Hanging over the sink in my kitchen are always two of these brooms—one kept for plates and any pottery dishes, the other for metal ware."

Another housekeeper said: "I can get an immense and varied amount of service out of whisk brooms. I always buy them by the half dozen and get a fair quality. There is positively no limitation to their uses.

"I begin by hanging one in every sleeping room in the house and in the hall as well. Always provide a broom holder of some kind, and you will save much family friction and nervous waste. Then, as these brooms pass their period of usefulness in the matter of brushing clothes, their real work in life begins. One is placed in the bathroom, where, on account of its handle, it is infinitely better and easier to use than a scrubbing brush. Another is relegated to the kitchen sink, where it will outlast a dozen sink brooms. Another is kept for the stairs.

"It is about half the labor to sweep a flight of stairs with a whisk broom that it is with the usual stairbrush. Besides the broom really takes out the dirt. Still another—and this must be one that is not at all soiled—is kept with the parlor cleaning utensils and used for brushing out upholstered furniture, brushing off portieres and curtains, and for corners generally."

Nice For a Light Sunday Supper.

Potato salad is a nice dish for a light Sunday supper. It may be made in a hurry by boiling the potatoes in salted water, letting them stand till almost cool, cutting them into dice, adding a generous portion of butter, half an onion shredded fine, 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, all mixed well together and served cold. But when it is desirable for the salad to look nice as well as to taste good mix the potatoes and onions, put them in a salad dish and pour over them a French dressing made with 2 tablespoonfuls of salad oil or butter, the yolk of an egg and 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mixing carefully the egg and butter and adding vinegar carefully. The dish is then garnished with slices of hard boiled egg and sprigs of parsley.

Raspberry Shortcake.

Four cups flour; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 2 cups milk; an egg; half teaspoonful salt; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; half cup sugar; a quart berries. Mix the salt and baking powder with the flour, rub in the butter and add the milk and beaten egg. Roll this dough into a sheet half an inch thick and spread with it the bottom of a greased baking tin. Cover it with the berries, sugar them liberally and lay over these another sheet of dough a little thinner than the lower crust. Bake in a steady oven, cut in squares and eat hot, with butter and sugar.

Dried Beef Creamed.

Chip the beef in small, thin slices, or, if bought already cut, pick it apart in small pieces and carefully remove all fat and stringy pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a small saucepan. When hot, add the beef and frizzle for four or five minutes, stirring constantly. Then add a cup of milk into which has been stirred a level tablespoonful of cornstarch. Let it boil up until it thickens sufficiently and serve.

Rococo Design For Doilies.

The pretty rococo design illustrated by Modern Priscilla is to be worked on fine linen with flio floss. The daisies could be worked in pale blues, pinks or yellows.

DOILY IN ROCOCO DESIGN.

The baskets should be worked in outline. The ribbons will be pretty worked solidly or in outline with white or the lightest shade used in the flowers, and the same coloring may be used in the buttonholed edges.

Household Notes.

New potatoes should be boiled in their jackets, skinned while hot, and put at once into a warm cloth. Serve them on a hot vegetable dish, in which a lump of butter has been melted. Sprinkle over them some finely minced parsley, a dash of pepper and some salt.

Chamois leathers, after being used, should be thoroughly rinsed, then wrung nearly dry and placed in bags, each by itself in a cupboard out of the way. The common practice of allowing sponges and chamois leathers to lie around is a very wasteful one.

The chimney of a lamp is less liable to break if never touched with water. A few drops of alcohol, or even paraffin oil, will remove the dimmed, smoky effect and make the chimney bright when it is polished with soft flannel or chamois skin.

Fruit stains on table linen can be taken out by pouring boiling water through them before they have been put in the boiling suds. Ink spots on white goods, if submerged immediately in new milk, will come out, but if allowed to stand till dry an acid of some kind will have to be used.

Kept Busy.

"Does that lazy boy of Jimson's do any thing for himself now?"

"Oh, yes. He does all his own breathing."—Harper's Bazar.

Better Still.

First Boy—My pa is making his mark in the world.

Second Boy—That's nothing; my pa can write.—Life.

Special Bargains In Puddings

may seem queer, but when you realize what a variety of toothsome and nutritious dishes can be made from

SEA MOSS FARINE,

such as puddings, blanc mange, ice cream, custard, etc., at a cost of only

A CENT AND A HALF

for the Farine used, it does not seem so queer. Don't think because the package looks small you do not get enough for your money. Corn starch, farina, etc., retailing for 10c. makes only 4 quarts of blanc mange, while Sea Moss Farine, retailing for 25c. makes full 16 quarts.

See the BARGAIN?

PETER J. BRADY,
GROCER.
446 Gorham Street.
Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour, the best in the city.

JAMES MEEK,
HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD.
Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St.
LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 55-5.

MULLIN & WINSLOW,
Dealers In
COAL
At Summer Prices
1018 Gorham Street.
Telephone 21-6.

SCOTT & O'DAY,
Plumbers and Sanitary Engineers.
Steam, Gas and Water Piping.
JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
11 SOUTH STREET,
Near Middlesex.

Are You Ready for Hot Weather?
Prepare by buying a good Oil Stove or Refrigerator. Perhaps you need a Baby Carriage. These can be had at bargain prices at
VICTOR PIHL'S,
CORNER CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.

M. W. MILLER,
House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger,
55 WILLIE STREET.
Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

Great Removal Sale.
We are about to remove to more commodious quarters and find it necessary to close out our present stock of Harnesses of every description. The greatly reduced prices will place our stock within reach of everybody in need of Harnesses. Have leased for a term of years the "Old Brabrook Stand," established in 1827.
J. C. DONOVAN,
57 Market street.

NEW LUMBER YARD,
No. 255 HILDRETH STREET.
Best Quality. Lowest Prices. Cedar Posts a Specialty.
F. V. Allen & Co.,
Telephone 568-5.

WATSON BAKERY
Every evening at 5 o'clock Hot Tea Rolls and Cream Bread, also all kinds of Cake and Pastry. Only the best stock used in the manufacture of our goods. Parties supplied at short notice at
Nos. 24 to 30 CHARLES STREET.
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Coal, Wood, Lime,
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WHERE NOW IS UNITY?

Recent Important Conferences of Organized Labor.

The Philadelphia and St. Louis Meetings—Sound Base of Trade Organization—The American Railway Union—A Shady Transaction by Labor Officials.

What of the unity movement? What has been done since the Philadelphia conference to accomplish the consolidation of organized labor? How stands the case now, and what of the future? These are some of the questions which are being asked of me—and no doubt of many others—by earnest men of the rank and file. I doubt my ability to make satisfactory replies, and in my judgment I admit I am somewhat short of infallibility, but I have opinions, and I give them for what they are worth, assuring my readers that anything I may say upon this subject is inspired solely by a desire to see the labor movement of America solidified upon a plan for practical work under a compact and system which will embody the correct principles of industrial organization and insure the power to enforce just and wise measures. I do not hope any more to see the burial of all prejudice, but I am sure that it may be made harmless so far as any save those who hold it are concerned.

What has been done so far in the line of unity? First, a conference was held in Philadelphia April 28-29, composed of over 50 representative labor men, at which the sentiment was for complete harmony, and the consensus of opinion favored a readjustment of economic organization upon the practical lines of special interests and the unification of all for general work and the good of the whole as well as each of its parts. Second, representatives of the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, several of the railway brotherhoods and the Farmers' Alliance met in St. Louis on June 11 and adopted a set of resolutions which provide for semiannual conferences of representatives of organized labor "for the purpose of considering questions and devising plans for the protection and advancement of the toiling masses." A resolution to which I shall refer later was also adopted. Third, the American Railway union at its convention in Chicago received overtures from the general executive board of the Knights of Labor and effected a friendly alliance. The extent of the compact I do not fully know at this writing.

Taking these three important events in their order, let us first consider the Philadelphia conference. There was no authority behind that meeting, it is true, but that fact was its strongest recommendation to favor. It was composed of men, many of them officials of labor organizations, who came together because they love the labor movement and not because of a duty placed upon them by a superior authority. They were not, with slight exception, sent there to "protect the interests" of any organization, but came of their own will to contribute out of their experience to the advancement of the cause of labor, and they paid their own expenses. Men who had never before met as friends to co-operate in the movement joined hands at that conference and pledged their efforts as individuals to the improvement of the toilers' condition. Such a gathering was never had under "authority." If the Philadelphia conference had done nothing more than establish friendship and confidence where there had before been enmity and distrust, it would have earned a prominent place in the history of labor, but it did that and more.

It gave the keynote for a harmony movement; publicly announced the principle upon which unity will be established at some time in the future. Upon no other principle can it be established. The principle is that there shall not be two distinct organizations in the same trade. There cannot be harmony where the members of a calling are divided into two or more organizations, owing allegiance some to one and some to another authority, and such a thing as permanent success for either of such organizations is out of the question. Dual organization means conflicting authority and—well, for 10 years we have seen what that means. The Philadelphia conference is given credit for accomplishing something else. It is said that if that body had not adopted resolutions setting forth that if the conference provided for by the general assembly of the Knights of Labor was not held before a certain date a congress of labor should be called upon the authority of the Philadelphia conference the K. of L. conference would never have been held. Whether this is true or not I cannot say, but everybody knows that on the day following the close of the Philadelphia conference the general executive board of the Knights of Labor called its conference and named a time inside the limit set by the Philadelphia resolution.

On June 11 three of the general officers of the Knights of Labor, three from the American Federation of Labor, two from the Farmers' Alliance, one from the Bottle Blowers and one or more from each of the railway organizations, excepting the Telegraphers and the American Railway union, met in St. Louis pursuant to the call of the first named. I have already referred to the agreement adopted at this meeting to hold semiannual conferences. The paragraph referring to representation in these future conferences reads: "The representation in the conferences shall be from the general assembly of the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, the various brotherhoods and orders of railway men and such national and international organizations of wage workers and farmers as are not affiliated with any of the before mentioned organizations, provided that any such national or international labor organization is not organized to antagonize or undermine any existing bona fide national or international union of the same trade or calling." Bear in mind that the American Railway union was not represented in the conference and take into consideration the fact that some of the brotherhood men declared that they would not sit with A. R. U. men, and you will appreciate the force of the "provided" part of the resolution quoted. The proviso should have been left out of the resolution.

The Knights of Labor representatives introduced a proposition for the interchange of working cards between their organization and the unions affiliated with the American federation. This was defeated and the following adopted: "For the purpose of preventing strife and antagonism between labor organizations we declare that there should not be a dual organization or authority in any trade or calling, and that in matters of trade conflicts, boycotts and trade labels the union particularly in interest should have absolute authority and autonomy." This contains the principle laid down at Philadelphia. It was opposed by the representative of the general executive board then, and the general officers of the order voted against it at St. Louis. They favored, as has been stated, an interchange of working cards and joint authority in conflicts with employers. I should like every reader to decide for himself between these two propositions, but I have no wish to evade the question myself, and I say that there cannot be harmony and peace in a trade where some of the workers owe allegiance to one authority and some to another, where there may be a wide difference in the financial obligations in the two organizations, and while men are human beings and the wish to excel—in combination as well as individually—is a human characteristic. Labor organizations, to be successful, must be conducted on business principles.

There were 24 Knights of Labor in the Philadelphia conference, the majority being among the oldest members of the order and all of more or less prominence. So far as I know, the one organization to each trade principle was indorsed by every Knight present excepting Schonfarber, who represented the general executive board. I firmly believe that a majority of the members of the order today favor that plan, and that if the question was fairly explained to them the whole rank and file of the order would agree to it, for its adoption would settle the controversies which have depleted the organization during the past eight years, and it would soon grow to its former magnificent position in the industrial movement. I say this as one member of the Knights of Labor who contributed to some extent toward building up the organization prior to 1887, and who is now in the ranks ready to help do the work over again upon a more lasting basis.

At the close of the St. Louis conference the general officers of the Knights went to Chicago, where the American Railway union was in session, and that organization, after listening to an address from the general master workman, adopted a resolution declaring its willingness to co-operate with the Knights of Labor. Subsequently, I understand, a close alliance was effected between the two organizations. Now we begin to get into the stumps in trying to steer the craft to harmony shore. We find by looking at our notes that the general officers of the Knights of Labor make an agreement to meet semiannually in a labor conference from which the American Railway union is barred, and within a few hours of that agreement they are making overtures for and effecting an offensive and defensive alliance with that same American Railway union. What are our general officers driving at? Have they repudiated the action of the St. Louis conference?

Now a word about the American Railway union. In the first place, I want to say that that organization has never had a warmer sympathizer than myself, and I esteem no man in the labor movement above its projector and present president. The birth of the idea of the union was an inspiration. For the great majority of railway employees organization had been a complete failure. Aristocracy and exclusiveness were the curses of the railway brotherhoods, and as a general thing the greater number of the railway men were ignored and left to the tender mercies of the corporations. In one year the American Railway union has changed all this, and now, where it has the power to secure it, every man in the service has a show. But, says Mr. Critic, is not the A. R. U. built upon the plan which you oppose in the Knights of Labor, and will not the conflicts it must necessarily have with the brotherhoods interfere with your unity scheme? No, emphatically, to the first part of the query, and no, with a proviso, to the second portion. I do not mean that the situation could not be better, but the difficulties in the way are not insurmountable.

The American Railway union restricts its membership to railway service, each man on a road has the same employer, and interests are as nearly identical as it is possible for the interests of two individuals to be. The Knights of Labor try to direct the trade interests of a thousand and one callings at one and the same time, and if the policy of the past few years is followed they will gobble up as many railroad men as they can when they can. There was a time when I thought the whole labor movement might be combined in the Knights through the trades district system, but the shortsighted men who had control of the order thought they could drive the trade organization out of existence and organize all the workers into mixed assemblies. They opened the war upon that line, and the trade unions grew in power as they had never grown before, while the Knights lost heavily. Thus the order lost its chance to become the great central body of organized labor. I firmly believe the same spirit of antagonism to the trade organization principle dominates those now in control of the order, and that they give support to the trade districts solely for the purpose of fighting the trade unions.

As to the antagonisms between the Railway union and the brotherhoods standing in the way of the unity movement, I freely confess that they do, but they can be cleared away if the men at the front want harmony or if the rank and file can be made to see where the stumbling blocks are. There are two plans, either one of which will accomplish the desired end, but I have not the time or space to discuss them here. But in the first place there must be a hatchet burying, and the true men on all sides must lay aside personal grievances and meet together as conscientious and intelligent representatives of labor. And now I want to say that it was neither manly nor wise for the St. Louis conference to yield to the prejudice which was shown by certain brotherhood men toward the A. R. U. The Railway union was not represented in the Philadelphia conference, but the absence of Mr. Debs and others of the organization was due to the Great Northern strike, and they would have been warmly welcomed had they been able to accept the urgent invitations extended. There was some difference between the "unity" meetings at Philadelphia and St. Louis.

This brings to my mind the fact that certain brothers connected with the general office of the Knights of Labor have seemed to take delight in relating that a resolution indorsing the Great Northern strike was introduced at the Philadelphia conference and afterward withdrawn without action. The resolution was thoughtlessly introduced, but when it was explained that there was a controversy in that strike between the A. R. U. and one of the brotherhoods which had representatives in the conference, and who, of course, under the circumstances, could not support the resolution, it was decided, as we were assembled to create harmony rather than aggravate the situation, and as the resolution would not receive every vote in the conference, that it be withdrawn and no record made of it. Not the slightest animus was displayed by the brotherhood men, and the discussion of the subject was among the quietest features of the conference. I leave my readers to judge of the motive which dictated the use that has been made of information obtained by the representative of the general executive board who had a seat among the honorable gentlemen of that conference.

I am not going to quarrel with anybody. I am for peace at almost any price, but I hate treachery, and I cannot close this letter without exposing a cowardly, traitorous action which followed the Philadelphia conference, and at the same time if the reader has been deceived by that action he will be set straight. The Philadelphia Times, which has always been an enemy of the labor movement and for several years the implacable, unprincipled foe of T. V. Powderly and most of his associate general officers, printed what purported to be a report of the proceedings of the conference. The article was a foul lie from beginning to finish. It was directly opposite in its statements and tone to the reports which appeared in all the other Philadelphia papers. The intention of the writer of the article was to heap insult upon the head of Mr. Powderly and to kill the influence of the conference at one and the same time. I feel pretty sure that I could name the two members of the order who concocted the blasphemy, but I probably would have difficulty in proving them guilty, so will not name them. Some days after the conference adjourned a delivery wagon carried to the general office of the Knights of Labor a load of the Philadelphia Times of the issue containing that infamous article. The papers were taken into the office, and a heavy pencil mark was drawn around the article in each copy. The papers were then mailed to the local secretaries of the order throughout the whole country. Remember that one of the men who holds an important and responsible place in the general office was present during every minute of the conference's sessions and knew that The Times article was an outrageous lie. He probably knew what use was to be made of it, too, which would account for the ability of The Times to supply the extra copies. Well, you see I understand that there are some things that stand in the way of unity. Some of these days I'll tell you how to get rid of those things. You know now, did you say? Good!

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

Out of Work in New York.

At a recent meeting of New York Central Labor union reports were made by several organizations as to the numbers belonging to their organizations who are out of work.

The Tin and Sheet Iron Workers' union reported 30 per cent out of work; Reliance Association of Marble Cutters, 25 per cent; Progress Association of Steam Fitters' Helpers, 80 per cent; Granite Cutters' union, 20 per cent; Woodcarvers' union, 55 per cent; Gilders' union, 80 per cent; Plumbers and Gas Fitters' union, 10 per cent; Progressive Painters' union No. 1, 50 per cent; Terra Cotta Workers' union, 15 per cent; Varnishers' union, 50 per cent; Machine Stone Workers, 50 per cent; Plasterers' Laborers' union, 10 per cent.

Remember these are skilled trades, and that the statistics deal with organized labor, which in New York always has more than its proportions of the situation. The figures indicate that "the depression" still holds on in New York.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

DIRECTIONS FOR LAUNDERING HANDKERCHIEFS TO LOOK NEW.

Substitute for Putty—A Simple Filter—Chasing Water Bugs—Roll up an Umbrella.

After they have been washed and brought in dried from the line, instead of sprinkling them for ironing, as you do the other clothes, put 2 quarts of water in a bowl and squeeze 6 drops of bluing into it from the bluebag; then take a piece of raw starch the size of a pigeon's egg and dissolve it in the water, being careful that it does not settle in the bottom of the bowl.

Take each handkerchief separately, dip it up and down in this water two or three times, squeeze it as dry as possible with the hands; then, when they have all been dipped in, lay them out smoothly in a towel and place them in the clothesbasket.

To iron them lay them out flat on the ironing table and smooth them on both sides. After this make a fold 2 inches deep across the handkerchief and press it in lightly with the iron; then make a fold the other way across the handkerchief just as they are folded in the boxes when you buy them. By laundering them in this way handkerchiefs will look quite new as long as they last.

How to Make a Substitute for Putty.

A cheap and effective substitute for putty to stop cracks in woodwork is made by soaking newspapers in a paste made by boiling a pound of flour in three quarts of water and adding a teaspoonful of alum. The mixture should be of about the same consistency as putty and should be forced into the cracks with a caseknife. It will harden like papier mache, and when dry may be painted or stained to match its surroundings, when it will be almost imperceptible.

How to Make a Simple Filter.

A very cheap and effective filter may be made by means of a common flowerpot. Fill the hole with a piece of sponge and then place in the pot alternate layers of sand, charcoal and small pebbles. This may then be placed in a jar or other convenient vessel, into which the water as it passes through may be received. The effectiveness of this filter may be enhanced by having several flowerpots and letting the water pass from one to the other into a receiver beneath.

Another filter is made by placing in a tank of impure water a vessel so arranged that a sponge which it contains shall lap over the edge and dip into the water of the tank. The sponge gradually sucks up and purifies the water in the reservoir and allows it to drop into the smaller vessel, from which it may be drawn off by a tube. By placing a few lumps of charcoal at the bottom of the receiver filtration of the most perfect kind is effected.

How to Drive Away Water Bugs.

The persistent use of borax will keep premises free from roaches or water bugs, but everything must be kept scrupulously clean. Dust the borax in their haunts, particularly around the sink, water pipes and boiler. Leave it there until the next day's sweeping; then put around fresh borax, using it plentifully. Have no paper on the closet shelves. Wash the tops of doors and windows with boiling suds and rub when dry with a cloth saturated with kerosene. The bundle kindling wood is a prolific source of water bugs in the house. Each bundle before it is carried in should be knocked violently down on the cellar floor or yard stones, while some one stands ready with a kettle of boiling water to prevent the escape of the bugs that run from it, but by far the better way is not to use it at all.

How to Clean Soiled Black.

Soiled black garments may be cleaned by sponging with clear black coffee, with an equal quantity of water added and a teaspoonful each of ammonia and alcohol for each pint.

How to Roll Up Umbrellas.

The right way to roll your umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twirled around with the other hand. Then your umbrella will be as nicely closed as when you bought it, and the only wear and tear will be on the cloth. It is twisting the ribs out of shape around the stick and fastening them there that spoils most of the umbrellas. Never hold the umbrella by the handle alone when you roll it up, and you will find it will last longer and cost less for repairs.

How to Mend Torn Books.

You can mend the torn pages of your books with tissue paper and white of an egg and not make them unsightly or keep you from reading right through the paper.

How to Make Kidney Omelet.

Get a veal kidney for the best results, although sheep's or lamb's kidney may be used. Trim off all the fat and cut it in small dice. Put a teaspoonful of butter over the fire in a small stewpan, and when very hot fry in it a half teaspoonful of finely chopped onions until of a golden color. This must not be allowed to scorch. Put in the minced kidney and a little chopped parsley and stew for about eight minutes, stirring and shaking occasionally. Meantime make an omelet, and when just ready to fold place the above mixture in the center.

How to Brush a Silk Dress.

A silk dress should always be brushed with a very soft camel's hair brush. Whisk brooms are too harsh and cut the silk.

Laudable.

Witherby—You are not going to take the twins to church today, are you?

Mrs. Witherby—Yes, I thought I would. It is Easter, you know. What objection have you?

Witherby—I thought I would like to get a little sleep.—Truth.

Her Idea.

Mistress (at a dinner party)—But, Mary, how often must I tell you always to serve on the left?

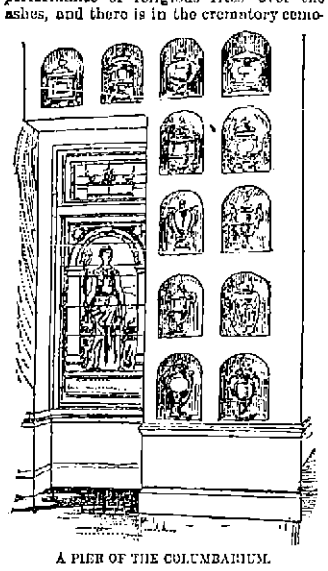
Mary (from the country)—Oh, madam, but isn't that merely a superstition?—Fliegende Blatter.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THE COLUMBARIUM FOR KEEPING CINERARY URNS.

Various Designs of Urns and the Purposes for Which Used—Historical Sketch of Them.

With the growth of modern theory that cremation affords a desirable sanitary method of disposing of the dead, there has been a revival of crematories and of the manufacture of cinerary urns. Every public crematory has a chapel attached for the performance of religious rites over the ashes, and there is in the crematory cemeteries what are called columbariums, vast vaults of romanesque designs, where the urns are ranged in orderly design and where the surviving friends of the dead visit with the same interest and solemnity with which one visits any ordinary burial spot. On Decoration day, for instance, according to the New York Sun, authority for the following, nearly 1,000 persons visited the columbarium at Fresh Pond and decorated the urns there contained. This building is an example of all used by cremationists for such purposes. It has walls of pure white and a varnished floor and is lighted by a stained glass window ornamented after the manner of cathedral windows. All around the walls, ranged in rows and tiers, are Roman niches for the cinerary urns. These niches are built 22 inches in height, with an arched dome, and are nearly 2 feet deep and contain urns of an almost uniform height of 18 inches. These urns when unused are all pure white, but when filled are decorated with appropriate frescors.

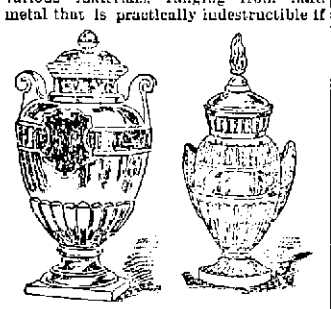


A PIER OF THE COLUMBARIUM.

These decorations reflect the varied tastes of their owners, for all are owned, just as burial vaults in a cemetery are owned, in perpetuity, and they are bought in groups for families.

The cremationists insist that in the Roman niches they have solved the problem of a becoming repository for incinerated remains that secures sanitary safety without burying the remains from the sight of the living.

Cinerary urns are made nowadays of various materials, ranging from hard metal that is practically indestructible if properly cared for, to sculptured stone and enduring bronze. The designs and ornamentations of the urns are multitudinous in their variety. The cheapest style of cinerary urn, made of metal, costs from $6 to $8. For $10 the advocate of cremation can secure an urn of oxidized silver or barbedienne bronze that is both substantial in construction and chaste in design.



SERPENTINE STONE URN. CHEAP METAL URN.

All these urns are made of cast metal. The next style, costing $20, is made of Japanese bronze or oxidized silver. A third style is made of copper with bronze trimmings, and a fourth of serpentine stone. China is sometimes used, but its use is rare. The latter costs $50. Urns costing above this figure are only manufactured to order in this country. The ashes are usually first placed in a metal canister, which is hermetically sealed and then locked. This canister fits snugly in the body of the urn. The cover of the urn is made with a screw thread and is screwed down tightly upon the body of the urn and then sealed with white lead. It is impossible for air to enter the urn after this treatment, which insures the preservation of the ashes.

The American Spiders.

"The astronomers of the naval observatory at Washington have sought all over the world for spiders' webs, utilized in telescopes for cross lines. Threads of cobwebs are employed for the purpose because they are wonderfully strong for their exceeding fineness and are not affected by moisture or temperature. According to The Optician, specimens were obtained from China by the directors of the observatory, because it was imagined that the large spider of that country would perhaps produce a particularly excellent quality of web. However, it was found that the best web is spun by spiders of the United States, such as are found in the neighborhood of Washington. This is another case in which manufacturing in this country excels that of all others. Even the spiders of this great and glorious land are a credit to it, says Railway Engineering.

Stars Visible to the Naked Eye.

In the army of stars there exist various degrees; they are divided in stars of the first magnitude, of the second magnitude, etc. The stars which any normal eye can yet see without the aid of an optical instrument belong about to the sixth magnitude. According to Houzeau's computation, there are on the firmament 20 stars of the first, 61 of the second, 200 of the third, 595 of the fourth, 1,213 of the fifth and 3,640 of the sixth magnitude, hence, altogether, 5,710 stars which can be seen with the naked eye. But, as in our longitudes only three-fourths of all the stars rise above the horizon, we see, during the whole life, no more than 4,000 stars unless we increase our sight by the aid of the telescope, according to an exchange.

A Valuable Acquisition.

"I'll have you arrested for obtaining goods under false pretenses," she exclaimed when they had a row, and she told him she had only fooled him into marrying her anyhow.

"Do," she responded scornfully, "and when the goods are shown in court the case will be dismissed. There is nothing of value."—Detroit Free Press.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

VALUE OF THE PLAIN SIMPLE WHISK BROOM.

Something Nice for a Light Sunday Supper—Recipes of Various Kinds to Suit all Tastes.

"Nothing makes a better dishcloth than no cloth at all, but a whisk broom."

This was said, according to Golden Days, by a woman of household skill and experience and with a knowledge of sanitation. And then she continued:

"The practice of using any old rag, an old stocking cut open or any similar thing in sinks is foolish. Bits wear off and become clogs to the drain pipes. If cloths must be had, those of coarse mesh, loosely knitted from a tightly woven cord, are best. A broom, however, is very much better. Select a short, stubby one. To scrape the bottom of saucepans and pots there is nothing so good.

"The wire cloth is not so cleanly; bits of food will get in its interstices and will not easily get out, but nothing clings long to a whisk. Hold it under the faucet for a moment after using, and it is quickly and thoroughly cleansed.

"Hanging over the sink in my kitchen are always two of these brooms—one kept for plates and any pottery dishes, the other for metal ware."

Another housekeeper said: "I can get an immense and varied amount of service out of whisk brooms. I always buy them by the half dozen and get a fair quality. There is positively no limitation to their uses.

"I begin by hanging one in every sleeping room in the house and in the hall as well. Always provide a broom holder of some kind, and you will save much family friction and nervous waste. Then, as these brooms pass their period of usefulness in the matter of brushing clothes, their real work in life begins. One is placed in the bathroom, where, on account of its handle, it is infinitely better and easier to use than a scrubbing brush. Another is relegated to the kitchen sink, where it will outlast a dozen sink brooms. Another is kept for the stairs.

"It is about half the labor to sweep a flight of stairs with a whisk broom that it is with the usual stairbrush. Besides the broom really takes out the dirt. Still another—and this must be one that is not at all soiled—is kept with the parlor cleaning utensils and used for brushing out upholstered furniture, brushing off portieres and curtains, and for corners generally."

Nice For a Light Sunday Supper.

Potato salad is a nice dish for a light Sunday supper. It may be made in a hurry by boiling the potatoes in salted water, letting them stand till almost cool, cutting them into dice, adding a generous portion of butter, half an onion shredded fine, 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, all mixed well together and served cold. But when it is desirable for the salad to look nice as well as to taste good mix the potatoes and onions, put them in a salad dish and pour over them a French dressing made with 2 tablespoonfuls of salad oil or butter, the yolk of an egg and 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mixing carefully the egg and butter and adding vinegar carefully. The dish is then garnished with slices of hard boiled egg and sprigs of parsley.

Raspberry Shortcake.

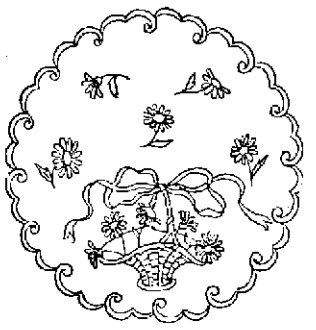
Four cups flour; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 2 cups milk; an egg; half teaspoonful salt; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; half cup sugar; a quart berries. Mix the salt and baking powder with the flour, rub in the butter and add the milk and beaten egg. Roll this dough into a sheet half an inch thick and spread with it the bottom of a greased baking tin. Cover it with the berries, sugar them liberally and lay over these another sheet of dough a little thinner than the lower crust. Bake in a steady oven, cut in squares and eat hot, with butter and sugar.

Dried Beef Creamed.

Chip the beef in small, thin slices, or, if bought already cut, pick it apart in small pieces and carefully remove all fat and stringy pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a small saucepan. When hot, add the beef and frizzle for four or five minutes, stirring constantly. Then add a cup of milk into which has been stirred a level tablespoonful of cornstarch. Let it boil up until it thickens sufficiently and serve.

Rococo Design For Doilies.

The pretty rococo design illustrated by Modern Priscilla is to be worked on fine linen with fine floss. The daisies could be worked in pale blues, pinks or yellows.



DOILY IN ROCOCO DESIGN.

The baskets should be worked in outline. The ribbons will be pretty worked solidly or in outline with white or the lightest shade used in the flowers, and the same coloring may be used in the buttonholed edges.

Household Notes.

New potatoes should be boiled in their jackets, skinned while hot, and put at once into a warm cloth. Serve them on a hot vegetable dish, in which a lump of butter has been melted. Sprinkle over them some finely minced parsley, a dash of pepper and some salt.

Chamois leathers, after being used, should be thoroughly rinsed, then wrung nearly dry and placed in bags, each by itself in a cupboard out of the way. The common practice of allowing sponges and chamois leathers to lie around is a very wasteful one.

The chimney of a lamp is less liable to break if never touched with water. A few drops of alcohol, or even paraffin oil, will remove the dimmed, smoky effect and make the chimney bright when it is polished with soft flannel or chamois skin.

Fruit stains on table linen can be taken out by pouring boiling water through them before they have been put in the boiling suds. Ink spots on white goods, if submerged immediately in new milk, will come out, but if allowed to stand till dry an acid of some kind will have to be used.

Kept Busy.

"Does that lazy boy of Jimson's do any thing for himself now?"

"Oh, yes. He does all his own breathing."—Harper's Bazar.

Better Still.

First Boy—My pa is making his mark in the world.

Second Boy—That's nothing; my pa can write.—Life.

Special Bargains In Puddings

may seem queer, but when you realize what a variety of toothsome, and nutritious dishes can be made from

SEA MOSS FARINE,

such as puddings, blanc mange, ice cream, custard, etc., at a cost of only

A CENT AND A HALF,

for the Farine used, it does not seem so queer. Don't think because the package looks small you do not get enough for your money. Corn starch, farina, etc., retailing for 10c. makes only 4 quarts of blanc mange, while Sea Moss Farine, retailing for 25c. makes full 16 quarts.

See the BARGAIN?

PETER J. BRADY,
GROCER.
448 Gorham Street.
Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour, the best in the city.

JAMES MEEK,
HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD.
Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St.
LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 55-5.

MULLIN & WINSLOW,
Dealers in
COAL
At Summer Prices
1018 Gorham Street.
Telephone 21-6.

SCOTT & O'DAY,
Plumbers and Sanitary Engineers.
Steam, Gas and Water Piping.
JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
11 SOUTH STREET,
Near Middlesex.

Are You Ready for Hot Weather?
Prepare by buying a good Oil Stove or Refrigerator. Perhaps you need a Baby Carriage. These can be had at bargain prices at
VICTOR PIHL'S,
CORNER CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.

M. W. MILLER,
House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger,
65 WILLIE STREET.
Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

Great Removal Sale.
We are about to remove to more commodious quarters and find it necessary to close out our present stock of Harnesses of every description. The greatly reduced prices will place our stock within reach of everybody in need of Harnesses. Have leased for a term of years the "Old Brabrook Stand," established in 1827.
J. C. DONOVAN,
67 Market street.

NEW LUMBER YARD,
No. 255 HILDRETH STREET.
Best Quality. Lowest Prices. Cedar Posts a Specialty.
P. V. Allen & Co.,
Telephone 563-5.

WATSON BAKERY
Every evening at 6 o'clock Hot Tea Rolls and Cream Bread, also all kinds of Cake and Pastry. Only the best stock used in the manufacture of our goods. Parties supplied at short notice at
Nos. 24 to 30 CHARLES STREET.
Peter Watson, Prop.

WM. E. LIVINGSTON,
DEALER IN
Coal, Wood, Lime,
CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL,
HAIR, KAOLIN, PLASTER,
BRICKS, FERTILIZERS,
Straw, Hay Grain, Flour
&c., &c.
NO. 16 THORNDIKE STREET,
Branch office, 49 Merrimack street.—Calderwood's cigar store.

BUSINESS

The Prospect Brightening on All Sides.

SIGNS OF ACTUAL PROGRESS NOW VISIBLE.

The Recovery From the Great Depression Assured.

When circumstances are duly weighed, the strength and soundness of business in this country during the past two weeks are amazing. With the second city in the country in the hands of a lawless and murderous mob, besides many other cities and towns, with railway traffic almost entirely stopped over the vast area between Toledo and the Pacific, with presidential proclamations declaring the existence of an insurrection and the passionate answer ordering half a million men to stop work, with a prolonged strike of coal miners not fully ended in many states, and with differences between the house and senate on the tariff question so wide that duties affecting mining and manufactures cannot be anticipated, industries and trade have nevertheless gone on with sublime confidence that the people and their government would soon restore order.

The shrinkage of business and the depression of values have been unexpectedly small, the failures relatively few and unimportant, and there are even signs in some industries of actual progress toward recovery from previous troubles.

Wheat is slightly lower, in profound disregard of the government report indicating a yield of less than 400,000,000 bushels, and as the official estimate of yield in 1893 was more than 100,000,000 bushels short of actual exports and consumption, it is readily assumed that another discrepancy as large may spring from similar causes. Receipts and exports in the present disturbed condition of business are not significant.

Corn has advanced a little, though accounts indicate a good yield.

The Industrial Situation.

Cotton has declined an eighth, with more favorable information as to conditions, and the year's records have so discredited official and other estimates that little attention is now paid to them. With stocks of American abroad about as large as a year ago and the demand for cotton goods visibly narrowing, weakness is natural. Cotton manufacture has reduced productions somewhat, though most of the mills continue to pile up goods, and the stock of print cloths is 180,000 pieces. Dullness is commonly ascribed and partly due to disturbed conditions at the west and south.

The same cause affects woolen manufactures, but less directly, and the clothiers have postponed orders so long that their efforts to get merely the goods they must have now give a better tone. Orders are small, but in number such that fewer mills have closed since July 10 than was expected, and sales of wool for the week have been 3,385,000 pounds, against 3,643,700 last year, and 6,118,950 in 1892.

The shoe factories in this quarter are closed, but at the east have generally resumed earlier than was expected, and numerous, though small orders, mainly for medium or low priced goods, make up a fair aggregate of business. Shipments from the east for two weeks of July have been 152,298 cases, against 148,755 last year.

The output of pig iron, which dropped from 19,210 tons to 62,517 weekly in May, because of the miners' strike, had only recovered to 85,950 tons July 1, and it is uncertain whether it is larger now, for numerous western works have been stopped by the railroad blockade.

The decrease in the failures exhibited last week is followed by good returns for July thus far. Reported liabilities in the first five days were only $811,657, though mail delay kept back some western returns. The number of failures during the past week has been 237 in the United States, against 374 last week, and in Canada 49, against 25 last year.

Newsboys on Strike.

BOSTON, July 14.—The newsboys of the city resolved to boycott the Herald and Globe because they charged higher rates than other 2-cent papers. As a result these papers were not handled last night, and boys seen with a Herald or Globe were promptly set upon and their stock in trade torn to fragments. A mass meeting of boys was held last night and at its close the boys marched to the Herald and Globe offices in a body and created a small riot, which the police finally quelled.

A Good Capture.

BRUSSELS, July 14.—A man was arrested here yesterday upon suspicion of having been concerned in a plot which resulted in the destruction by fire of the Palais d'Ete theater. An anarchistic letter was found in his pocket, signed by an anarchistic group, assigning him as the person to blow up La Scala theater.

No Proof of Guilt.

ANTWERP, July 14.—The analysts who examined the bodies of the three persons whom Mme. Joniaux was charged with poisoning have reported that in the bodies of two no poison has been found, but in the body of the third a doubtful quantity has been discovered.

A Rear-End Collision.

BALTIMORE, July 14.—Just beyond the Lake Roland station an express train crashed into the rear of a way train, derailing the locomotive of the express and seriously injuring five persons, two of whom are perhaps fatally hurt.

Kentucky Treasury In a Hole.

FRANKFORT, Ky., July 14.—The state treasury, which has been short of cash for two months past, exhausted its funds and suspended payments yesterday on all of the state's obligations. The suspension is for an indefinite period.

Under Light Bonds.

AMESBURY, Mass., July 14.—The Vanier $5300 forgery case came to an end in the district court yesterday. Ovella Vanier, the defendant, was held in $500 for the grand jury. Bonds were given.

Potatoes Will Be Short.

AMESBURY, Mass., July 14.—Reports from 12 neighboring farming towns show big damage to crops from want of rain. The potato crop is ruined in several towns.

Mysterious Sickness In Prison.

LONDON, July 14.—A suspicious case of sickness has been reported from Wormwood Scrubbs prison. The patient has been isolated, but the statement is made that it is not a case of Asiatic cholera.

Couldn't Convict Him.

AUGUSTA, Me., July 14.—George A Hanscomb was before United States Commissioner Choate for robbing the Hartland postoffice. Evidence being insufficient, the prisoner was discharged.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES

Cholera is on the increase at St. Petersburg.

Twenty fishing boats are missing from Bilbao, Spain.

Anarchists set fire to the new French ironclad Carnot.

Sons of Temperance closed their session at Waterville, Me.

Governor Greenhalge visited Mrs. Cleveland at Gray Gables.

James E. Floyd was arrested at Boston on a charge of forgery.

The Jacob Emery homestead at Haverhill, Mass., was burned.

Sweeping and successful liquor raids were made at Derry, N. H.

[illegible] slot machines have been [illegible]

The Massachusetts naval brigade will leave the San Francisco for their tour of duty.

A burglar and policeman at Biddeford, Me., exchanged shots, and the burglar escaped.

The Vigilant will be altered in order to avoid conceding time allowance to the Britannia.

Miss Mary Keenan, 24 years of age, committed suicide at New Haven by taking "rough on rats."

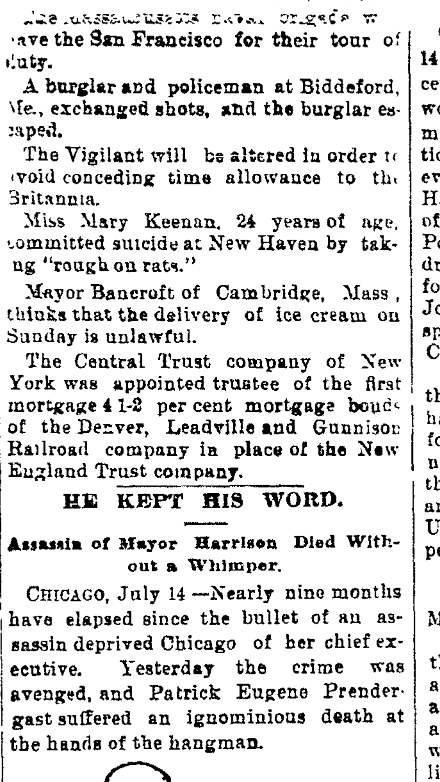
Mayor Bancroft of Cambridge, Mass., thinks that the delivery of ice cream on Sunday is unlawful.

The Central Trust company of New York was appointed trustee of the first mortgage 4 1-2 per cent mortgage bonds of the Denver, Leadville and Gunnison Railroad company in place of the New England Trust company.

HE KEPT HIS WORD.

Assassin of Mayor Harrison Died Without a Whimper.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Nearly nine months have elapsed since the bullet of an assassin deprived Chicago of her chief executive. Yesterday the crime was avenged, and Patrick Eugene Prendergast suffered an ignominious death at the hands of the hangman.



TWO SKETCHES OF PRENDERGAST

The execution was devoid of incident, for the assassin went to his death like an ox going to the shambles. Up to the last moment the hope of interposition from some source or another did not desert him. When it came to the end he nerved himself for a supreme effort and paid the penalty of his crime without a whimper and without a word.

The drop fell at 11:48. The murderer had said he would "die game," and he kept his word. Prendergast's neck was broken apparently. At 11:57, nine minutes after the trigger was sprung, Prendergast was pronounced dead.

GRANITE STATE PROHIBS

Adopt a Platform and Nominate Dr. Knowles For Governor.

WEIRS, N. H., July 14.—The state convention of the New Hampshire Prohibitionists was held here. Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D., of Tilton was nominated for governor.

The platform adopted included a demand for the prohibition of the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic liquors as beverages, by both national and state legislation, and the exercise of the full powers of government to secure this result. A stand for the public school system, and against any appropriation of public moneys for sectarian schools. Denominational schools should be supported by private beneficence. A belief that the tariff, under a fair general law, should be entrusted to a commission of fair-minded business men, and that such a commission can deal more wisely and safely than congress with the complex questions that arise. An expression of sympathy with the desires of laboring men to better their conditions, and a favoring of wise systems of arbitration when disputes arise between employers and employes; a belief that no permanent improvement of the labor class is possible until the liquor power is overthrown.

Dr. Elgar L. Carr of Pittsfield and David Heald of Milford were nominated for congress.

Lynn Shoe Factory Damaged.

LYNN, Mass., July 14.—The factory of Murphy Bros., shoe manufacturers, was damaged by fire to the extent of $10,000 last night. There is strong evidence that the fire was incendiary.

Forest Fires in Maine.

SACO, Me., July 14.—Several extensive forest fires are raging in this vicinity. At Old Orchard many acres were burned over, and the loss of timber will be considerable.

Refused Medical Aid.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 14.—Mrs. Isabel Kingman, 34, wife of Rev. E. Kingman of New York, died at Shiloh chapel, after an illness of five days. Mrs. Kingman was a firm believer in the healing power of prayer, and died without medical aid.

Death of Publisher Graha.

ORANGE, N. J., July 14.—George Rox Graha, the veteran publisher and journalist, died yesterday afternoon of disease of the heart at the Orange Memorial hospital.

THE CONVENTION

At Cleveland of the Christian Endeavor Workers.

A STRONG APPEAL TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

To Consecrate Themselves to Religious Work.

CLEVELAND, July 14.—In the afternoon 14 conferences of Christian Endeavor officers in different departments of endeavor work were held, and they proved to be the most interesting features of the convention thus far. At Saengerfest hall in the evening Rev William J. Tucker D D, of Hanover, N. H., spoke upon "The Claims of an Educated Life," and Rev. Dr. John Potts, D.D, of Toronto delivered an address upon "Christ, the Worker, a Model for All Endeavorers." In the tent Rev. Joseph K. Dixon, D.D., of Philadelphia spoke upon the "Common Sense in Church Life and Work."

The committee of '94 was introduced to the convention and presented with a handsome banner by the United Society for faithful service. The treasurer announced that all legitimate expenses of the convention had been met, and a balance of $1000 would be turned over to the United Society to assist in paying the expenses of speakers, etc.

Dr. Potts' Address.

Dr. Potts is one of the most eloquent Methodist preachers in Canada. He said:

It seems fitting that at a convention of the Christian Endeavor society the example of Christ as the model worker for all disciples should be made prominent, and especially as the Sunday school world has begun a year of study of the life of Christ. This July should begin a great year in the study of the life of our blessed Lord. The study of the life of Christ should enlarge our knowledge of Christ, our faith in Christ and our resemblance to Christ. The gospel of work must be preached. Christ and his disciples lived it and preached it.

How many there are who call Christ master, and yet do little or no work for him in the church, and yet living selfish lives—professing to believe the word of God, and yet doing nothing to save men from impending ruin.

How refreshing to contemplate Christ, the worker, as a model for all Christian workers. An inspired apostle afterward gave that brief but beautiful description of Christ: "Who went about doing good." That was the very description of the man Christ Jesus.

It is something worth remembering that Christian work can be done anywhere, everywhere and always. If we would imitate Christ, the worker, we must have his spirit of prayerfulness, and of zeal for the glory of God.

Jesus Our Example.

Jesus was found in the temple. Many have found Jesus in the temple since then. What a picture—Jesus in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. It would be good for the teaching doctors now to have Jesus in their midst—Jesus in the midst of our theological schools, Sunday schools, Endeavor societies and in the midst of all church work.

Young people learn the lesson of early consecration to the work of God from the childhood consecration of Jesus. Begin early and be about your business until the end shall come. Let parents and teachers give all diligence to win the children for the service of the Lord.

Work is the law of success. This is true in all departments of life—in professional and commercial life. Take the eminently successful men, and in every instance work has been the royal road to success. Great lawyers are great workers; great doctors are great workers; great merchants are great workers.

Christian work is the law of spiritual life, and it is the law of spiritual prosperity. Christian work is the law of Christian character, and Christian work shall be the test of the judgment day.

The Fox Will Case Again.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 14.—In the superior court Judge Shumway ordered that no judgment be entered in Anderson's appeal from probate in the Fox will case. The court having previously set aside that part of the verdict which found that undue influence had been exerted in three clauses of the will, the order of the court means that the case must be tried again on the issue of undue influence alone. The appellants can take no appeal until after a new trial is had.

William Wier's Bad Record.

BOSTON, July 14.—William Wier is not a noted criminal, but is, generally speaking, a harmless individual, who persists in getting drunk unless he is behind the bars. Up to yesterday Wier had a record of fifty-two times in prison, and now it is fifty-three, for he was drunk again, and yesterday he was sentenced to one year.

Constantinople In a Panic.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 14.—Earthquake shocks continue at irregular intervals. The inhabitants of the city have been driven to a condition of abject fear by the repeated disturbances, and in all the places which have felt the earthquakes a state of panic exists.

Through a Bridge.

ENID, O. T., July 14.—A northern freight train went through a small bridge near South Enid. The bents and braces in the bridge had been sawed and left hanging together. Thirteen loaded cars were piled up in a heap. Two men were injured slightly.

Indicates a Drowning Accident.

HAGUE, N. Y., July 14.—A cedar boat marked W. M. D. was found adrift off this place. In the boat were found two satchels, two coats and a bathing suit. In the clothes were found a gold watch, a ring, a wallet containing $23, and other articles.

Not Guilty.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Leon B. Smith, general agent of the Tropical Cocoanut company of Boston, who was charged with larceny, was found not guilty.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION Of Yesterday.

PRENDERGAST

He Was Hanged by the Neck Until Dead.

WENT CALMLY TO THE GALLOWS AT 11.42

And Died Without a Struggle or Complaint.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Murderer Prendergast paid the penalty of the murder of Mayor Carter Harrison with his life at 11.48 a. m.

The gallows was erected at 10.35 in the east end of the prison yard. Jailer Morris then made the final test of the rope and structure and shortly after 11 o'clock everything was in readiness for the execution.

Prendergast rested well all night, sleeping soundly and calmly. He did not give up hope of a stay of proceedings until the last. He refused to receive the sacrament until 9 o'clock when he sent for Rev. Fr. Muldoon, who administered it to him.

Prendergast ate a hearty breakfast and then complained of feeling hungry and was given a second sumptuous spread.

At 11.42 the march to the gallows took place, the condemned man walking calmly up the steps. On the scaffold Jailor Morris covered him with the white shroud and adjusted the black cap, the condemned man being prevailed upon not to make a speech or create a scene.

In taking his last look at the crowd below him he displayed no nervousness beyond a slight twitching of the eyes.

The trap was sprung at 11.48 and nine minutes later he was pronounced dead.

Prendergast's career as a criminal is so out of the usual run that its novelty is of interest. He was probably 24 years of age, and of his early life only a general outline is known. He was a newspaper distributor and during Carter H. Harrison's campaign for mayor he burst into politics like a meteor working long and untiringly for Harrison's election. He was also a convert to the single tax theory, and on account of this he was looked upon as a prodigy by his brethren in the newspaper distribution business who instead of making fun of him lauded him to the skies, thereby giving him a "swelled head."

Prendergast became disagreeably, fond of notoriety and repeatedly did acts to get himself before the public.

Finally he conceived of the idea that he was entitled to a big office, so one day he appeared before Adolph Krauss, corporation counsel, and informed Krauss that he was a candidate for his (Krauss') place. Krauss laughed at him and sent him away. The next day Prendergast looked in the papers for his appointment, and failing to find it he went to the mayor's office. Then he began to hound the mayor, growing morose and vindictive as his appeals were not heard or answered.

Finally, on the eve of the closing day of the great Columbian fair, he shot Mayor Harrison, plunging the city into mourning and casting a gloom over the whole country, because of the sad end of the greatest achievement the world ever saw. The story of the trial and insanity defences are well known to the public.

Windham Church Gets $500.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

EXETER, N. H., July 13.—The Presbyterian church in Windham has received $500, a bequest from the late Abram Woodbury of Hudson, N. H., who two years ago gave an equal amount.

This is next to the largest bequest ever received by the church, the largest being the $3000 received from Jeremiah Hills.

Don't Use Adam's Name.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

LYNN, July 14.—Commander-in-chief J. G. B. Adams of the G. A. R. whose name had been mentioned as compromise candidate for the eighth congressional district, stated today his name could not be used under any circumstances.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Mary E. Stowell took place this morning at St. Peter's church and was very largely attended, a large number present being from out of town. A solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. John H. McKenna, assisted by Rev. W. H. McDonough as deacon and Rev. Fr. Ronan, sub-deacon. The choir rendered Schmidt's requiem mass and at the offertory T. F. Molloy sang the Pie Jesu. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery. The pall bearers were John McSwegan, Patrick McSwegan, Patrick Tierney, John Welch, James Murtha and John Connors. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, and included a large pillow with the inscription in blue immortelles "Mother," the offering of the children; spray of roses from her two sons-in-law; tablet inscribed "My True Friend, Mrs. Margaret McCarthy; large cross, Mr. and Mrs. John Welch; star and bar with the word "Grandma," from the grandchildren; large wreath, Mrs. George Patten; star, crescent and bar, from the Ladies auxiliary of the Lowell Reform club. Undertaker Rogers had charge of the funeral.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen O'Neill occurred this forenoon from St. Patrick's church and was very largely attended. A requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. M. J. Leonard, and the choir under the direction of Mr. E. F. Faulkner rendered Schmidt's requiem mass. The interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

Off For Europe.

Among the cabin passengers to leave New York tomorrow on the Cunard line steamer Campania will be the following Lowell people: Mrs. D. T. Finnegan, Miss Mary E. Finnegan, Mrs. John J. O'Connell, Miss Kate Finnegan, Mr. Thomas O'Connell, Sarah Hutchinson, Georgiana Ferguson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, Miss Rose and Mary Hunter; and from New York next Wednesday Mr. Thomas Miles and Mrs. Samuel H. Pilkington. All booked through Murphy's agency.

Two Stubborn Children.

Terrence Riley and Sylvester Riley, two brothers, were brought into court this morning at the instance of their mother who complained of them as stubborn children. Judge Frye gave them a good talking to and then placed them on probation.

Ball Game Tomorrow.

The L. C. A. A. base ball nine will play the Highlands at the Dracut oval tomorrow afternoon. Whitney and Hawes will play with the Highlands.

STRIKE NOT OFF

Newspaper Man's Haste Sent the Story Afloat.

DEBS WANTS A COMPROMISE SETTLEMENT.

He Will Confer With the Arbitration Committee.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Throught the haste of a newspaper reporter who was interviewing Pres. Debs, the country at large was informed at 10.30 a. m., today, that the great strike was off.

Mr. Debs has issued a message saying that he announced that the strike was off under certain conditions.

It turns out that Pres. Debs, Pres. Gompers and Grand Master Workman Sovereign were in conference with Mayor Hopkins, and at the time of the interview were awaiting the arrival of Alderman McGill, of the arbitration committee, and the five men were to have a final conference with Vice President Wickes of the Pullman company.

Up to noon the result of that conference had not been made public. The publicity of the early reports, however, is likely to prove a factor in ending the strike.

MORE CARS BURNED.

Firemen Had no Water With Which to Put Out the Fire.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Three cars loaded with lumber on the Rock Island tracks at One Hundreth street, were fired at 11.30 last night by incendiaries. An alarm was turned in and responded to by the fire department from South Chicago.

There was no water in the vicinity and the firemen were obliged to cut the burning cars loose, and run them on a square track where they burned up.

READY TO STRIKE.

Milwaukee Union Men Want to Take a Hand Now.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 13.—The Milwaukee Federated Trades Council, after a stormy meeting last night, passed a resolution to strike in a body if a strike is ordered by the national officers of the American Federation of Labor.

It is said that in the event of a strike being ordered every union man in the organizations, about 15000, will drop his tools and stop work at once.

A Million Dollar Estate.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

EXETER, N. H., July 13.—Pending the appeal of Miss Ida O. Folsom, Boston, from the probate of the will of her uncle, Benjamin F. Folsom of Stratham, N. H., ex-Congressman Joshua G. Hall of Dover has been appointed special administrator of the estate, which will realize more than $1,000,000.

Trouble in California.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 13.—The Second Regiment, N. G., 600 strong left here at 4 a. m. for Oakland to protect the Southern Pacific property when traffic was resumed. Twenty naval reserves with a Hotchkiss gun also left for the scene of trouble.

A Train Wrecked.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

TERRE HAUTE, July 13.—A Cincinnati & St. Louis express due here at 10 a. m. was wrecked at Fontenelle, 10 miles east, by being ditched. Engineer Norman and his fireman were killed and several passengers injured.

No Delay in Traffic

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

ST. LOUIS, July 13.—There is no interruption of travel on any of the roads centering here.

Bail Fixed at $30,000.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

NEW YORK, July 13—Judge Barrett today decided to allow Erastus Wimam admittance to $30,000 bail.

License Commission Work.

Hubert J. Turcotte for a sixth class license as a druggist at 624 Middlesex street; John F. Prescott for a transfer of first and fourth class licenses for 300 Suffolk to 12 and 14 Cabot street have applied to the license commissioners.

Mrs. Lilley Better.

Mrs. Charles S. Lilley, who is critically ill, is reported a little easier this noon.

Wants to be Messenger.

Samuel Holgate, of this city, has been nominated to be grand messenger of the grand lodge, Sons of St. George.

Worcester Club Disbands.

The Worcester base ball club disbanded last night. The directors met and found themselves $250 in the hole.

Scared the Boy Bathers.

It is said that certain police officers were sent home to dinner early today and they got back to the Concord river by appointment just at the time the boys in White Bros.' tannery went in swimming in the Concord. Officers Breen, Greig, Lane and Walsh did some lively hustling to capture the little "kids." The crowd enjoyed the sport. It was hot for the "cops" but the boys won.

What Mayor Pickman Said.

In relation to the normal school site Mayor Pickman said today that he had heard nothing official abut the selection of a site.

There is a rumor that the Hope estate on Chelmsford street will be selected if a rear entrance to the grounds can be made.

Ivorine

WASHING POWDER

"Ivorine gives the greatest satisfaction. I have been using it for years. I find it requires only about one-half the time for my washing which it takes with other washing powders."
ANNIE WALKER,
Laundress, Marine Hospital, Portland, Me.

From April 1st, 1893, every package contains a splendid cake of puro Olivo Oil Toilet Soap.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, July 14th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department

Burke, Wm	Kimball, N G
Birtwell, James G	Kennedy, J E
Bernier, Joseph	Knapp, Geo F
Belt, J	Lapau, Folos
Bergeron, Henry	Lamy, Louis
Baker, Joseph	Lemire, Adolphe
Black, Wm H	Lege, Louis
Carroll, Michael	Leatham, W
Courchains, J B	Maude, Frank
Clifford, Daniel	Marco, Germain
Charles, H E	Machado, Jose
Charles, H W	McCarr, J Dr
Clark, F D	McDermott, John
Charron, John	McDougall, Wm
Dauphinas, Joseph	Murphy, M J
Devine, Daniel	Mayo, A H
Dent, E F	Ommette, John
Dusbane, Wm	Paltavila, Girolano
Eames, A M	Palermo, Bernadino
Evans, T E	Pakhura, Antoine
Elliott, Dyson	Patman, Ed
Faber, G W	Plche, Narcisse
Ford, Wm	Pulon, Nicolin
Gaffield, Thomas	Prescott, Ross E
Green, Charles	Quinn, John J
Gervais, Willie	Rappaki, Gamella
Green, James	Retty, Arthur D
Golden, Michael	Richardson, John S
Hansen, Alfred	Richardson, David
Howarth, Fred	Stephenson, F M
Hyatt, E L	Stuart, E S
Hynes, James	Sturtevant, Geo H
Jardinan, Harlin	Steel, Adam
Jaron & Wolich	Tullock, George
Jackson, W I	Thanor, Jame
Jimerson, Robert	Worther, E B
Jackson, Thomas	

Ladies' List.

Averill, F O Mrs	Jubinville, Caroline
Barrett, Barbara L	Kelley, Maria
Barrett, Mary	King, Mary
Brownel, May	Lavery, Mary
Bushey, Pete Mrs	Lagace, Virginia
Campbell, A L Mrs	Lake, A Mrs
Carrigan, Annie Mrs	Langlois, Alice
Charters, Addie	Levasseur, Mado
Claudel, Eugene	Lydon, Kate
Callahan, Kate	Mayberry, G Mrs
Coburn, Abbie J	Martin, Grace Mrs
Crocker, S H Mrs	Madden, Maggie
Culbertson, Helen A	McDuff, Maggie
Danielson, Dorothea	McGetten, A
Dempsey, Bridget	McColkey, Lilla
Ducharm, Matilda	McCabe, Mary
Dwyer, Mary A	Mellon, E B Mrs
Ellis, Elsie	Mears Jennie
Fitzgerald, Hannah	McManus, Annie
French, Sarah J	O'Neil, Mary
Gordon, G Miss	Pillsbury, Ann O
Goddard, Mary	Pickering, M I Mrs
Geanther Jennie	Ross, Annie
Grady, Mary A	Richett, Maximo Dell
Holdridge, Carrie	Shanaughy, Rose W
Hogan, Vallia	Schryer, Eva
Hill, N C Mrs	Snow, R E Mrs
Hamblett, G W Mrs	Scheidler, Lizzie C
Hazelton, L R Mrs 2	Tucker, A L Miss
Hartnett, W C	Walsh, Norah
Johnston, Katie E	Walton, America

THIS WARM WEATHER

You need something to brace you up.

A Case of Wine

Or a Case of That Nice

L-A-G-E-R

--From--

The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

Will Do It.

A Souvenir

Worth having in every household is one of those tinted and gilt decorated Cups and Saucers, which we are selling for one week for **49 CENTS.**

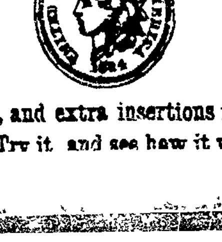
These cups and Saucers are worth $1, but as we got them at a bankrupt sale, and for spot cash, we can afford to give them to our customers for less than half their cost. They make a handsome set, and there ought to be a quick demand for them. There will only be one of them.

French & Puffer,

245 Central Street.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads. in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first



insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

WANTED—Boys and girls who wish to make money when out of school, send name and we will tell you how. No money wanted. D. Stayner & Co., Providence, R. I.

TENEMENTS TO LET

TO LET—Tenement of five rooms in pleasant location. Inquire of John McOwen, house 4, rear 81 Chapel street.

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F.P. Lew, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2800 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house, would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the co partnership formerly existing between J. W. Bennett, Geo. A. Bennett and Fred W. Bennett under the firm name and style of J. W. Bennett & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, said George A. Bennett and Fred W. Bennett retiring from the firm. All persons having claims against the said firm are requested to present the same for adjustment and payment, and all persons indebted to the firm are requested to pay the same to J. W. Bennett, he alone being authorized to settle all bills and claims of the late firm.

J. W. BENNETT.
G. A. BENNETT.
F. W. BENNETT.

Lowell, Mass., July 6, 1894

NOTICE.

The business heretofore carried on by J. W. Bennett & Co., will be continued by J. W. Bennett, at the stand where he established himself in 1866, corner of Grand and Middlesex streets, Lowell, Mass.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

KNAPP'S

Rootbeer Extract is the best.

KNAPP'S

was the favorite last year.

KNAPP'S

One bottle makes 6 gallons.

KNAPP'S

None so good, none goes so far.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

BUSINESS

The Prospect Brightening on All Sides.

SIGNS OF ACTUAL PROGRESS NOW VISIBLE.

The Recovery From the Great Depression Assured.

When circumstances are duly weighed, the strength and soundness of business in this country during the past two weeks are amazing. With the second city in the country in the hands of a lawless and murderous mob, besides many other cities and towns, with railway traffic almost entirely stopped over the vast area between Toledo and the Pacific, with presidential proclamations declaring the existence of an insurrection and the passionate answer ordering half a million men to stop work, with a prolonged strike of coal miners not fully ended in many states, and with differences between the house and senate on the tariff question so wide that duties affecting mining and manufactures cannot be anticipated, industries and trade have nevertheless gone on with sublime confidence that the people and their government would soon restore order.

The shrinkage of business and the depression of values have been unexpectedly small, the failures relatively few and unimportant, and there are even signs in some industries of actual progress toward recovery from previous troubles.

Wheat is slightly lower, in profound disregard of the government report indicating a yield of less than 400,000,000 bushels, and as the official estimate of yield in 1893 was more than 100,000,000 bushels short of actual exports and consumption, it is readily assumed that another discrepancy as large may spring from similar causes. Receipts and exports in the present disturbed condition of business are not significant.

Corn has advanced a little, though accounts indicate a good yield.

The Industrial Situation.

Cotton has declined an eighth, with more favorable information as to conditions, and the year's records have so discredited official and other estimates that little attention is now paid to them. With stocks of American abroad about as large as a year ago and the demand for cotton goods visibly narrowing, weakness is natural. Cotton manufacture has reduced productions somewhat, though most of the mills continue to pile up goods, and the stock of print cloths is 180,000 pieces. Dullness is commonly ascribed and partly due to disturbed conditions at the west and south.

The same cause affects woolen manufactures, but less directly, and the clothiers have postponed orders so long that their efforts to get merely the goods they must have now give a better tone. Orders are small, but in number such that fewer mills have closed since July 10 than was expected, and sales of wool for the week have been 3,385,000 pounds, against 3,643,700 last year, and 6,118,950 in 1892.

The shoe factories in this quarter are closed, but at the east have generally resumed earlier than was expected, and numerous, though small orders, mainly for medium or low priced goods, make up a fair aggregate of business. Shipments from the east for two weeks of July have been 152,298 cases, against 148,755 last year.

The output of pig iron, which dropped from 10,210 tons to 62,517 weekly in May, because of the miners' strike, had only recovered to 85,950 tons July 1, and it is uncertain whether it is larger now, for numerous western works have been stopped by the railroad blockade.

The decrease in the failures exhibited last week is followed by good returns for July thus far. Reported liabilities in the first five days were only $811,657, though mail delay kept back some western returns. The number of failures during the past week has been 237 in the United States, against 374 last week, and in Canada 40, against 25 last year.

Newsboys on Strike.

BOSTON, July 14.—The newsboys of the city resolved to boycott the Herald and Globe because they charged higher rates than other 2-cent papers. As a result these papers were not handled last night, and boys seen with a Herald or Globe were promptly set upon and their stock in trade torn to fragments. A mass meeting of boys was held last night and at its close the boys marched to the Herald and Globe offices in a body and created a small riot, which the police finally quelled.

A Good Capture.

BRUSSELS, July 14.—A man was arrested here yesterday upon suspicion of having been concerned in a plot which resulted in the destruction by fire of the Palais d'Ete theater. An anarchistic letter was found in his pocket, signed by an anarchistic group, assigning him as the person to blow up La Scala theater.

No Proof of Guilt.

ANTWERP, July 14.—The analysts who examined the bodies of the three persons whom Mme. Joniaux was charged with poisoning have reported that in the bodies of two no poison has been found, but in the body of the third a doubtful quantity has been discovered.

A Rear-End Collision.

BALTIMORE, July 14.—Just beyond the Lake Roland station an express train crashed into the rear of a way train, derailing the locomotive of the express and seriously injuring five persons, two of whom are perhaps fatally hurt.

Kentucky Treasury In a Hole.

FRANKFORT, Ky., July 14.—The state treasury, which has been short of cash for two months past, exhausted its funds and suspended payments yesterday on all of the state's obligations. The suspension is for an indefinite period.

Under Light Bonds.

AMESBURY, Mass., July 14.—The Vanier $500 forgery case came to an end in the district court yesterday. Ovella Vanier, the defendant, was held in $800 for the grand jury. Bonds were given.

Potatoes Will Be Short.

AMESBURY, Mass., July 14.—Reports from 12 neighboring farming towns show big damage to crops from want of rain. The potato crop is ruined in several towns.

Mysterious Sickness In Prison.

LONDON, July 14.—A suspicious case of sickness has been reported from Wormwood Scrubbs prison. The patient has been isolated, but the statement is made that it is not a case of Asiatic cholera.

Couldn't Convict Him.

AUGUSTA, Me., July 14.—George A Hanscomb was before United States Commissioner Choate for robbing the Hartland postoffice. Evidence being insufficient, the prisoner was discharged.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Cholera is on the increase at St. Petersburg.

Twenty fishing boats are missing from Bilbao, Spain.

Anarchists set fire to the new French ironclad Carnot.

Sons of Temperance closed their session at Waterville, Me.

Governor Greenhalge visited Mrs. Cleveland at Gray Gables.

James E. Floyd was arrested at Boston on a charge of forgery.

The Jacob Emery homestead at Haverhill, Mass., was burned.

Sweeping and successful liquor raids were made at Derry, N. H.

All nickel-in-the-slot machines have been ordered removed in Bristol, Conn.

The Massachusetts naval brigade will leave the San Francisco for their tour of duty.

A burglar and policeman at Biddeford, Me., exchanged shots, and the burglar escaped.

The Vigilant will be altered in order to avoid conceding time allowance to the Britannia.

Miss Mary Keenan, 24 years of age, committed suicide at New Haven by taking "rough on rats."

Mayor Bancroft of Cambridge, Mass., thinks that the delivery of ice cream on Sunday is unlawful.

The Central Trust company of New York was appointed trustee of the first mortgage 4 1-2 per cent mortgage bonds of the Denver, Leadville and Gunnison Railroad company in place of the New England Trust company.

HE KEPT HIS WORD.

Assassin of Mayor Harrison Died Without a Whimper.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Nearly nine months have elapsed since the bullet of an assassin deprived Chicago of her chief executive. Yesterday the crime was avenged, and Patrick Eugene Prendergast suffered an ignominious death at the hands of the hangman.

TWO SKETCHES OF PRENDERGAST

The execution was devoid of incident, for the assassin went to his death like an ox going to the shambles. Up to the last moment the hope of interposition from some source or another did not desert him. When it came to the end he nerved himself for a supreme effort and paid the penalty of his crime without a whimper and without a word.

The drop fell at 11:48. The murderer had said he would "die game," and he kept his word. Prendergast's neck was broken apparently. At 11:57, nine minutes after the trigger was sprung, Prendergast was pronounced dead.

GRANITE STATE PROHIBS

Adopt a Platform and Nominate Dr. Knowles For Governor.

WEIRS, N. H., July 14.—The state convention of the New Hampshire Prohibitionists was held here. Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D., of Tilton was nominated for governor.

The platform adopted included a demand for the prohibition of the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic liquors as beverages, by both national and state legislation, and the exercise of the full powers of government to secure this result. A stand for the public school system, and against any appropriation of public moneys for sectarian schools. Denominational schools should be supported by private beneficence. A belief that the tariff, under a fair general law, should be entrusted to a commission of fair-minded business men, and that such a commission can deal more wisely and safely than congress with the complex questions that arise. An expression of sympathy with the desires of laboring men to better their conditions, and a favoring of wise systems of arbitration when disputes arise between employers and employes; a belief that no permanent improvement of the labor class is possible until the liquor power is overthrown.

Dr. Edgar L. Carr of Pittsfield and David Heald of Milford were nominated for congress.

Lynn Shoe Factory Damaged.

LYNN, Mass., July 14.—The factory of Murphy Bros., shoe manufacturers, was damaged by fire to the extent of $10,000 last night. There is strong evidence that the fire was incendiary.

Forest Fires in Maine.

SACO, Me., July 14.—Several extensive forest fires are raging in this vicinity. At Old Orchard many acres were burned over, and the loss of timber will be considerable.

Refused Medical Aid.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 14.—Mrs. Isabel Kingman, 34, wife of Rev. E. Kingman of New York, died at Shiloh chapel after an illness of five days. Mrs. Kingman was a firm believer in the healing power of prayer, and died without medical aid.

Death of Publisher Grahn.

ORANGE, N. J., July 14.—George Rox Grahn, the veteran publisher and journalist, died yesterday afternoon of disease of the heart at the Orange Memorial hospital.

THE CONVENTION

At Cleveland of the Christian Endeavor Workers.

A STRONG APPEAL TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

To Consecrate Themselves to Religious Work.

CLEVELAND, July 14.—In the afternoon 14 conferences of Christian Endeavor officers in different departments of endeavor work were held, and they proved to be the most interesting features of the convention thus far. At Saengerfest hall in the evening Rev. William J. Tucker, D.D., of Hanover, N. H., spoke upon "The Claims of an Educated Life," and Rev. Dr. John Potts, D.D., of Toronto delivered an address upon "Christ, the Worker, a Model for All Endeavorers." In the tent Rev. Joseph K. Dixon, D.D., of Philadelphia spoke upon the "Common Sense in Church Life and Work."

The committee of '94 was introduced to the convention and presented with a handsome banner by the United Society for faithful service. The treasurer announced that all legitimate expenses of the convention had been met, and a balance of $1000 would be turned over to the United Society to assist in paying the expenses of speakers, etc.

Dr. Potts' Address.

Dr. Potts is one of the most eloquent Methodist preachers in Canada. He said:

It seems fitting that at a convention of the Christian Endeavor society the example of Christ as the model worker for all disciples should be made prominent, and especially as the Sunday school world has begun a year of study of the life of Christ. This July should begin a great year in the study of the life of our blessed Lord. The study of the life of Christ should enlarge our knowledge of Christ, our faith in Christ and our resemblance to Christ. The gospel of work must be preached. Christ and his disciples lived it and preached it.

How many there are who call Christ master, and yet do little or no work for him in the church, and yet living selfish lives—professing to believe the word of God, and yet doing nothing to save men from impending ruin.

How refreshing to contemplate Christ, the worker, as a model for all Christian workers. An inspired apostle afterward gave that brief but beautiful description of Christ: "Who went about doing good." That was the very description of the man Christ Jesus.

It is something worth remembering that Christian work can be done anywhere, everywhere and always. If we would imitate Christ, the worker, we must have his spirit of prayerfulness, and of zeal for the glory of God.

Jesus Our Example.

Jesus was found in the temple. Many have found Jesus in the temple since then. What a picture—Jesus in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. It would be good for the teaching doctors now to have Jesus in their midst—Jesus in the midst of our theological schools, Sunday schools, Endeavor societies and in the midst of all church work.

Young people learn the lesson of early consecration to the work of God from the childhood consecration of Jesus. Begin early and be about your business until the end shall come. Let parents and teachers give all diligence to win the children for the service of the Lord.

Work is the law of success. This is true in all departments of life—in professional and commercial life. Take the eminently successful men, and in every instance work has been the royal road to success. Great lawyers are great workers; great doctors are great workers; great merchants are great workers.

Christian work is the law of spiritual life, and it is the law of spiritual prosperity. Christian work is the law of Christian character, and Christian work shall be the test of the judgment day.

The Fox Will Case Again.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 14.—In the superior court Judge Shumway ordered that no judgment be entered in Anderson's appeal from probate in the Fox will case. The court having previously set aside that part of the verdict which found that undue influence had been exerted in three clauses of the will, the order of the court means that the case must be tried again on the issue of undue influence alone. The appellants can take no appeal until after a new trial is had.

William Wier's Bad Record.

BOSTON, July 14.—William Wier is not a noted criminal, but is, generally speaking, a harmless individual, who persists in getting drunk unless he is behind the bars. Up to yesterday Wier had a record of fifty-two times in prison, and now it is fifty-three, for he was drunk again, and yesterday he was sentenced to one year.

Constantinople In a Panic.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 14.—Earthquake shocks continue at irregular intervals. The inhabitants of the city have been driven to a condition of abject fear by the repeated disturbances, and in all the places which have felt the earthquakes a state of panic exists.

Through a Bridge.

ENID, O. T., July 14.—A northern freight train went through a small bridge near South Enid. The bents and braces in the bridge had been sawed and left hanging together. Thirteen loaded cars were piled up in a heap. Two men were injured slightly.

Indicates a Drowning Accident.

HAGUE, N. Y., July 14.—A cedar boat marked W. M. D. was found adrift off this place. In the boat were found two satchels, two coats and a bathing suit. In the clothes were found a gold watch, a ring, a wallet containing $23, and other articles.

Not Guilty.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Leon B. Smith, general agent of the Tropical Cocoanut company of Boston, who was charged with larceny, was found not guilty.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION Of Yesterday.

PRENDERGAST

He Was Hanged by the Neck Until Dead.

WENT CALMLY TO THE GALLOWS AT 11.42

And Died Without a Struggle or Complaint.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Murderer Prendergast paid the penalty of the murder of Mayor Carter Harrison with his life at 11.48 a. m.

The gallows was erected at 10.35 in the east end of the prison yard. Jailer Morris then made the final test of the rope and structure and shortly after 11 o'clock everything was in readiness for the execution.

Prendergast rested well all night, sleeping soundly and calmly. He did not give up hope of a stay of proceedings until the last. He refused to receive the sacrament until 9 o'clock when he sent for Rev. Fr. Muldoon, who administered it to him.

Prendergast ate a hearty breakfast and then complained of feeling hungry and was given a second sumptuous spread.

At 11.42 the march to the gallows took place, the condemned man walking calmly up the steps. On the scaffold Jailor Morris covered him with the white shroud and adjusted the black cap, the condemned man being prevailed upon not to make a speech or create a scene.

In taking his last look at the crowd below him he displayed no nervousness beyond a slight twitching of the eyes.

The trap was sprung at 11.48 and nine minutes later he was pronounced dead.

Prendergast's career as a criminal is so out of the usual run that its novelty is of interest. He was probably 24 years of age, and of his early life only a general outline is known. He was a newspaper distributor and during Carter H. Harrison's campaign for mayor he burst into politics like a meteor working long and untiringly for Harrison's election. He was also a convert to the single tax theory, and on account of this he was looked upon as a prodigy by his brethren in the newspaper distribution business who instead of making fun of him lauded him to the skies, thereby giving him a "swelled head."

Prendergast became disagreeably fond of notoriety and repeatedly did acts to get himself before the public.

Finally he conceived of the idea that he was entitled to a big office, so one day he appeared before Adolph Krauss, corporation counsel, and informed Krauss that he was a candidate for his (Krauss') place. Krauss laughed at him and sent him away. The next day Prendergast looked in the papers for his appointment, and failing to find it he went to the mayor's office. Then he began to hound the mayor, growing morose and vindictive as his appeals were not heard or answered.

Finally, on the eve of the closing day of the great Columbian fair, he shot Mayor Harrison, plunging the city into mourning and casting a gloom over the whole country, because of the sad end of the greatest achievement the world ever saw. The story of the trial and insanity defences are well known to the public.

Windham Church Gets $500.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

EXETER, N. H., July 13.—The Presbyterian church in Windham has received $500, a bequest from the late Abram Woodbury of Hudson, N. H., who two years ago gave an equal amount.

This is next to the largest bequest ever received by the church, the largest being the $3000 received from Jeremiah Hills.

Don't Use Adam's Name.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

LYNN, July 14.—Commander-in-chief J. G. B. Adams of the G. A. R. whose name had been mentioned as compromise candidate for the eighth congressional district, stated today his name could not be used under any circumstances.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Mary E. Stowell took place this morning at St. Peter's church and was very largely attended, a large number present being from out of town. A solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. John H. McKenna, assisted by Rev. W. H. McDonough as deacon and Rev. Fr. Ronan, sub-deacon. The choir rendered Schmidt's requiem mass and at the offertory T. F. Molloy sang the Pie Jesu. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery. The pall bearers were John McSwegan, Patrick McSwegan, Patrick Tierney, John Welch, James Murtha and John Connors. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, and included a large pillow with the inscription in blue immortelles "Mother," the offering of the children; spray of roses from her two sons-in-law; tablet inscribed "My True Friend, Mrs. Margaret McCarthy; large cross, Mr. and Mrs. John Welch; star and bar with the word "Grandma," from the grandchildren; large wreath, Mrs. George Patten; star, crescent and bar, from the Ladies auxiliary of the Lowell Reform club. Undertaker Rogers had charge of the funeral.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen O'Neill occurred this forenoon from St. Patrick's church and was very largely attended. A requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. M. J. Leonard, and the choir under the direction of Mr. E. F. Faulkner rendered Schmidt's requiem mass. The interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

Off For Europe.

Among the cabin passengers to leave New York tomorrow on the Cunard line steamer Campania will be the following Lowell people: Mrs. D. T. Finnegan, Miss Mary E. Finnegan, Mrs. John J. O'Connell, Miss Kate Finnegan, Mr. Thomas O'Connell, Sarah Hutchinson, Georgiana Ferguson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, Miss Rose and Mary Hunter; and from New York next Wednesday Mr. Thomas Miles and Mrs. Samuel H. Pilkington. All booked through Murphy's agency.

Two Stubborn Children.

Terrence Riley and Sylvester Riley, two brothers, were brought into court this morning at the instance of their mother who complained of them as stubborn children. Judge Frye gave them a good talking to and then placed them on probation.

Ball Game Tomorrow.

The L. C. A. A. base ball nine will play the Highlands at the Dracut oval tomorrow afternoon. Whitney and Hawes will play with the Highlands.

STRIKE NOT OFF

Newspaper Man's Haste Sent the Story Afloat.

DEBS WANTS A COMPROMISE SETTLEMENT.

He Will Confer With the Arbitration Committee.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Through the haste of a newspaper reporter who was interviewing Pres. Debs, the country at large was informed at 10.30 a. m., today, that the great strike was off.

Mr. Debs has issued a message saying that he announced that the strike was off under certain conditions.

It turns out that Pres. Debs, Pres. Gompers and Grand Master Workman Sovereign were in conference with Mayor Hopkins, and at the time of the interview were awaiting the arrival of Alderman McGill, of the arbitration committee, and the five men were to have a final conference with Vice President Wickes of the Pullman company.

Up to noon the result of that conference had not been made public. The publicity of the early reports, however, is likely to prove a factor in ending the strike.

MORE CARS BURNED.

Firemen Had no Water With Which to Put Out the Fire.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Three cars loaded with lumber on the Rock Island tracks at One Hundredth street, were fired at 11.30 last night by incendiaries. An alarm was turned in and responded to by the fire department from South Chicago.

There was no water in the vicinity and the firemen were obliged to cut the burning cars loose, and run them on a square track where they burned up.

READY TO STRIKE.

Milwaukee Union Men Want to Take a Hand Now.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 13.—The Milwaukee Federated Trades Council, after a stormy meeting last night, passed a resolution to strike in a body if a strike is ordered by the national officers of the American Federation of Labor.

It is said that in the event of a strike being ordered every union man in the organizations, about 16000, will drop his tools and stop work at once.

A Million Dollar Estate.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

EXETER, N. H., July 13.—Pending the appeal of Miss Ida O. Folsom, Boston, from the probate of the will of her uncle, Benjamin F. Folsom of Stratham, N. H., ex-Congressman Joshua G. Hall of Dover has been appointed special administrator of the estate, which will realize more than $1,000,000.

Trouble in California.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 13.—The Second Regiment, N. G., 600 strong left here at 4 a. m. for Oakland to protect the Southern Pacific property when traffic was resumed. Twenty naval reserves with a Hotchkiss gun also left for the scene of trouble.

A Train Wrecked.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

TERRE HAUTE, July 13.—A Cincinnati & St. Louis express due here at 10 a. m. was wrecked at Fontenelle, 10 miles east, by being ditched. Engineer Norman and his fireman were killed and several passengers injured.

No Delay In Traffic.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

ST. LOUIS, July 13.—There is no interruption of travel on any of the roads centering here.

Bail Fixed at $30,000.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

NEW YORK, July 13—Judge Barrett today decided to allow Erastus Wiman admittance to $30,000 bail.

License Commission Work.

Hubert J. Turcotte for a sixth class license as a druggist at 624 Middlesex street; John F. Prescott for a transfer of first and fourth class licenses for 300 Suffolk to 12 and 14 Cabot street have applied to the license commissioners.

Mrs. Lilley Better.

Mrs. Charles S. Lilley, who is critically ill, is reported a little easier this noon.

Wants to be Messenger.

Samuel Holgate, of this city, has been nominated to be grand messenger of the grand lodge, Sons of St. George.

Worcester Club Disbands.

The Worcester base ball club disbanded last night. The directors met and found themselves $250 in the hole.

Scared the Boy Bathers.

It is said that certain police officers were sent home to dinner early today and they got back to the Concord river by appointment just at the time the boys in White Bros.' tannery went in swimming in the Concord. Officers Breen, Greig, Lane and Walsh did some lively hustling to capture the little "kids." The crowd enjoyed the sport. It was hot for the "cops" but the boys won.

What Mayor Pickman Said.

In relation to the normal school site Mayor Pickman said today that he had heard nothing official abut the selection of a site.

There is a rumor that the Hope estate on Chelmsford street will be selected if a rear entrance to the grounds can be made.

KNAPP'S

Rootbeer Extract is the best.

KNAPP'S

was the favorite last year.

KNAPP'S

One bottle makes 6 gallons.

KNAPP'S

None so good, none goes so far.

Ivorine

WASHING POWDER

"Ivorine gives the greatest satisfaction. I have been using it for years. I find it requires only about one-half the time for my washing which it takes with other washing powders."
ANNIE WALKER,
Laundress, Marine Hospital, Portland, Me.

From April 1st, 1893, every package contains a splendid cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, July 14th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department.

Burke, Wm	Kimball, N G
Birtwell, James B	Kennedy, J E
Bernier, Joseph	Knapp, Geo F
Bolt, J	Lapan, Folos
Bargeron, Henry	Lamy, Louis
Baker, Joseph	Lemire, Adolphe
Black, Wm H	Lege, Louis
Carroll, Michael	Leatham, W
Courchaine, J B	Maude, Frank
Clifford, Daniel	Marco, Germain
Charles, H E	Machado, Jose
Charles, H W	McCarr, J Dr
Clark, F D	McDermott, John
Charron, John	McDougall, Wm
Dauphinas, Joseph	Murphy, M J
Derino, Daniel	Mayo, A H
Dent, E F	Ommette, John
Dnahane, Wm	Paliavlis, Girolano
Eames, A M	Palermo, Bernadino
Evans, T E	Pakhors, Antoine
Elliott, Dyson	Patman, Ed
Faber, G W	Piobe, Narcisse
Ford, Wm	Puton, Nicolin
Gaffield, Thomas	Prescott, Ross E
Green, Charles	Quinn, John J
Gervais, Willie	Rappaki, Gamella
Green, James	Retty, Arthur D
Golden, Michael	Richardson, John S
Hansen, Alfred	Richardson, David
Howarth, Fred	Stephenson, F M
Hyatt, E L	Stuart, E S
Hynes, James	Sturtevant, Geo H
Jardinau, Berlin	Steel, Adam
Jaron & Wolloh	Tullock, George
Jackson, W I	Thenor, Jame
Jimerson, Robert	Worther, E B
Jackson, Thomas	

Ladies' List.

Averill, F O Mrs	Jubinville, Caroline
Barrett, Barbara L	Kelley, Maria
Barrett, Mary	King, Mary
Browned, May	Lavery, Mary
Bushey, Pole Mrs	Lagace, Virginia
Campbell, A L Mrs	Lake, A Mrs
Carrigan, Annie Mrs	Langlois, Alice
Charters, Addie	Levasseur, Made
Claudel, Eugene	Lydon, Kate
Callahan, Kate	Mayberry, G Mrs
Coburn, Abbie J	Martin, Grace Mrs
Crocker, S H Mrs	Madden, Maggie
Culbertson, Helen A	McDuff, Maggie
Danielson, Dorothea	McGetton, A
Dempsey, Bridget	McColkey, Lilla
Ducharm, Matilda	McCabe, Mary
Dwyer, Mary A	Mellon, E D Mrs
Ellis, Elsie	Mears Jennie
Fitzgerald, Hannah	McManus, Annie
French, Sarah J	O'Neil, Mary
Gordon, G Miss	Pillsbury, Ann O
Goddard, Mary	Pickering, M I Mrs
Geanther Jennie	Ross, Annie
Grady, Mary A	Richell, Maxime Dell
Holdridge, Carrie	Shanaughy, Rose W
Hogan, Villia	Schryer, Eva
Hill, N C Mrs	Snow, R E Mrs
Hamblett, G W Mrs	Scheidler, Lizzie C
Hazelton, L R Mrs 2	Tucker, A L Miss
Hartnett, W C	Walsh, Norah
Johnston, Katie E	Walton, Ameuca

THIS WARM WEATHER

You need something to brace you up.

A Case of Wine

Or a Case of That Nice

L-A-G-E-R

--From--

The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

Will Do It.

A Souvenir

Worth having in every household is one of those tinted and gilt decorated Cups and Saucers, which we are selling for one week for **49 CENTS.**

These cups and Saucers are worth $1, but as we got them at a bankrupt sale, and for spot cash, we can afford to give them to our customers for less than half their cost. They make a handsome set, and there ought to be a quick demand for them. There will only be one of them.

French & Puffer,

245 Central Street.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads. in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first

insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it, and see how it will pay.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

WANTED—Boys and girls who wish to make money when out of school, send name and we will tell you how. No money wanted. D. Staynor & Co., Providence, R. I.

TENEMENTS TO LET

TO LET—Tenement of five rooms in pleasant location. Inquire of John McOwen, house 4, rear 81 Chapel street.

FOR SALE—cottage of 8 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F.P. Lew, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best places of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950 G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house; would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership formerly existing between J. W. Bennett, Geo. A. Bennett and Fred W. Bennett under the firm name and style of J. W. Bennett & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, said George A. Bennett and Fred W. Bennett retiring from the firm. All persons having claims against the said firm are requested to present the same for adjustment and payment, and all persons indebted to the firm are requested to pay the same to J. W. Bennett, he alone being authorized to settle all bills and claims of the late firm.

J. W. BENNETT.
G. A. BENNETT.
F. W. BENNETT.

Lowell, Mass., July 6, 1894.

NOTICE.

The business heretofore carried on by J. W. Bennett & Co., will be continued by J. W. Bennett, at the stand where he established himself in 1866, corner of Grand and Middlesex streets, Lowell, Mass.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

SCALDS and Burns are soothed at once with

Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER.

It takes out the fire, reduces the inflammation, and prevents blistering. It is the quickest and most effectual remedy for pain that is known. Keep it by you.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year $3.00 - - - Per Month. 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 29
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 00	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 05	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	2 14
1 45	2 30	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 45
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 53
4 20	5 30	5 00	5 11
§5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 28	7 15	6 15	7 18
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 5[illegible]
§4 25	5 3[illegible]	7 30	8 [illegible]
§6 05	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 0[illegible]

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 50	8 05	7 30	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 19	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 43
10 59	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 30	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 2[illegible]	5 00	6 10
5 10	6 42	6 30	7 06
6 55	8 00	6 35	7 45
9 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 20	8 00	9 19
1 05	1 26	11 15	12 56
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 26
5 55	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station. Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

THE ONLY ONE.

THE SUN is the only genuinely democratic daily published in a democratic city of eighty thousand inhabitants. Advertisers should bear this important fact in mind.

HACK DRIVERS should take warning from the accident to Elias Clark.

IT MAY increase the tremulo of Madame Nordica's voice to learn that her husband, Fred Gower, long supposed to be dead is still in the flesh.

THE OBSERVANCE of the weavers' particulars law will entail considerable trouble on the part of the officials but will be a boon to some weavers.

THE POLICEMEN chased the boys who were bathing in the Concord yesterday. The officers should not run the risk of drowning the boys by chasing them into deep water. A police officer drowned a boy in this manner last year.

AT LAST after a lot of legal dickering and after all the chicanery of the law has been exhausted, Pendergast has paid the death penalty for the murder of Carter Harrison. He should have died long ago. He was one of the worst types of the crank.

THE NEW check list is awaited with curiosity. The assessors of Worcester report that about 1100 voters left the city during the year. If the falling off in Lowell is equally great the democrats of the city will find their majority considerably reduced.

WHILE THE product of the driven wells is not sufficient to supply the entire city, it is a matter of public importance to prevent any unnecessary waste thereof. Those who do not get driven well water are obliged to take that drawn from the river through the filter gallery which is not nearly so good.

SELDOM DOES the Boston Journal approve of the acts of a democratic official but it emphatically endorses President Cleveland thus:

"Some of our democratic contemporaries are printing labored defenses of the course of President Cleveland in these labor troubles. It needs no defense. It has been firm, sagacious and patriotic, and should be commended without qualifications or apologies.

LAWRENCE HAS a summer resort corresponding to our Lakeview but nearer to the city. It is Glen Forest, a beautiful grove on the banks of the Merrimack, reached by the new line of electric cars. The real estate men are laying out the west end of Lawrence along the new railroad line in wide and beautiful avenues, which when built upon will probably be the most fashionable part of the city.

THAT REPORT regarding the arrest of Rep. Dan Murphy as a dynamiter is a good joke, just such as can be relished in hot weather like this. It will be in order now to hold a reception for Dan on his return and greet him as an escaped dynamite suspect. It seems that Dan believed the English people never read the Declaration of Independence since he arranged to have his boy read it to them on the Glorious Fourth.

EUGENE V. DEBS is assailed all over the country as a reformed drunkard on account of certain statements made public by a Dr. Robertson who claims to have treated Deb. Supposing Robertson did treat Debs for habits of intoxication what right has he now to make the matter public? By so doing he violates the principle of professional confidence which a doctor is supposed to preserve. By violating this principle Robertson shows himself to be only a quack seeking for a cheap advertisement and therefore unworthy of belief.

THE DEMOCRATS of Ward Six should rally to the support of Mr. O'Day because upon the result of this contest will be based an estimate of the strength of the democracy in that ward. It is supposed that quite a large number of voters has left the city on account of hard times. As the assessors have not yet completed the list it is difficult to determine the amount of the emigration. An estimate can be based upon the vote of Ward Six if the voters turn out in full numbers. It is, therefore, very important that the democrats of Ward Six should show their strength at the special election next Tuesday by voting solidly for Mr. O'Day. It is rumored that certain democrats who expected the nomination will work against Mr. O'Day but this would be a suicidal policy for them to follow. They claim that they will do so because Mr. O'Day, they believe, will vote for a candidate for superintendent of streets to whom they are opposed. They can safely rely on Mr. O'Day to vote for good democrats every time and that is all that should be expected of him. Should he be defeated a republican will be elected, wages of city laborers will be cut down, and the republicans will have all sewer work done by contract.

MONTGOMERY LET the cat out of the bag at the Orangemen's meeting when they were gloating over a military victory gained over 200 years ago. He wants Catholics turned out of public office and out of workshops and the mills and their places filled by members of the Orange lodges and A. P. A. Divested of its religious and patriotic disguises that is the gospel which Montgomery and other men of his stamp are disseminating over the country. The statement that "Last winter men with starving families could not get work unless backed by a priest," is a mere fabrication without the slightest foundation as everybody knows, who had had anything to do with the street department; but it is as true as hundreds of other statements made by the same authority.

DANGEROUS DEMONSTRATIONS

It is reported that during Henry George's address in Cooper Union on the subject of the strike, his criticism of Pres. Cleveland's course, elicited cries of "Hang Him," "Kill Him." When cranks and anarchists become so bold as to use such expressions at a public meeting, it is high time to suppress such demonstrations and to adopt precautionary measures.

Two presidents of this country have been killed by hair-brained cranks and in times of excitement, such as that caused by the strike, and especially when the president is called upon to exercise his authority in suppressing lawlessness, these cranks are liable to aim a blow at the head of the nation. Under such circumstances the friends of labor will endorse the most rigorous measures for the preservation of peace even at the risk of doing injustice to the strikers.

No strike can hold public sympathy on its side unless conducted on strictly legal lines. The labor organizations of the country will realize that in the future whenever a strike occurs anarchists and criminals of all kinds will take advantage of the occasion to strike the government, destroy property and establish a reign of terror.

MAYOR RUTTER gave Lawrence a good license commission. Col. Sweeney, Messrs. Parker and Donoghue will conduct the license business in a manner that will be a credit to themselves and the city of Lawrence.

THE DEMOCRATIC city committee will soon open headquarters for promoting registration. It will require active work to make up for the loss due to the number who left the city in search of work.

ON HOOPSKIRTS.

Kitty Launches Forth on Them In Her Own Original Way.

Say, wot's de use'n kickin? Day tells me de main guys wot runs de fashions sez dat de hoopskoits will be de go, so dat does de biz, see? Dat 'minds me w'on I wuz er kid and I useter make picters on me slate.

Do youse tink dat dat old stile will be er go? I don't. De reason why is dis: In de foist place it's too costif—dat is, one of de hoopskoit. Skoits takes 'bout seven yards of stuff. De wons I wares now is onlie tree. See

Den agin w'en I chase meself round de block de gang 'll get on ter de spre'd in me make up, an w'en I sits down up'll go de skoits, an if I walks wid two or tree of de goils—well, say, day'll hav' ter spre'd out de streets, for we'd take up de block.

Wot do youse tink of spielin at won of de Walje' Halle' balls wid won of dem hoops on, will it be er go? Not on yer lif'! Me an me Teddy c'udn't spiel for er cent, de skoits 'd be trow t back, and me Teddy 'd get mixed in de wires

If youse wants er corkin time, youse must be ded easy, an dat can't be don'd wid yer figger in er barrel wid hoops. See? Wussent I out ermongst de gang unbeknowenst ter dem, an didn't day all say wot I sed, dat dis spre'd skoit biz is a grate fashin fake. Dat's wot day sed. De hoopskoits is good nof for de wimmens of 30 years back, but for de goils of ter day—well, say, day are ded slow.

Awl of me own gang is at'letic, an we wants duds wot we kin get er move on. Gee! it's tuff nof now dat we can't ware men's blokies close. We doz as much work is day doz, so why can't we do as day doz?

But no, dat don't go, cage is de stuff for de wimmens an goils. Dat's ite, er wire car round youse an dat's callt hoopskoits.

Lemme give youse er sure winner pickt out of de bunch, as me Teddy ser, an dat is dat dis goil ain't don't travel wid dat hoop skoit—de plain skoits an jersey sack is wot I like, an dat's de sole I'm pullin for. See?

KITTY TOOL

—Texas Siftings.

SUNBEAMS.

Appropriate.

She—Why do they speak of some aristocrats as being blueblooded?

He—Probably because blue is a fast color.—Truth

THE AUTHOR AT WORK.

THE AUTHOR AT WORK.

A New York Publisher Beards Him In His Den.

A New York publisher climbed up five long flights of very narrow stairs and entered a small cage at the head of them. He was in pursuit of his author and was prepared to beard him in his den. The author was in. In fact, he was usually in, as his hair, clothes, gapping shoe and stubble bearded face, all combined, did not conserve to render him entirely presentable on the street. The book publisher greeted him with:

"Mornin, Grubberly! How yer coming on?"

"Fair," lied Grubberly, with a hungry look, and then he asked nervously:

"Did you bring those $3 along?"

"I brought a dollar for your last story, the 'Bucking Broncho of the Brazos.' Do you think I'm made of money? What are you working at now?"

"I'm just finishing the last chapter of 'Dan, the Dynamiter; or, the Skull of the Skulking Scoundrel.'"

"What kind of a yarn is it?"

"It's a story for boys—something in plot and detail like my 'Hurled to Hades; or, Hank, the Headless Helmsman.' That had a big run and was quite popular."

"When are you going to commmence on the corker?"

"Which one?"

"That red haired, jugular slashing, bloody old story of the plains; that gory old Indian yarn."

"Oh, you must mean 'Pinte Pete, the Jibbering Jigger From Jim Jam Gulch.' That's all blocked out and will be in manuscript by Saturday. Today, you know, is only Thursday."

"Have you laid out anything for the summer trade?"

"Well, yes; I have got four or five starters now on the hook. Lemme see. There's 'Skulduggery Skippins, the Snorting Snoozer of the Sierras,' and 'Buffalo Brad, the Bantam Buccaneer,' and 'Creamy Crites, the Cringing Critter of the Creek,' and 'Wellington Wigfall, the Wild Eyed Wizard of the Wampum War,' and 'Big Foot Billy, the Boy Brigand.' These are all suitable for the summer trade, and besides that there are quite a number of children's tales."

"What are the titles of 'em?"

"Well, there's 'Big Nose Mike, the Terror of the Levee,' 'Rattlesnake Rob, the Boy Detective,' 'Hannibal Horton, the Hooter of the Himalayas,' and 'Rickerty Ralph; or, the Ghost of the Government Mule.' Let me read you the opening sentences of 'Rickerty Ralph.'"

"Is it up to date?"

"Oh, yes, it is right up to the demands of the times."

"Well, go ahead."

"As the drop fell with a dull, sickening thud, the black flag was run up over the prison walls. The hangman's work was done—well done—and another corpse swung to and fro in the morning fog; another victim had been offered up to the Moloch of English cruelty and rapacious lust, and another martyr had died for Ireland's cause. But hark! A low, sullen roar arises from the hoarse throats of the multitude. What does it mean? What evil does it portend?"

"Rickerty Ralph is among them?"

"He is distributing circulars."

"What do they read?"

"Use Contant's plastic salve for corns. The secret of this wonderful preparation came over with William the Corn Curer. Ask you corn dentist for it and use no other.—Adv., e.o.w.t.f."

When Grubberly looked up, the publisher was gone. He had fled hastily, taking the dollar along with him.—Texas Siftings.

His Excuse.

Physicians are sometimes slightly put to their wits to find a suitable excuse for neglecting an office patient when wishing to devote a few minutes to something else, but a Philadelphia specialist quite distinguished himself in this line with one of his lady patients the other day. He was about to treat her foot with electricity, and she had just removed her stocking in preparation, when the mail arrived. Desirous of reading one of the letters immediately, this diplomat gracefully secured time by saying in his most professional tones, "Just expose your foot to the atmosphere for a little while."—Argonaut.

A Cruel Rebuff.

Tramp—Can you give me something to do?

Gentleman—What are you?

"A journeyman, sir."

"A journeyman what?"

"Just a journeyman, sir, that's my business."

"Then travel."—Texas Siftings.

One Kind of Fire.

Sweet Girl—The lovers of old used to go through fire for their loves.

Adoring Youth—Ah my own, I have been through fire for you.

"Have you?"

"Yes. I was fired today for spending my time writing love letters instead of attending to business.—Good News.

A Poor Outlook.

Neighbor—Going to give your boy a trade?

Father—Wouldn't do. He's got a weak back.

"A profession, then?"

"No use. Weak head."

"Might do for politics."

"No. Weak stomach."—Good News.

HE HANDLED A CAT.

That Is, He Laid a Trap Which the Cat Fell Into.

The man who always has a cure for every ill and a remedy for every evil showed one of his strokes of genius the other day. His wife's cat had acquired a fondness for one of the bathtubs in the house. Of course this tub was in the room next to the dressing room of the master of the house. Of course the master of the house doesn't like cats.

"Fannie," he said, "I found that cat snoozing in my bathtub again today."

"I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I have tried to break her of that habit, but I don't seem to succeed."

"Well, we must have that cat drowned," he said fiercely.

His wife protested mildly.

"That is the only annoying trick she has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill her."

"Then," said the man of the house, "I'll take this thing into my own hands. Now, I'll just explain to you how I'll do it. You know how she gets into the tub. She takes a run, leaps to the edge and goes in without a stop. I'm going to run about three inches of water into the tub, let it stand there, and let her get a sousing. You know how a cat likes water," he added significantly.

He put his plan into operation at once. That afternoon pussie did her little hurdle race as usual over the side of the bathtub. The plan worked to perfection. There was a loud cry, a streak of cat through the dressing room, and a wet flash into the sewing room. Near the door of this room stood a perch, on which rested in peaceful sleepiness a dignified parrot. The cat tried this hurdle, but missed it, and the parrot, knocked to the floor, added to the force of the cyclone which went raging around the house. A table was knocked over, and a statue of the Venus of Milo, already short of arms, was made legless. The adored baby of the house was frightened into spasms; the parrot scolded and screamed herself into a fit, and afterward the dripping cat, having made a lightning tour of the house, was found, trembling and subdued, on her mistress' jacket, price $65.

"I hope," said the lord of the manor, when he had surveyed the scene of wreckage, "that this will teach your cat a lesson."

"I hope so," said his wife, soothing the baby and looking at her jacket with mournful eyes

"There is only one way to go about such things," said the husband, with satisfaction. "I pride myself on being able to handle animals." And his wife discreetly said nothing.—New York Tribune.

All Would Be Different.

"But why do you object to Henry, father?"

"Because he has no prospects," replied the millionaire sternly.

"But you forget, father, what good prospects Henry would have if you didn't object."—Chicago Record.

Tolerated.

Jess—I regard Chappie much as the hen did the gosling she found among her chickens

Bess—How was that?

Jess—I don't admire him, but I put up with him because he belongs to my set.—Vogue.

Encouraging.

Wallace—That is a very appropriate motto they have over there on that "nickel-in-the-slot" machine.

Roller—What is that?

Wallace—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—Truth

HAMMOCKS.

All makes, colors, and sizes.

Ice Cream Freezers.

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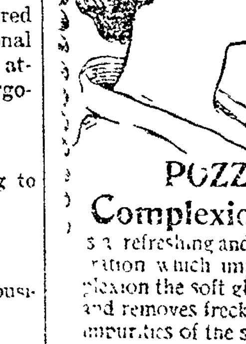
P. J. HOAR, Merrimack, Cor. Palmer, Attorney at Law. O'Donnell & Gilbride's Block.



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POZZONI'S Complexion Powder

is a refreshing and beautifying preparation which imparts to the complexion the soft glow of the tea rose and removes freckles, pimples and all impurities of the skin. Pozzoni's has won its way into the confidence of ladies all over the land. A thirty years' test has proven its merit. In three shades:—Pink or flesh, White and brunette.

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A Liquid Preparation for the face, neck, arms and hands.

Quickly applied.
Effect instantaneous.
Undetectable.
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They dry with flat finish and can be cleaned with soap and water.

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It is guaranteed to give relief in the worst of cases.

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PRICE OF GAS.

With the Discount Off for Prompt Payment, is

$1.00 ONE THOUSAND FEET.

First-class Gas Cooking Stoves set up and rented at a low rate per year, piping included. COKE, broken, screened and delivered at $4.50 per chaldron. $2.25 per half chaldron, cash.

No charge made for the use of meters.

No charge made for running supply pipes from street mains to consumer's cellar.

Orders when left at office promptly attended to.

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He always makes his work look nice,
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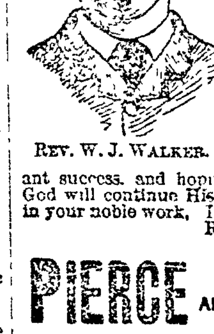

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Vancleave, Jackson Co., Miss.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir I wish to inform you of the benefit my wife has received from the use of your medicines. I must say that your "Favorite Prescription" is the best female regulator on earth; my wife has been cured by the timely use of it. I have been using the "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Pellets," and I am fully satisfied they are all you claim them to be; so, wishing you abundant success, and hoping that the Almighty God will continue His blessings toward you in your noble work, I am,

Respectfully, W. J. WALKER.

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7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 59
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 05	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 43	4 20	5 33
4 30	5 30	5 00	6 44
§5 30	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
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		11 20	12 20

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3 25	4 37	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 27	5 00	6 10
5 10	6 32	6 00	7 06
6 55	8 00	6 35	7 45
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Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

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THE ONLY ONE.

THE SUN is the only genuinely democratic daily published in a democratic city of eighty thousand inhabitants. Advertisers should bear this important fact in mind.

HACK DRIVERS should take warning from the accident to Elias Clark.

IT MAY increase the tremulo of Madame Nordica's voice to learn that her husband, Fred Gower, long supposed to be dead is still in the flesh.

THE OBSERVANCE of the weavers' particulars law will entail considerable trouble on the part of the officials but will be a boon to some weavers.

THE POLICEMEN chased the boys who were bathing in the Concord yesterday. The officers should not run the risk of drowning the boys by chasing them into deep water. A police officer drowned a boy in this manner last year.

AT LAST after a lot of legal dickering and after all the chicanery of the law has been exhausted, Pendergast has paid the death penalty for the murder of Carter Harrison. He should have died long ago. He was one of the worst types of the crank.

THE NEW check list is awaited with curiosity. The assessors of Worcester report that about 1100 voters left the city during the year. If the falling off in Lowell is equally great the democrats of the city will find their majority considerably reduced.

WHILE THE product of the driven wells is not sufficient to supply the entire city, it is a matter of public importance to prevent any unnecessary waste thereof. Those who do not get driven well water are obliged to take that drawn from the river through the filter gallery which is not nearly so good.

SELDOM DOES the Boston Journal approve of the acts of a democratic official but it emphatically endorses President Cleveland thus:

"Some of our democratic contemporaries are printing labored defenses of the course of President Cleveland in these labor troubles. It needs no defense. It has been firm, sagacious and patriotic, and should be commended without qualifications or apologies.

LAWRENCE HAS a summer resort corresponding to our Lakeview but nearer to the city. It is Glen Forest, a beautiful grove on the banks of the Merrimack, reached by the new line of electric cars. The real estate men are laying out the west end of Lawrence along the new railroad line in wide and beautiful avenues, which when built upon will probably be the most fashionable part of the city.

THAT REPORT regarding the arrest of Rep. Dan Murphy as a dynamiter is a good joke, just such as can be relished in hot weather like this. It will be in order now to hold a reception for Dan on his return and greet him as an escaped dynamite suspect. It seems that Dan believed the English people never read the Declaration of Independence since he arranged to have his boy read it to them on the Glorious Fourth.

EUGENE V. DEBS is assailed all over the country as a reformed drunkard on account of certain statements made public by a Dr. Robertson who claims to have treated Deb. Supposing Robertson did treat Debs for habits of intoxication what right has he now to make the matter public? By so doing he violates the principle of professional confidence which a doctor is supposed to preserve. By violating this principle Robertson shows himself to be only a quack seeking for a cheap advertisement and therefore unworthy of belief.

THE DEMOCRATS of Ward Six should rally to the support of Mr. O'Day because upon the result of this contest will be based an estimate of the strength of the democracy in that ward. It is supposed that quite a large number of voters has left the city on account of hard times. As the assessors have not yet completed the list it is difficult to determine the amount of the emigration. An estimate can be based upon the vote of Ward Six if the voters turn out in full numbers. It is, therefore, very important that the democrats of Ward Six should show their strength at the special election next Tuesday by voting solidly for Mr. O'Day. It is rumored that certain democrats who expected the nomination will work against Mr. O'Day but this would be a suicidal policy for them to follow. They claim that they will do so because Mr. O'Day, they believe, will vote for a candidate for superintendent of streets to whom they are opposed. They can safely rely on Mr. O'Day to vote for good democrats every time and that is all that should be expected of him. Should he be defeated a republican will be elected, wages of city laborers will be cut down, and the republicans will have all sewer work done by contract.

MONTGOMERY LET the cat out of the bag at the Orangemen's meeting when they were gloating over a military victory gained over 200 years ago. He wants Catholics turned out of public office and out of workshops and the mills and their places filled by members of the Orange lodges and A. P. A. Divested of its religious and patriotic disguises that is the gospel which Montgomery and other men of his stamp are disseminating over the country. The statement that "Last winter men with starving families could not get work unless backed by a priest," is a mere fabrication without the slightest foundation as everybody knows, who had had anything to do with the street department; but it is as true as hundreds of other statements made by the same authority.

DANGEROUS DEMONSTRATIONS.

It is reported that during Henry George's address in Cooper Union on the subject of the strike, his criticism of Pres. Cleveland's course, elicited cries of "Hang Him," "Kill Him." When cranks and anarchists become so bold as to use such expressions at a public meeting, it is high time to suppress such demonstrations and to adopt precautionary measures.

Two presidents of this country have been killed by hair-brained cranks and in times of excitement, such as that caused by the strike, and especially when the president is called upon to exercise his authority in suppressing lawlessness, these cranks are liable to aim a blow at the head of the nation. Under such circumstances the friends of labor will endorse the most rigorous measures for the preservation of peace even at the risk of doing injustice to the strikers.

No strike can hold public sympathy on its side unless conducted on strictly legal lines. The labor organizations of the country will realize that in the future whenever a strike occurs anarchists and criminals of all kinds will take advantage of the occasion to strike the government, destroy property and establish a reign of terror.

MAYOR RUTTER gave Lawrence a good license commission. Col. Sweeney, Messrs. Parker and Donoghue will conduct the license business in a manner that will be a credit to themselves and the city of Lawrence.

THE DEMOCRATIC city committee will soon open headquarters for promoting registration. It will require active work to make up for the loss due to the number who left the city in search of work.

ON HOOPSKIRTS.

Kitty Launches Forth on Them In Her Own Original Way.

Say, wot's de use'n kickin? Day tells me de main guys wot runs de fashions sez dat de hoopskoits will be de go, so dat does de biz, see? Dat 'minds me w'on I wuz er kid and I useter make picters on me slate.

Do youse tink dat dat old stile will be er go? I don't. De reason why is dis: In de foist place it's too costif—dat is, one of de hoopskoit. Skoits takes 'bout seven yards of stuff. De wons I wares now is onlie tree. See?

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Wot do youse tink of spielin at won of de Walle' Halle' balls wid won of dem hoops on, will it be er go? Not on yer lif'! Me an me Teddy c'udn't spiel for er cent, de skoits 'd be trow't back, and me Teddy 'd get mixed in de wires.

If youse wants er corkin time, youse must be ded easy, an dat can't be don'd wid yer figger in er barrel wid hoops. See? Wussent I out ermongst de gang unbeknowenst 'ter dem, an didn't day all say wot I sed, dat dis spre'd skeit biz is a grate fashin fake. Dat's wot day sed. De hoopskoits is good nof for de wimmens of 50 years back, but for de goils of ter day—well, say, day are ded slow.

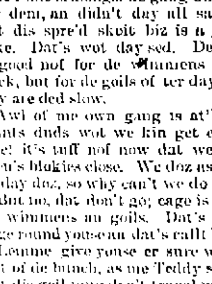
Awl of me own gang is at'letic, an we wants duds wot we kin get er move on. Gee! it's tuff nof now dat we can't ware men's blokies close. We doz as much wolk as day doz, so why can't we do as day doz?

But no, dat don't go; cage is de stuff for de wimmens an goils. Dat's rite, er wire cage round youse an dat's callt hoopskoits.

Lemme give youse er sure winner pickt out of de bunch, as me Teddy sez, an dat is dat dis goil nang don't travel wid dat hoopskoit de plain skoits on joisey sack is wot I like, an dat's de stile I'm pallin for. See?

KITTY TOOL.

—Texas Siftings.



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Respectfully,
W. J. WALKER.

REV. W. J. WALKER.

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SUNBEAMS.

Appropriate.

She—Why do they speak of some aristocrats as being blueblooded?

He—Probably because blue is a fast color.—Truth.

THE AUTHOR AT WORK.

THE AUTHOR AT WORK.

A New York Publisher Beards Him In His Den.

A New York publisher climbed up five long flights of very narrow stairs and entered a small cage at the head of them. He was in pursuit of his author and was prepared to beard him in his den. The author was in. In fact, he was usually in, as his hair, clothes, gapping shoe and stubble bearded face, all combined, did not conserve to render him entirely presentable on the street. The book publisher greeted him with:

"Mornin, Grubberly! How yer coming on?"

"Fair," lied Grabberly, with a hungry look, and then he asked nervously:

"Did you bring those $2 along?"

"I brought a dollar for your last story, the 'Bucking Broncho of the Brazos.' Do you think I'm made of money? What are you working at now?"

"I'm just finishing the last chapter of 'Dan, the Dynamiter; or, the Skull of the Skulking Scoundrel.'"

"What kind of a yarn is it?"

"It's a story for boys—something in plot and detail like my 'Hurled to Hades; or, Hank, the Headless Helmsman.' That had a big run and was quite popular."

"When are you going to commence on the corker?"

"Which one?"

"That red haired, jugular slashing, bloody old story of the plains; that gory old Indian yarn."

"Oh, you must mean 'Pinto Pete, the Jibbering Jigger From Jim Jam Gulch.' That's all blocked out and will be in manuscript by Saturday. Today, you know, is only Thursday."

"Have you laid out anything for the summer trade?"

"Well, yes; I have got four or five starters now on the hook Lemme see. There's 'Skuldaggery Skippins, the Snorting Snoozer of the Sierras,' and 'Buffalo Brad, the Bantam Buccaneer,' and 'Creamy Crites, the Cringing Critter of the Creek,' and 'Wellington Wigfall, the Wild Eyed Wizard of the Wampum War,' and 'Big Foot Billy, the Boy Brigand.' These are all suitable for the summer trade, and besides that there are quite a number of children's tales."

"What are the titles of 'em?"

"Well, there's 'Big Nose Mike, the Terror of the Levee,' 'Rattlesnake Rob, the Boy Detective,' 'Hannibal Horton, the Hooter of the Himalayas,' and 'Rickerty Ralph; or, the Ghost of the Government Mule.' Let me read you the opening sentences of 'Rickorty Ralph.'"

"Is it up to date?"

"Oh, yes, it is right up to the demands of the times."

"Well, go ahead."

"As the drop fell with a dull, sickening thud, the black flag was run up over the prison walls. The hangman's work was done—well done—and another corpse swung to and fro in the morning fog; another victim had been offered up to the Moloch of English cruelty and rapacious lust, and another martyr had died for Ireland's cause. But hark! A low, sullen roar arises from the hoarse throats of the multitude. What does it mean? What evil does it portend?"

"Rickerty Ralph is among them?"

"He is distributing circulars."

"What do they read?"

"Use Contant's plastic salve for corns. The secret of this wonderful preparation came over with William the Corn Curer. Ask you corn dentist for it and use no other.—Adv., e.o.w.t.f."

When Grubberly looked up, the publisher was gone. He had fled hastily, taking the dollar along with him.—Texas Siftings.

His Excuse.

Physicians are sometimes slightly put to their wits to find a suitable excuse for neglecting an office patient when wishing to devote a few minutes to something else, but a Philadelphia specialist quite distinguished himself in this line with one of his lady patients the other day. He was about to treat her foot with electricity, and she had just removed her stocking in preparation, when the mail arrived. Desirous of reading one of the letters immediately, this diplomat gracefully secured time by saying in his most professional tones, "Just expose your foot to the atmosphere for a little while."—Argonaut.

A Cruel Rebuff.

Tramp—Can you give me something to do?

Gentleman—What are you?

"A journeyman, sir."

"A journeyman what?"

"Just a journeyman, sir; that's my business."

"Then travel."—Texas Siftings.

One Kind of Fire.

Sweet Girl—The lovers of old used to go through fire for their loves.

Adoring Youth—Ah, my own, I have been through fire for you.

"Have you?"

"Yes. I was fired today for spending my time writing love letters instead of attending to business."—Good News.

A Poor Outlook.

Neighbor—Going to give your boy a trade?

Father—Wouldn't do. He's got a weak back.

"A profession, then?"

"No use. Weak head."

"Might do for politics."

"No. Weak stomach."—Good News.

HE HANDLED A CAT.

That Is, He Laid a Trap Which the Cat Fell Into.

The man who always has a cure for every ill and a remedy for every evil showed one of his strokes of genius the other day. His wife's cat had acquired a fondness for one of the bathtubs in the house. Of course this tub was in the room next to the dressing room of the master of the house. Of course the master of the house doesn't like cats.

"Fannie," he said, "I found that cat snoozing in my bathtub again today."

"I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I have tried to break her of that habit, but I don't seem to succeed."

"Well, we must have that cat drowned," he said fiercely.

His wife protested mildly.

"That is the only annoying trick she has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill her."

"Then," said the man of the house, "I'll take this thing into my own hands. Now, I'll just explain to you how I'll do it. You know how she gets into the tub. She takes a run, leaps to the edge and goes in without a stop. I'm going to run about three inches of water into the tub, let it stand there, and let her get a sousing. You know how a cat likes water," he added significantly.

He put his plan into operation at once. That afternoon pussie did her little hurdle race as usual over the side of the bathtub. The plan worked to perfection. There was a loud cry, a streak of cat through the dressing room, and a wet flash into the sewing room. Near the door of this room stood a perch, on which rested in peaceful sleepiness a dignified parrot. The cat tried this hurdle, but missed it, and the parrot, knocked to the floor, added to the force of the cyclone which went raging around the house. A table was knocked over, and a statue of the Venus of Milo, already short of arms, was made legless. The adored baby of the house was frightened into spasms; the parrot scolded and screamed herself into a fit, and afterward the dripping cat, having made a lightning tour of the house, was found, trembling and subdued, on her mistress' jacket, price $65.

"I hope," said the lord of the manor, when he had surveyed the scene of wreckage, "that this will teach your cat a lesson."

"I hope so," said his wife, soothing the baby and looking at her jacket with mournful eyes.

"There is only one way to go about such things," said the husband, with satisfaction. "I pride myself on being able to handle animals." And his wife discreetly said nothing.—New York Tribune.

All Would Be Different.

"But why do you object to Henry, father?"

"Because he has no prospects," replied the millionaire sternly.

"But you forget, father, what good prospects Henry would have if you didn't object."—Chicago Record.

Tolerated.

Jess—I regard Chappie much as the hen did the gosling she found among her chickens.

Bess—How was that?

Jess—I don't admire him, but I put up with him because he belongs to my set.—Vogue.

Encouraging.

Wallace—That is a very appropriate motto they have over there on that "nickel-in-the-slot" machine.

Roller—What is that?

Wallace—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—Truth.

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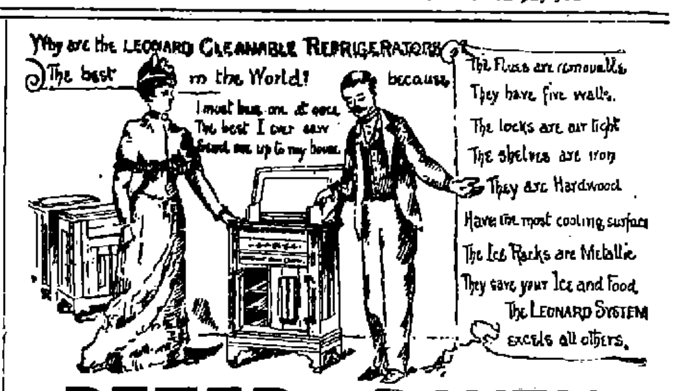

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Mate Leroy Discusses Some New Fancies in Jewelry.

A Tendency Toward a Profuse Display of Old Fashioned Ornaments—New Styles In Neckwear—An Innovation in Wraps—Fall Woolens and Winter Furs.

"Is the prairie on fire, Manuelo?"

It was Ditas Patronez who asked the question as the family were sitting down together to the evening meal. For this was the Mexican custom, inherited and cherished with more than Spanish conscientiousness from the days of old Spain, that the family and a few of the retainers should eat together seated according to their degree—a shoot of feudalism pushed a long way west.

"You've a good nose, Ditas, to smell that, and the wind the way it is," her cousin replied, glancing at her with suspicion.

"How could it have caught, I wonder?" she replied, answering him with equal suspicion. "Have you seen the Senor Inglese?"

"It's no wonder it should catch fire, I should think, Ditas, when we haven't had rain these 20 months. As for the Senor Inglese, I should think you were more likely to know where he is than I."

Ditas did not answer him, but began to occupy herself with the plate of hashed mutton and the boiled maize which had been passed down to her. It would have been a grave breach of etiquette in that household for one to begin to eat before old Pedro Patronez, the father and head of the family, had helped all round the table and had commenced his own meal. So all had sat with the meal steaming and cooling before them while they watched this little passage at arms between the cousins. The father was deaf, but his faculties were alert enough. "Eh, eh?" he said. "What was Manuelo saying—that the prairie was on fire?"

"Yes, sir," the young man answered. "I saw it as I came from driving the horses in for the branding."

"In which direction?"

"Eastward, sir, and north toward the Rio Grande."

"It won't come near us, then, unless the wind changes."

"The wind won't change, sir, at this time of year."

"Where is the Englishman, I wonder? Who has seen him?" the old man asked, with some anxiety.

No one answered for a minute. Then Ditas said quickly, "He went out with you, Manuelo, this morning."

"That was a long while ago," said the young man sulkily. "We had dinner at Oxener's camp. I have not seen him since."

"He started east from there in the direction of the river, senor," one of the retainers volunteered from the foot of the table.

"Did he?" replied Manuelo, as if he were very little grateful for the information.

Then Ditas glanced quickly at her father.

"Eh, eh. Toward the river, did he? I hope he won't get caught in the fire. He wouldn't know what to do in a fire."

"Oh, he'll be all right, sir. He's got a very good horse—that bay with the white on his forehead—and there's the river always down wind."

"And the banks of the river are like cliffs. You know it as well as I do, Manuelo," the old man said severely.

Manuelo was abashed. He made no answer, but under his breath he said sullenly, "I should be sorry if we lost the horse."

Ditas looked at him reproachfully, but her two brothers, mere lads, who sat one beside her and one beside Manuelo, laughed covertly at his remark. "He'll be done if he's caught; he can't ride a bit," one of the boys said.

"No, nor shoot either."

"And he's no use at all with a rope," the first added.

"Be quiet, Juan," Ditas said. "If father hears you, there'll be no more supper for you tonight."

"Oh—you!" said her brother scornfully. "Of course you're always defending him."

At which the hot blood flew to her face, and she bent silently over her plate, Manuelo observing her with keen displeasure.

As soon as supper was over Ditas went away by herself and played with her little gray hawk, which lived, chained by the leg, in the pepper tree outside her window. The little hawk was peacefully sleeping, with its head under its wing, in the starlit, odorous night. Yet the little hawk it was, and not any remarkable powers of scent on her own part, that had told Ditas of the prairie fire, for when she looked at the little bird in the afternoon he was flapping his little wings and tugging at his chain.

Ditas knew the signs. The little hawk had never seen a prairie fire, for Ditas had had him since he was a baby, but he inherited the blood of thousands of ancestors to whom such fires were familiar, who had known well what it was to hunt the wretched scorched out gophers and lizards among the flames and the smoke. So the smell of the burning spoke to the inherited instincts of the little hawk, though he was too tiny to catch a thing much bigger than a humming bird, and a humming bird was too quick even for his lightning dashes. "So the fire is over, pajarcito?" Ditas whispered to him, and the little bird drew a quick, glancing head from beneath his wing, and seeing before him well known black eyes as brilliant as his own put his head back to sleep again, satisfied.

Then the girl went to her room. She had the rare privilege in Mexican households of a room to herself because she was the only daughter. She looked out into the silent night, all the more deeply silent for the myriad winged hum of insects, and listened, expectant, for the deep, dull thud of the unshod horse cantering home over the prairie. But all was still. If she blushed, none saw it on her beautiful, dark face. If she prayed to the saints for the Englishman, whom she loved, the answer was not audible. At rare intervals a chorus of coyotes came from a distant patch of ebony trees; a few fireflies danced over the tremulous feathers of the pepper tree. For the rest the starlit stillness was unbroken.

Meanwhile the Englishman had found some new sensations for himself that day. He had gone from Oxener's camp, as the retainer had said of him, eastward toward the river to look for the horses which were to be driven into the corral for the branding. Much of what the brothers of Ditas had said to him he would have admitted to be true. He could not ride. He would not have said so when he came out to Mexico a few months ago. He would even have been very angry with any one who had dared to say it to him. He was a good rider to hounds, judged by the English standard, but now he knew the Mexican standard, and, judged by that, had to own that he was lamentably wanting.

He could not ride a broncho that had never been crossed before, and after three hours of diabolical cruelty bring him in nearly dead, it is true, but sufficiently broken for practical purposes. Neither could he shoot. He could kill rocketing pheasants or driven partridges rather better than most men, but he could not put all the bullets of a six barreled revolver into a thin tree stem as he went at full gallop past it, and this is what they meant by shooting. As for a rope, as they called it, meaning a lasso, he had not seen such a thing until he came to Mexico and beheld with the awe of ignorant wonder the marvels which Ditas' friends wrought with it. It did not astonish him, he told himself, that she despised him.

Another thing he had not seen until this day—a prairie fire. It came upon him with a sense of an uneasy hotness in the air, a certain restlessness which he caught from his horse, who knew far more about it than he knew. Then he wondered, while these slight signs grew more emphatic. A few minutes and birds began to pass him; a coyote galloped across his path; a wild turkey scudded by at a hard trot. Even the Englishman, ignorant as he was of the live things of the country, began to marvel. A sort of low humming sounded from windward. His horse began to snort and grew unmanageable, seeming to be infected by the down wind race of all live things, edging away from his northeasterly track and making more directly eastward. He was indifferent, the bronchos were as likely to be eastward as northward, and let the horse go.

Presently it broke into a canter, then into a gallop. Moths, bats, nocturnal insects, creatures of all kinds, began to fly past him through the bright sunlight as in a nightmare, and after them dashed all the smaller kind of predatory birds, the cousins german of Ditas' little hawk. The air grew more and more sultry and laden with a sulphurous breath. Looking behind him, over the haunches of his now racing horse, he saw a dense thickness, as of fog. Above the density rose a whitish cloud line. Through the density flashed tongues of light. At last a sense of what was upon him dawned. He was flying from a prairie fire.

As he realized the fact the instinct of the fleeing animals grew infectious for him too. He was all in accord now with his horse's terror, and the rider urged on the pace which he had endeavored to restrain before. The wind from the west blew with steady strength. The humming sound increased until it became a roar, louder and louder with each mile that he galloped, while still the stream of living things went before it. The smoke grew dark over the face of the sky; the flames and the density came nearer and nearer. Still he galloped on. He bethought him of all he had read in the pages of Mayne Reid and the other writers who had been the delight of his youth. To kindle a fire of his own before him, and shelter himself on the burned patch thus left barren for the hunger of the pursuing flames was a scheme which occurred to him, but he dreaded the delay which it would occasion.

He knew vaguely that the river was somewhere eastward, and the influence of the terror of the live things who shared his flight was too powerful. He galloped on. Now he saw the broken line of the steep bank of the river, and with the sight a new danger presented itself, for the banks, as he knew, were precipitous, of crumbling earth. How could his horse descend them, or how could he check his horse in order to dismount and climb down? A patch of ebony trees was to the south, and there he knew the land sloped gently to the river, where it lay in placid cool green peace, with the turtles floating on its stream, but there, too, the fringe of prairie grass grew higher, the fire found better fodder, and already there was a wall of flying smoke and flame to shut off that place of refuge. Still he galloped on, and now the smoke and the lurid heat were but some quarter of a mile in his rear. His horse's flanks were heaving with its race, but not a mile before him was the river. A few moments more, and the flames and smoke were thick around him, and he and the horse almost on the river brink. He tugged desperately at the reins, but the horse paid no heed, blind and senseless with terror.

They were on the edge of the cliff now. Below was the calm, blissful water. He shut his eyes and gripped firmly with his knees, expecting the fatal fall, when to his surprise he felt a slipping, gentle descent; a struggling of his horse as the pace slackened, and then before he realized what had befallen the yielding bank had given way beneath their weight, and horse and rider were struggling in the water. The next instant he was thrown off into the stream. He disengaged himself from his horse and found himself standing, sinking, swimming in the river, as the water washed away masses of the earth which they had brought down with them. The horse swam away from him down the stream, and he was left, now standing, now swimming, while the smoke went curling over his head, and the balked flames stopped and died away harmless, save for a few fiery missile brands which they shot at him out in the stream.

And so the peril was over. He had but to sit in the cooling waters until the fire had burned away, and he could safely climb back to land. There were no crocodiles so far up the river. He was safe. As he realized his safety the reaction nearly overcame him, and he had need to summon all his fortitude to save him from permitting himself to be carried helplessly down the stream. And then through the afternoon and all through the still night over the blackened prairie he walked sadly and steadily homeward to the hacienda, which he reached with boots charred and sooty as the vacqueros were just setting out on their morning's work.

He slept in a room off the central courtyard of the hacienda. It was not a bright room, for it had no windows. Its occupants went to bed by the light of the stars peeping through the open door. In each corner of the room slept a man—Manuelo in one, the Englishman in another and Ditas' two brothers in the other two. Mosquito netting over each bed lent an air of decency, and there were washing basins. Into this plain apartment the Englishman stole as the dawn crept up over the prairie.

"You're late home," Manuelo observed dryly.

"Slightly," the Englishman said. Then he threw himself on his bed and slept the sleep of the wearied until hard on the hour for the midday meal.

"Got caught in the fire?" old Patronez asked him.

"Yes," he answered. "The horse came back, I hear. I am glad of that."

"We are more glad that you came back, senor," the host replied gallantly.

"Was I the only one caught?"

"The only one. Not even a broncho was caught, that we could learn. Manuelo fell in with the bands to windward."

"Ah, you were to windward, Manuelo?" This was Ditas' simple remark, but the tone in which it was said made all around the table glance up at her in surprise.

Little more was said of the fire then. They were not unusual things, scarcely worthy of comment, but after the meal was over and most were taking a siesta in the shade Ditas came to the Englishman.

"It is not well for you to be leeward of Manuelo when the prairie is so dry," she said.

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"I have said it. You are warned," she answered oracularly. "You have escaped once. Do not let him have the chance again."

"Do you think, then"—he began, but before he had finished a sentence she was gone. "No," she answered lightly as she fled; "I do not think; I know."

She had given the Englishman plenty to think of at all events. He had never been able to quite analyze his feelings for Ditas nor hers for him. He had a notion that she must despise him because he could not ride nor shoot nor lasso beasts as her brothers and Manuelo could. But if it were possible that Ditas' alternations of apparent coldness and interest had another origin then a light was thrown on Manuelo's probable attitude toward himself, for Manuelo's attitude toward her needed no light to be thrown on it. He was the lover, in the undisguised yet dignified Spanish style, of his beautiful cousin. And Ditas' feeling was supposed to be reciprocal. Hitherto the Englishman's relations to Manuelo had seemed to him purely those of business, for though he was out here as the guest of old Patronez, working out a return for part of his hospitality by labor on the ranch, yet his real business was with Manuelo, who was representative of the older branch of the family owning the mines back in the foothills, which it was the Englishman's special mission to inspect.

He had come out a month or two before with the iron bound boxes for carrying home samples of the ore. He had now these boxes filled under seal and lock and key beneath his bed. The mines had been thoroughly inspected. It was a constant reproach to him on Manuelo's part that he would tell nothing of the report which he should make to his employers—the English capitalists who might buy the mine. Manuelo might have argued ill from his secrecy, but in truth it was but a part of his English nature. What his opinion of the mines might be Manuelo did not know. He only knew that this secret man had the samples of ore tightly locked and safely kept in that room in which they slept.

The day after the fire Manuelo left the ranch and went up into the mountains to the mines.

As the days drew on the Englishman felt that he could no longer with decency prolong his visit. Already he had well outstaid the limit which he had mentally fixed for himself on his arrival. He was scarcely conscious of the attraction which had kept him lingering on in that fairy land of humming birds and fireflies and all fair sights and scenes. When he did grow conscious that the attraction was Ditas, the necessity grew but the more patent for breaking it. He must go. The idea that there was anything of a mutual feeling was absurd. He must go before the tie grew more binding.

These great haciendas in the midst of a desolation as big as an English county are places of rest and refreshment for all and sundry. All are welcome. The Englishman knew nothing of the customs. He knew not whether to offer payment for the hospitality he had received, but in the end his tact saved him from this blunder. He thanked his host with the gratitude owed to free hospitality and went his way, resolved to send out from England a present which should be something in the way of a return.

Old Patronez sent him in the wagon a day's journey across the prairie to the station where he could take the narrow gauge train. In the body of the wagon were his boxes of ore and his personal luggage. By Ditas, as he parted from her, he had sent a farewell message to Manuelo, who was still at the mines. What was the strange look in Ditas' lovely dark Spanish eyes? he asked himself as he said farewell. Had he answered the question aright he might never have set out on his journey.

"You will keep a lookout as you drive," she said. "I cannot think what Manuelo is doing. He knows you are going."

"How do you know that he knows?" the Englishman asked.

"I know many things," she answered lightly. "My little hawk tells them to me."

"Goodby," he said. "You will write to me sometimes in England?"

"Adios! Yes, if you will write to me." It seemed to the Englishman that her eyes were swimming as she said the words, but it might have been but the swimming in his own which obscured his clear vision. "Goodby!" He choked down a sob and sprang into the wagon.

Then all through the dry behind the team of six mules they jolted and toiled over the prairie, now and again dipping into a clump of ebony, variegated by the white cluster of the San Paolo palm, which has deluded so many a traveler by its likeness to a whitened chimney top. In the end they came about sundown to the little station, without a sight of a human being save a horseman, fully armed, Mexican fashion, with sword and pistol as well as rifle, ambling along on a pacing horse. They were an hour and a half in advance of the train, if the latter was punctual, which was improbable. It grew dark. The Mexican women at their little orange booths lighted their torch fires. At length a growing bustle betokened the approach of the time for the train. The station became thinly peopled, chiefly with loiterers come to enjoy the spectacle. The Englishman "expressed" his portmanteau and his precious boxes, keeping charge himself of his hand valise. Presently the train steamed in. He stepped on board, with his eyes blinking in the unaccustomed gaslight. He went to the Pullman car, where he found a vacant compartment, and sat down to await with patience the pleasure of the porter in getting ready his sleeping berth.

He glanced at his fellow passengers with the incurious eye of a constant traveler, then gave himself over to his thoughts, in which Ditas played a cruelly large part. Even now the temptation was strong on him to get off at the next station and go back to try his fortune with her. Yet still—no—surely her certain scorn of him as a lover would be harder to bear than her tolerance of him as a friend. For an hour he sat so, heedless of the lapse of time. Suddenly a thrilling voice (was it the voice of a dream or of his waking sense?) sounded at his very ear. "Senor!"

He started and looked round. Leaning over to him from the seat behind was the bent figure, shrouded in a mantilla, of what seemingly was an old Mexican lady.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed as he caught sight of the face which the mantilla had shrouded. "Ditas! You!"

"Hush!" she said. "Yes, it is I. I don't know what you think of me. I don't know what to think of myself. But Manuelo is on the train. I suspected that he would follow you, though I do not know what his object is, and I followed on his track and yours to warn you."

"Oh, Ditas!" he said in a tone which made the warm blood dye the girl's dark cheeks yet more ruddily.

"Hush!" she said, apprehensively glancing back. "I could not warn you before. He was on this car. Now he has gone back in the train. Oh, what are you going to do!" For the Englishman had risen to his feet. "I am going to look for him," he said, with determination; "to ask him what he means by thus dogging me."

"Oh, no!" she said. "At least—well, perhaps that would be as good a way as any. So at least you will meet him prepared. But do be careful."

"Are you afraid, Ditas, that I may harm him?"

"No," she said simply, "but that he may harm you."

"Oh, Ditas!"

"Don't speak to me like that—in that tone," she whispered fiercely, her cheeks aflame. "If you do, I shall hate myself for coming. At least I have warned you now. I shall get off at the next station."

The Englishman, cruelly abashed, said no more, but feeling that his revolver was ready to his hand started off through the train on a tour of inspection. He went through one car after another until the last one, looking searchingly at each occupant. None of them was Manuelo. He came back doubtfully to the girl. "You were wrong," he said. "He is not there." Doubt of her motive in coming was again expressed in his words. "Do you dare not believe me?" she asked again angrily, her face crimsoning. "Come and see for yourself then." Slowly she rose and followed him down the cars. Their occupants returned their searching looks with interest, but there was no Manuelo.

"You see," he said when they had come to the end, "he is not there."

"It is very strange," she said thoughtfully. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Where are your boxes of ore?"

"In the express wagon, I suppose."

"I see! I see it all now!" she said. "It is there that we shall find Manuelo."

"There! Why? But it is all locked. The expressman is forward in the train."

"Is it locked?" she said. "We shall see!"

The Englishman, his heart beating high with excitement, climbed the rail of the hindmost car and along the footboard of the express wagon. Wonderful to say, the bars and fastenings of the wagon were all hanging loosely down. The door was but pushed to. In an instant it yielded to his hand. The bright moonlight streaming in showed the figure of a man bending, working away, over an open box, which the Englishman had time to recognize as one of his own before the kneeling figure turned, and the flash of a pistol for a moment blinded him, while the report echoed fiercely in the inclosed space.

The Englishman felt a sharp, redhot sting in his shoulder; but, unconscious of the hurt, he sprang on the kneeling figure. The door swung to, and they struggled in the darkness. The Spaniard wrenched himself free from the other's grip and dashed out of the door. As he jumped from the train a second report of his pistol was followed by the shriek of a woman's voice, and at the same moment the Englishman, dashing after him in the darkness of the wagon, struck his forehead violently on the door as it swung to again, and fell unconscious.

* * * * *

"You warn't spry enough with the shooting iron, you see," was the sound in a strong Yankee accent to which he regained his senses.

"What's happened," he asked in a weak voice.

"Waal, you see, the crittur was fixing up to work a little improvement in the samples of that there ore you was taking home with you; got dummy keys to the boxes, I reckon. Seems he had some sorter interest in the making it as good as might be—owner of mine or something, from what they say—and he kinder got a bead on you afore you got one on him. That's what happened. But I reckon you ain't hurt any."

"Where's Ditas?"

"Ditas? Oh, Ditas, that's the girl, I see! Waal, she's hurted some, I reckon, but not so bad as might be either."

"Did she get off at the next stop?"

"Next stop? No, nor won't for several stops, I reckon. No one seemed to know where she was going, and there warn't no place to put her off, so as she would be looked after. There's a doctor on board, and he's got her into a berth—the forward berth in the car there. Perhaps you'd like to go and see how she is? I ain't hurted any. The crittur's bullet only skinned you."

The girl was lying in the lower bunk of a sleeping compartment. The upper bunk had not been let down, a rare concession to her wounded state. The bullet had passed through the upper part of her arm, injuring but not breaking the bone. Her face was very white and deathly from the loss of blood, and the long lashes of her closed eyes lay flat down upon her cheeks. "Oh, Ditas!" the young Englishman exclaimed, and at the words the great dark eyes opened and a smile played on her face. "Oh, Ditas, and all this for my sake!"

In answer the girl let her other hand stray feebly out over the counterpane.

"Take it, you fool," said the doctor as the Englishman, sorely embarrassed by this ingenuous southern advance, hesitated.

"Where's Manuelo?" she asked in a low voice when she was satisfied by feeling the hand she sought within hers.

"I don't know, gone—isn't he?" the Englishman asked, appealing to the doctor.

"Yes; they stopped the train, but the rascal had got the start of them. I don't expect any of them was in an all fired hurry to get within shooting distance of him either."

"But how did he get into the express wagon?"

"How? Squared the expressman, of course. We've got him fixed up all right. He'll be handed over to what they call the law in this county at Laredo."

"I see, I see! Doctor, she'll get well, won't she?"

"Well? Of course she will. There's nothing wrong with her, lost a little blood, that's all. Where's she going to?"

"I—I don't know. She said she was going to get off at the first stop."

"Did she? Oh, well, I think I'd better leave you to settle it with her where she's going to stop off."

"Ditas," said the Englishman as the doctor withdrew, "you didn't get off at the first stop."

"No," she said simply, "I couldn't."

"You nearly lost your life for me."

"Yes, nearly's nothing."

"Ditas," bending low over her, "will you give it to me all together?"

A faint flush rose into the pallor of her cheeks. "Are you sure you wish it?"

"Sure, my darling."

"Hush, why didn't you speak before?"

"I didn't dare."

"Oh, stupid!" with a faint smile. "Yes, it is yours, if you will have it, forever and ever."

"Oh, Ditas!"—Macmillan's Magazine.

Too Much So.

Friend—That sun in your last painting is very natural.

Artist—Yes, altogether too natural.

"Why do you say so?"

"Because it dries up the water in that pond so fast that I have to paint new water every three or four days."—Texas Siftings.

FOOD AND WORK.

WE SHOULD EAT ACCORDING TO OUR EMPLOYMENT.

What Is Good For Brain Workers Will Not Do For Physical Laborers—Pork Is "Not In It" to Any Extent—Vegetables of Many Kinds Recommended.

In this era of over stimulation, with the interests of life so vast and the standards of perfection in every calling and profession constantly rising, so that incessant effort is demanded in order to keep up with our rushing progress, it is little wonder that overstrained humanity is constantly dropping out of the ranks, and that a great cry of remonstrance has arisen against this overwork which is killing or worse than killing people.

Now, as a matter of fact, it is not so much overwork that is doing the mischief as it is the way the work is done and the consequent rules of health that are violated in the doing of it. This is a truth worthy of the deepest consideration, and one that involves farreaching effects for good or evil.

The prime cause of trouble in a majority of cases is an error of diet and a failure to recognize the necessity of adapting the fuel supplied to the human machine to its special needs. As a rule, women and girls are more judicious in their diet than men, and, especially among those whose labor is physical, the error is frequently that of underfeeding, often the motives of economy or because it is too much trouble to prepare the food, not giving the body sufficient nutriment to repair the waste. We seldom hear of physical labor wearing out a man, unless that labor is performed under unhealthful conditions, for he usually eats all the food he requires and instinctively chooses that which contains most nutriment. Moreover, his constant exercise keeps his organs of digestion in an active state, which enables them to perform any work within reason that is imposed upon them.

All who are engaged in physical labor should have an abundance of highly nitrogenous foods and can vary their diet by combinations of all healthful dishes that are obtainable. Underdone beef and well cooked mutton are the meats they need. Pork should be eaten only by those who have constitutions of iron, who work hard in the open air and who never know what an ache or a pain is. There is not a disease that human flesh is heir to which pork may not cause nor a pain which it may not produce. A well known New York physician, referring to pork, has said, "It is the parent of dyspepsia, neuralgia, headache, sleeplessness, biliousness, constipation, hypochondria and every other physical ill." If it must be eaten, be sure that it is thoroughly cooked.

The red and dark meats are more stimulating and more readily assimilated than white meats, owing to a property called osmazone contained in their fibrin. It is that principle which gives to meat soups their aroma and taste, and the darker the meat the more osmazone is present. It is almost absent from veal and all young meats and from the white flesh of poultry.

It is a law of nature, established by the experience of the majority of people in normal health, living under the highest civilization, that a variety of foods taken at the same time are more easily digested than only one or two kinds. This, of course, does not mean immoderate indulgence in large quantities of different things, but judicious selection, according to the cravings of appetite. While not all things which we relish are good for us, it is very certain that what we eat with repugnance or distaste does not satisfy the varying needs of the body. Very many substances enter into its composition, and to repair its waste an imperative demand is made that like shall supply like. We do not often err in following the dictates of natural taste which prompt us to combine vegetables with meat, dry foods with liquid substances and the sweet with the sour.

All the vegetables that bountiful nature provides us with can vary the diet of those employed in manual labor, onions, cabbage, baked beans, turnips, carrots and peas being especially good for them. They can eat all the cereals, but should choose corn and rye bread in preference to wheat, and should be sure to eat aperient fruits, as apples, oranges, figs, dates and berries with all cereals to counteract the clogging effect of their starch, which it must be borne in mind is not digested at all in the stomach. The so called aperient fruits stimulate the flow of intestinal juices and are a sure means of overcoming constipation, a malady which excessive use of cereals greatly encourages and often produces.

White bread is much more healthful when cut in thin slices and toasted brown, as that process transforms the starch into dextrin and thus saves one of the labors of digestion. It has yet to pass through another chemical change into glucose before it can be assimilated. An interesting fact that ought to be widely known is this: Common dried figs contain 68 per cent of glucose, which, when eaten, is exactly the condition which the starch of cereal foods attains only after a prolonged and nerve wearing tax upon the digestive organs. The changes of tissue in the brain that take place during study and thought are very important and very rapid; it has been estimated that three hours of brain work cause as great an exhaustion of the forces of the body as an entire day of manual labor. This waste must be replaced by abundant food, but its selection requires careful consideration and often self denial, for many things which the physical worker can eat with perfect impunity are slow poison to the brain worker, who exercises the brain at the expense of the body and rarely gives the latter sufficient exercise to counteract the mental strain and keep it in a condition to resist disease. Bear in mind that while the waste of the body is much more rapid its deprivation of physical exercise encourages torpidity of the voluntary functions and renders them sluggish in eliminating these wastes; therefore it is of the utmost importance that the tasks imposed upon them should be light. Brain workers require the most concentrated and easily digested foods, they should eat fresh beef and mutton, fish, eggs—cooked in many forms, but never hard boiled or fried—oysters and all fresh, green vegetables, especially cool, crisp salads lettuce, chicory, tomatoes, water cress, etc., with mayonnaise or French dressing. They should begin the day with fruit and make it form the principle part of luncheon, and be very sparing in their use of cereals, eschewing entirely white bread and oatmeal. Their ideal luncheon, which must be light if they continue work in the afternoon, is a glass of milk or a cup of hot chocolate—or better still, a glass of fresh buttermilk—with two or three graham wafers or a bit of toast and some fruit—an apple, figs or an orange.—Marcia Duncan in Demorest.

Particular.

Salesman (at shoe store)—Here is a pair of slippers, madam, that I think will suit you.

Mrs. Gaswell—They are cut a little too low. Haven't you a pair that are not quite —quite so decollete?—Chicago Tribune.

Of Course.

Any euchre player knows that hearts beat quicker when they are trumps.—Troy Press.

THE CAPTAIN'S VISITOR.

He Made His Host Feel Pretty Cheap When He Wrote His Name.

During the summer of 1868, being in the service of the United States, I was stationed at Fort Wallace, Kan. In those days the arrival of the overland mail coach was an event of some importance, and those of us who were off duty used to be on hand at the post trading store to welcome it and incidentally to note the number of bullet holes made in it since the last trip.

One morning there got off the coach from the west a tall, middle aged man wearing a broad slouch hat, a long linen duster and a pair of cavalry boots, into which his trousers were carelessly stuck. Seeing my comrade and me in close proximity, he approached, and we, recognizing him, gave a military salute, which he gracefully returned.

He inquired who was in command of the garrison. I answered, "Captain B—— is temporarily in command in the absence of Colonel ——." He desired to be directed to Colonel ——'s quarters. We pointed out the house. Then I returned to the office, where I was on duty as clerk.

Captain B—— was a pompous martinet who had never smelled powder in his life and was detested by both officers and men. In due time he arrived, and having noticed the tall man he called to his orderly, "Orderly, go and ask that man sitting in front of Colonel ——'s quarters whether he is an officer."

The orderly returned with an answer in the affirmative.

Said Captain B——, "Give my compliments to that officer and say that I desire his presence at headquarters."

The orderly did so.

Shortly after entered the tall man. Captain B——, looking quite stern, asked, "Sir, are you an officer in the army?"

"I am."

"To what branch of service do you belong?"

"Not to any particular branch at present."

"On what duty are you?"

"Well, I have been traveling a little lately through the west."

"Are you on leave of absence?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, sir, did it not strike you that it was your duty to report at these headquarters immediately on your arrival in the garrison?"

The tall man admitted that it had not struck him—in fact, he was tired and hungry and thought more of a breakfast and a little rest than anything else.

Said Captain B——: "Well, sir, that is no excuse for a breach of military etiquette. We keep here a book in which we require all officers entering the garrison to register. Orderly, hand the register to the officer. You will be good enough to write your name, rank and regiment, with such remarks as will be necessary."

The gentleman leisurely took the pen and quietly wrote, "William T. Sherman, lieutenant general, United States army."—Chicago Record.

Described.

A very charming and witty widow lady residing in Washington gave her little daughter a mythological primer several years ago, and the child immediately became intensely interested in the romantic stories of the gods and goddesses. Long after she had exhausted the primer she was ceaseless in her demands to have her appetite for incidents, which happened in the Elysium fields and thereabouts, satisfied. One day her mother thought it would be a good idea to take her heart's delight over to the Corcoran gallery and show her the statuary and casts and other works which have the heroes of mythology for their subjects.

While pursuing this pleasant purpose the pair came upon the Torso, reclining legless and armless upon its massive pedestal. The mother was stumped to explain to her daughter what the scarred and broken mass of plaster signified other than being the dismembered remains of a grand human figure. The little one, however, quickly helped her parent out of her predicament. There was a large placard on the base of the pedestal bearing the forbidding words "Hands off." The little miss looked at what she deemed was the title of the work with an expression of scorn, and the same sentiment was indicated in her inflection when she spoke. "Hands off," she remarked, with a sniff of superior wisdom. "Hands off. I should say they was, and the feets too!"—Washington Star.

Sodium Silicate.

An extended account is given in one of the technical journals of the various and important uses to which sodium silicate is now applied in manufacturing—independent of its well known relation to the cheap production of soaps—from which it appears that some of the European railway companies have introduced the practice of recovering their soiled cotton waste by means of this article, being able thus to renew the value of the same a dozen times, whereas by employing caustic soda this can be accomplished only two or three times, it is said, at the most. With the silicate, too, the strength of the vegetable fiber is apparently not injured. The silicate has also been used very successfully as a substitute for caustic soda in the manufacture of paper, especially in the bleaching of jute and hemp waste and in the sizing and waterproofing of paper. It is an effective fixing agent for alumina and other mordants on cotton, is said to be unequaled as a sizing for cotton thread in preparing stock for the loom and has long been used for the purpose of rendering textile fabrics incombustible.

Morris Was Not There.

Between Cincinnati and Indianapolis is Morris, a small station on the Big Four. One train in the schedule gets in Morris toward the hour of midnight, and the brakemen and conductors are compelled to call out the name of the station. Their voices are neither sweet nor low, and the dozers in the cars are rudely aroused from their cat naps.

As the train approached Morris one of the brakemen yelled in the back door:

"Morris, Morris!" He had barely finished his little speech when the forward brakeman joined the symphony with the chorus:

"Morris, Morris!" The conductor wasn't going to get left in a festival like this, and he wound up in the finale with a shriek louder than all the rest.

"Morris, Morris!" Then a gruff passenger, who had been rudely awakened, answered and said:

"Oh, for God's sake, shut up! Morris ain't in here."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Shortening Sail on Land.

"I've never been to sea," said Mr. Swyzzlby, "and so I've never seen 'em shorten sail in a storm at sea, but I think I can form a pretty good idea of how its done, for I live in a flat, and I've seen the people take in their washing on washdays when a shower came up."

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advertised and concluded to try it, though without much faith, but after taking a few doses, feeling easier at night I continued, and at the expiration of a few days COULD SLEEP IN A HORIZONTAL POSITION AS WELL AS A CHILD. Have never lost any sleep since. In consequence of which my general health has improved wonderfully. Have only taken two bottles.

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Mate Leroy Discusses Some New Fancies in Jewelry.

A Tendency Toward a Profuse Display of Old Fashioned Ornaments—New Styles In Neckwear—An Innovation in Wraps—Fall Woolens and Winter Furs.

"Is the prairie on fire, Manuelo?"

It was Ditas Patronez who asked the question as the family were sitting down together to the evening meal. For this was the Mexican custom, inherited and cherished with more than Spanish conscientiousness from the days of old Spain, that the family and a few of the retainers should eat together seated according to their degree—a shoot of feudalism pushed a long way west.

"You've a good nose, Ditas, to smell that, and the wind the way it is," her cousin replied, glancing at her with suspicion.

"How could it have caught, I wonder?" she replied, answering him with equal suspicion. "Have you seen the Senor Ingleso?"

"It's no wonder it should catch fire, I should think, Ditas, when we haven't had rain these 20 months. As for the Senor Inglese, I should think you were more likely to know where he is than I."

Ditas did not answer him, but began to occupy herself with the plate of hashed mutton and the boiled maize which had been passed down to her. It would have been a grave breach of etiquette in that household for one to begin to eat before old Pedro Patronez, the father and head of the family, had helped all round the table and had commenced his own meal. So all had sat with the meal steaming and cooling before them while they watched this little passage at arms between the cousins. The father was deaf, but his faculties were alert enough. "Eh, eh?" he said. "What was Manuelo saying—that the prairie was on fire?"

"Yes, sir," the young man answered. "I saw it as I came from driving the horses in for the branding."

"In which direction?"

"Eastward, sir, and north toward the Rio Grande."

"It won't come near us, then, unless the wind changes."

"The wind won't change, sir, at this time of year."

"Where is the Englishman, I wonder? Who has seen him?" the old man asked, with some anxiety.

No one answered for a minute. Then Ditas said quickly, "He went out with you, Manuelo, this morning."

"That was a long while ago," said the young man sulkily. "We had dinner at Oxener's camp. I have not seen him since."

"He started east from there in the direction of the river, senor," one of the retainers volunteered from the foot of the table.

"Did he?" replied Manuelo, as if he were very little grateful for the information.

Then Ditas glanced quickly at her father.

"Eh, eh. Toward the river, did he? I hope he won't get caught in the fire. He wouldn't know what to do in a fire."

"Oh, he'll be all right, sir. He's got a very good horse—that bay with the white on his forehead—and there's the river always down wind."

"And the banks of the river are like cliffs. You know it as well as I do, Manuelo," the old man said severely.

Manuelo was abashed. He made no answer, but under his breath he said sullenly, "I should be sorry if we lost the horse."

Ditas looked at him reproachfully, but her two brothers, mere lads, who sat one beside her and one beside Manuelo, laughed covertly at his remark. "He'll be done if he's caught; he can't ride a bit," one of the boys said.

"No, nor shoot either."

"And he's no use at all with a rope," the first added.

"Be quiet, Juan," Ditas said. "If father hears you, there'll be no more supper for you tonight."

"Oh—you!" said her brother scornfully. "Of course you're always defending him."

At which the hot blood flew to her face, and she bent silently over her plate, Manuelo observing her with keen displeasure.

As soon as supper was over Ditas went away by herself and played with her little gray hawk, which lived, chained by the leg, in the pepper tree outside her window. The little hawk was peacefully sleeping, with its head under its wing, in the starlit, odorous night. Yet the little hawk it was, and not any remarkable powers of scent on her own part, that had told Ditas of the prairie fire, for when she looked at the little bird in the afternoon he was flapping his little wings and tugging at his chain.

Ditas knew the signs. The little hawk had never seen a prairie fire, for Ditas had had him since he was a baby, but he inherited the blood of thousands of ancestors to whom such fires were familiar, who had known well what it was to hunt the wretched scorched out gophers and lizards among the flames and the smoke. So the smell of the burning spoke to the inherited instincts of the little hawk, though he was too tiny to catch a thing much bigger than a humming bird, and a humming bird was too quick even for his lightning dashes. "So the fire is over, pajarcito?" Ditas whispered to him, and the little bird drew a quick, glancing head from beneath his wing, and seeing before him well known black eyes as brilliant as his own put his head back to sleep again, satisfied.

Then the girl went to her room. She had the rare privilege in Mexican households of a room to herself because she was the only daughter. She looked out into the silent night, all the more deeply silent for the myriad winged hum of insects, and listened, expectant, for the deep, dull thud of the unshod horse cantering home over the prairie. But all was still. If she blushed, none saw it on her beautiful, dark face. If she prayed to the saints for the Englishman, whom she loved, the answer was not audible. At rare intervals a chorus of coyotes came from a distant patch of ebony trees; a few fireflies danced over the tremulous feathers of the pepper tree. For the rest the starlit stillness was unbroken.

Meanwhile the Englishman had found some new sensations for himself that day. He had gone from Oxener's camp, as the retainer had said of him, eastward toward the river to look for the horses which were to be driven into the corral for the branding. Much of what the brothers of Ditas had said to him he would have admitted to be true. He could not ride. He would not have said so when he came out to Mexico a few months ago. He would even have been very angry with any one who had dared to say it to him. He was a good rider to hounds, judged by the English standard, but now he knew the Mexican standard, and, judged by that, had to own that he was lamentably wanting.

He could not ride a broncho that had never been crossed before, and after three hours of diabolical cruelty bring him in nearly dead, it is true, but sufficiently broken for practical purposes. Neither could he shoot. He could kill rocketing pheasants or driven partridges rather better than most men, but he could not put all the bullets of a six barreled revolver into a thin tree stem as he went at full gallop past it, and this is what they meant by shooting. As for a rope, as they called it, meaning a lasso, he had not seen such a thing until he came to Mexico and beheld with the awe of ignorant wonder the marvels which Ditas' friends wrought with it. It did not astonish him, he told himself, that she despised him.

Another thing he had not seen until this day—a prairie fire. It came upon him with a sense of an uneasy hotness in the air, a certain restlessness which he caught from his horse, who knew far more about it than he knew. Then he wondered, while these slight signs grew more emphatic. A few minutes and birds began to pass him; a coyote galloped across his path; a wild turkey scudded by at a hard trot. Even the Englishman, ignorant as he was of the live things of the country, began to marvel. A sort of low humming sounded from windward. His horse began to snort and grew unmanageable, seeming to be infected by the down wind race of all live things, edging away from his northeasterly track and making more directly eastward. He was indifferent, the broncho were as likely to be eastward as northward, and let the horse go.

Presently it broke into a canter, then into a gallop. Moths, bats, nocturnal insects, creatures of all kinds, began to fly past him through the bright sunlight as in a nightmare, and after them dashed all the smaller kind of predatory birds, the cousins german of Ditas' little hawk. The air grew more and more sultry and laden with a sulphurous breath. Looking behind him, over the haunches of his now racing horse, he saw a dense thickness, as of fog. Above the density rose a whitish cloud line. Through the density flashed tongues of light. At last a sense of what was upon him dawned. He was flying from a prairie fire.

As he realized the fact the instinct of the fleeing animals grew infectious for him too. He was all in accord now with his horse's terror, and the rider urged on the pace which he had endeavored to restrain before. The wind from the west blew with steady strength. The humming sound increased until it became a roar, louder and louder with each mile that he galloped, while still the stream of living things went before it. The smoke grew dark over the face of the sky; the flames and the density came nearer and nearer. Still he galloped on. He bethought him of all he had read in the pages of Mayne Reid and the other writers who had been the delight of his youth. To kindle a fire of his own before him, and shelter himself on the burned patch thus left barren for the hunger of the pursuing flames was a scheme which occurred to him, but he dreaded the delay which it would occasion.

He knew vaguely that the river was somewhere eastward, and the influence of the terror of the live things who shared his flight was too powerful. He galloped on. Now he saw the broken line of the steep bank of the river, and with the sight a new danger presented itself, for the banks, as he knew, were precipitous, of crumbling earth. How could his horse descend them, or how could he check his horse in order to dismount and climb down? A patch of ebony trees was to the south, and there he knew the land sloped gently to the river, where it lay in placid cool green peace, with the turtles floating on its stream, but there, too, the fringe of prairie grass grew higher, the fire found better fodder, and already there was a wall of flying smoke and flame to shut off that place of refuge. Still he galloped on, and now the smoke and the lurid heat were but some quarter of a mile in his rear. His horse's flanks were heaving with its race, but not a mile before him was the river. A few moments more, and the flames and smoke were thick around him, and he and the horse almost on the river brink. He tugged desperately at the reins, but the horse paid no heed, blind and senseless with terror.

They were on the edge of the cliff now. Below was the calm, blissful water. He shut his eyes and gripped firmly with his knees, expecting the land fall, when to his surprise he felt a slipping, gentle descent; a struggling of his horse as the pace slackened, and then before he realized what had befallen the yielding bank had given way beneath their weight, and horse and rider were struggling in the water. The next instant he was thrown off into the stream. He disengaged himself from his horse and found himself standing, sinking, swimming in the river, as the water washed away masses of the earth which they had brought down with them. The horse swam away from him down the stream, and he was left, now standing, now swimming, while the smoke went curling over his head, and the balked flames stopped and died away harmless, save for a few fiery missile brands which they shot at him out in the stream.

And so the peril was over. He had but to sit in the cooling waters until the fire had burned away, and he could safely climb back to land. There were no crocodiles so far up the river. He was safe. As he realized his safety the reaction nearly overcame him, and he had need to summon all his fortitude to save him from permitting himself to be carried helplessly down the stream. And then through the afternoon and all through the still night over the blackened prairie he walked sadly and steadily homeward to the hacienda, which he reached with hands charred and sooty as the vacqueros were just setting out on their morning's work.

He slept in a room off the central courtyard of the hacienda. It was not a bright room, for it had no windows. Its occupants went to bed by the light of the stars peeping through the open door. In each corner of the room slept a man—Manuelo in one, the Englishman in another and Ditas' two brothers in the other two. Mosquito netting over each bed lent an air of decency, and there were washing basins. Into this plain apartment the Englishman stole as the dawn crept up over the prairie.

"You're late home," Manuelo observed dryly.

"Slightly," the Englishman said. Then he threw himself on his bed and slept the sleep of the wearied until hard on the hour for the midday meal.

"Got caught in the fire?" old Patronez asked him.

"Yes," he answered. "The horse came back, I hear. I am glad of that."

"We are more glad that you came back, senor," the host replied gallantly.

"Was I the only one caught?"

"The only one. Not even a broncho was caught, that we could learn. Manuelo fell in with the hands to windward."

"Ah, you were to windward, Manuelo?" This was Ditas' simple remark, but the tone in which it was said made all around the table glances up at her in surprise.

Little more was said of the fire then. They were not unusual things, scarcely worthy of comment, but after the meal was over and most were taking a siesta in the shade Ditas came to the Englishman.

"It is not well for you to be leeward of Manuelo when the prairie is so dry," she said.

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"I have said it. You are warned," she answered oracularly. "You have escaped once. Do not let him have the chance again."

"Do you think, then"—he began, but before he had finished a sentence she was gone. "No," she answered lightly as she fled; "I do not think; I know."

She had given the Englishman plenty to think of at all events. He had never been able to quite analyze his feelings for Ditas nor hers for him. He had a notion that she must despise him because he could not ride nor shoot nor lasso beasts as her brothers and Manuelo could. But if it were possible that Ditas' alternations of apparent coldness and interest had another origin than a light was thrown on Manuelo's probable attitude toward himself, for Manuelo's attitude toward her needed no light to be thrown on it. He was the lover, in the undisguised yet dignified Spanish style, of his beautiful cousin. And Ditas' feeling was supposed to be reciprocal. Hitherto the Englishman's relations to Manuelo had seemed to him purely those of business, for though he was out here as the guest of old Patronez, working out a return for part of his hospitality by labor on the ranch, yet his real business was with Manuelo, who was representative of the older branch of the family owning the mines back in the foothills, which it was the Englishman's special mission to inspect.

He had come out a month or two before with the iron bound boxes for carrying home samples of the ore. He had now these boxes filled under seal and lock and key beneath his bed. The mines had been thoroughly inspected. It was a constant reproach to him on Manuelo's part that he would tell nothing of the report which he should make to his employers—the English capitalists who might buy the mine. Manuelo might have argued ill from his secrecy, but in truth it was but a part of his English nature. What his opinion of the mines might be Manuelo did not know. He only knew that this secret man had the samples of ore tightly locked and safely kept in that room in which they slept.

The day after the fire Manuelo left the ranch and went up into the mountains to the mines.

As the days drew on the Englishman felt that he could no longer with decency prolong his visit. Already he had well outstaid the limit which he had mentally fixed for himself on his arrival. He was scarcely conscious of the attraction which had kept him lingering on in that fairy land of humming birds and fireflies and all fair sights and scenes. When he did grow conscious that the attraction was Ditas, the necessity grew but the more patent for breaking it. He must go. The idea that there was anything of a mutual feeling was absurd. He must go before the tie grew more binding.

These great haciendas in the midst of a desolation as big as an English county are places of rest and refreshment for all and sundry. All are welcome. The Englishman knew nothing of the customs. He knew not whether to offer payment for the hospitality he had received, but in the end his tact saved him from this blunder. He thanked his host with the gratitude owed to free hospitality and went his way, resolved to send out from England a present which should be something in the way of a return.

Old Patronez sent him in the wagon a day's journey across the prairie to the station where he could take the narrow gauge train. In the body of the wagon were his boxes of ore and his personal luggage. By Ditas, as he parted from her, he had sent a farewell message to Manuelo, who was still at the mines. What was the strange look in Ditas' lovely dark Spanish eyes? he asked himself as he said farewell. Had he answered the question aright he might never have set out on his journey.

"You will keep a lookout as you drive," she said. "I cannot think what Manuelo is doing. He knows you are going."

"How do you know that he knows?" the Englishman asked.

"I know many things," she answered lightly. "My little hawk tells them to me."

"Goodby," he said. "You will write to me sometimes in England?"

"Adios! Yes, if you will write to me." It occured to the Englishman that her eyes were swimming as she said the words, but it might have been but the swimming in his own which obscured his clear vision. "Goodby!" He choked down a sob and sprang into the wagon.

Then all through the day behind the team of six mules they jolted and toiled over the prairie, now and again dipping into a clump of ebony, variegated by the white cluster of the San Paolo palm, which has deluded so many a traveler by its likeness to a whitened chimney top. In the end they came about sundown to the little station, without a sight of a human being save a horseman, fully armed, Mexican fashion, with sword and pistol as well as rifle, ambling along on a pacing horse. They were an hour and a half in advance of the train, if the latter was punctual, which was improbable. It grew dark. The Mexican women at their little orange booths lighted their torch fires. At length a growing bustle betokened the approach of the time for the train. The station became thinly peopled, chiefly with loiterers come to enjoy the spectacle. The Englishman "expressed" his portmanteau and his precious boxes, keeping charge himself of his hand valise. Presently the train steamed in. He stepped on board, with his eyes blinking in the unaccustomed gaslight. He went to the Pullman car, where he found a vacant compartment, and sat down to await with patience the pleasure of the porter in getting ready his sleeping berth.

He glanced at his fellow passengers with the inquisitive eye of a constant traveler, then gave himself over to his thoughts, in which Ditas played a cruelly large part. Even now the temptation was strong on him to get off at the next station and go back to try his fortune with her. Yet still—no—surely her certain scorn of him as a lover would be harder to bear than her tolerance of him as a friend. For an hour he sat so, heedless of the lapse of time. Suddenly a thrilling voice (was it the voice of a dream or of his waking sense?) sounded at his very ear, "Senor!"

He started and looked round. Leaning over to him from the seat behind was the bent figure, shrouded in a mantilla, of what seemingly was an old Mexican lady.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed as he caught sight of the face which the mantilla had shrouded. "Ditas! You!"

"Hush!" she said. "Yes, it is I. I don't know what you think of me. I don't know what to think of myself. But Manuelo is on the train. I suspected that he would follow you, though I do not know what his object is, and I followed on his track and yours to warn you."

"Oh, Ditas!" he said in a tone which made the warm blood dye the girl's dark cheeks yet more ruddily.

"Hush!" she said, apprehensively glancing back. "I could not warn you before. He was on this car. Now he has gone back in the train. Oh, what are you going to do?" For the Englishman had risen to his feet. "I am going to look for him," he said, with determination; "to ask him what he means by thus dogging me."

"Oh, no!" she said. "At least—well, perhaps that would be as good a way as any. So at least you will meet him prepared. But do be careful."

"Are you afraid, Ditas, that I may harm him?"

"No," she said simply, "but that he may harm you."

"Oh, Ditas!"

"Don't speak to me like that—in that tone," she whispered fiercely, her cheeks aflame. "If you do, I shall hate myself for coming. At least I have warned you now. I shall get off at the next station." The Englishman, cruelly abashed, said no more, but feeling that his revolver was ready to his hand started off through the train on a tour of inspection. He went through one car after another until the last one, looking searchingly at each occupant. None of them was Manuelo. He came back doubtfully to the girl. "You were wrong," he said. "He is not there." Doubt of her motive in coming was again expressed in his words. "Do you dare not believe me?" she asked again angrily, her face crimsoning. "Come and see for yourself then." Slowly she rose and followed him down the cars. Their occupants returned their searching looks with interest, but there was no Manuelo.

"You see," he said when they had come to the end, "he is not there."

"It is very strange," she said thoughtfully. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Where are your boxes of ore?"

"In the express wagon, I suppose."

"I see! I see it all now!" she said. "It is there that we shall find Manuelo."

"There! Why? But it is all locked. The expressman is forward in the train."

"Is it locked?" she said. "We shall see!"

The Englishman, his heart beating high with excitement, climbed the rail of the hindmost car and along the footboard of the express wagon. Wonderful to say, the bars and fastenings of the wagon were all hanging loosely down. The door was but pushed to. In an instant it yielded to his hand. The bright moonlight streaming in showed the figure of a man bending, working away, over an open box, which the Englishman had time to recognize as one of his own before the kneeling figure turned, and the flash of a pistol for a moment blinded him, while the report echoed fiercely in the inclosed space.

The Englishman felt a sharp, redhot sting in his shoulder; but, unconscious of the hurt, he sprang on the kneeling figure. The door swung to, and they struggled in the darkness. The Spaniard wrenched himself free from the other's grip and dashed out of the door. As he jumped from the train a second report of his pistol was followed by the shriek of a woman's voice, and at the same moment the Englishman, dashing after him in the darkness of the wagon, struck his forehead violently on the door as it swung to again, and fell unconscious.

* * * * * * *

"You warn't spry enough with the shooting iron, you see," was the sound in a strong Yankee accent to which he regained his senses.

"What's happened," he asked in a weak voice.

"Waal, you see, the critter was fixing up to work a little improvement in the samples of that there ore you was taking home with you; got dummy keys to the boxes, I reckon. Seems he had some sorter interest in the making it as good as might be—owner of mine or something, from what they say—and he kinder got a head on you afore you got one on him. That's what happened. But I reckon you ain't hurt any."

"Where's Ditas?"

"Ditas? Oh, Ditas, that's the girl, I see! Waal, she's hurted some, I reckon, but not so bad as might be either."

"Did she get off at the next stop?"

"Next stop? No, nor won't for several stops, I reckon. No one seemed to know where she was going, and there warn't no place to put her off, so as she would be looked after. There's a doctor on board, and he's got her into a berth—the forward berth in the car there. Perhaps you'd like to go and see how she is? You ain't hurted any. The critter's bullet only skinned you."

The girl was lying in the lower bunk of a sleeping compartment. The upper bunk had not been let down, a rare concession to her wounded state. The bullet had passed through the upper part of her arm, injuring but not breaking the bone. Her face was very white and deathly from the loss of blood, and the long lashes of her closed eyes lay as down upon her cheeks.

"Oh, Ditas!" the young Englishman exclaimed, and at the words the great dark eyes opened, and a smile played on her face. "Oh, Ditas, and all this for my sake!"

In answer the girl let her other hand stray feebly out over the counterpane.

"Take it, you fool," said the doctor as the Englishman, sorely embarrassed by this ingenuous southern advance, hesitated.

"Where's Manuelo?" she asked in a low voice when she was satisfied by feeling the hand she sought within hers.

"I don't know; sure—isn't he?" the Englishman asked, appealing to the doctor.

"Yes; they stopped the train, but the rascal had got the start of them. I don't expect any of them was in an all fired hurry to get within shooting distance of him either."

"But how did he get into the express wagon?"

"How? Squared the expressman, of course. We've got him fixed up all right. He'll be handed over to what they call the law in this country at Laredo."

"I see, I see! Doctor, she'll get well, won't she?"

"Well? Of course she will. There's nothing wrong with her; lost a little blood, that's all. Where's she going to?"

"I—I don't know. She said she was going to get off at the first stop."

"Did she? Oh, well, I think I'd better leave you to arrange it with her where she's going to stop off."

"Ditas," said the Englishman as the doctor withdrew, "you didn't get off at the first stop."

"No," she said simply, "I couldn't."

"You nearly lost your life for me."

"Yes, nearly."

"Ditas," bending low over her, "will you give it to me?" [illegible]

A faint flush came into the pallor of her cheeks. "Are you sure you wish it?"

"Sure, my dear."

"Hush! Why didn't you speak before?"

"I didn't dare."

"Oh, stupid!" with a faint smile. "Yes, it is yours, if you will have it, forever and ever."

"Oh, Ditas!"—Macmillan's Magazine.

Too Much So.

Friend—That sun in your last painting is very natural.

Artist—Yes, altogether too natural.

"Why do you—?"

"Because it dries up the water in that pond so fast that I have to paint new water every three or four days."—Texas Siftings.

FOOD AND WORK.

WE SHOULD EAT ACCORDING TO OUR EMPLOYMENT.

What Is Good For Brain Workers Will Not Do For Physical Laborers—Pork Is "Not In It" to Any Extent—Vegetables of Many Kinds Recommended.

In this era of over stimulation, with the interests of life so vast and the standards of perfection in every calling and profession constantly rising, so that incessant effort is demanded in order to keep up with our rushing progress, it is little wonder that overstrained humanity is constantly dropping out of the ranks, and that a great cry of remonstrance has arisen against this overwork which is killing or worse than killing people.

Now, as a matter of fact, it is not so much overwork that is doing the mischief as it is the way the work is done and the consequent rules of health that are violated in the doing of it. This is a truth worthy of the deepest consideration, and one that involves farreaching effects for good or evil.

The prime cause of trouble in a majority of cases is an error of diet and a failure to recognize the necessity of adapting the fuel supplied to the human machine to its special needs. As a rule, women and girls are more judicious in their diet than men, and, especially among those whose labor is physical, the error is frequently that of underfeeding, often the motives of economy or because it is too much trouble to prepare the food, not giving the body sufficient nutriment to repair the waste. We seldom hear of physical labor wearing out a man, unless that labor is performed under unhealthful conditions, for he usually eats all the food he requires and instinctively chooses that which contains most nutriment. Moreover, his constant exercise keeps his organs of digestion in an active state, which enables them to perform any work within reason that is imposed upon them.

All who are engaged in physical labor should have an abundance of highly nitrogenous foods and can vary their diet by combinations of all healthful dishes that are obtainable. Underdone beef and well cooked mutton are the meats they need. Pork should be eaten only by those who have constitutions of iron, who work hard in the open air and who never know what an ache or a pain is. There is not a disease that human flesh is heir to which pork may not cause nor a pain which it may not produce. A well known New York physician, referring to pork, has said, "It is the parent of dyspepsia, neuralgia, headache, sleeplessness, biliousness, constipation, hypochondria and every other physical ill." If it must be eaten, be sure that it is thoroughly cooked.

The red and dark meats are more stimulating and more readily assimilated than white meats, owing to a property called osmazone contained in their fibrin. It is that principle which gives to meat soups their aroma and taste, and the darker the meat the more osmazone is present. It is almost absent from veal and all young meats and from the white flesh of poultry.

It is a law of nature, established by the experience of the majority of people in normal health, living under the highest civilization, that a variety of foods taken at the same time are more easily digested than only one or two kinds. This, of course, does not mean immoderate indulgence in large quantities of different things, but judicious selection, according to the cravings of appetite. While not all things which we relish are good for us, it is very certain that what we eat with repugnance or distaste does not satisfy the varying needs of the body. Very many substances enter into its composition, and to repair its waste an imperative demand is made that like shall supply like. We do not often err in following the dictates of natural taste which prompt us to combine vegetables with meat, dry foods with liquid substances and the sweet with the sour.

All the vegetables that bountiful nature provides us with can vary the diet of those employed in manual labor, onions, cabbage, baked beans, turnips, carrots and peas being especially good for them. They can eat all the cereals, but should choose corn and rye bread in preference to wheat, and should be sure to eat aperient fruits, as apples, oranges, figs, dates and berries with all cereals to counteract the clogging effect of their starch, which it must be borne in mind is not digested at all in the stomach. The so called aperient fruits stimulate the flow of intestinal juices and are a sure means of overcoming constipation, a malady which excessive use of cereals greatly encourages and often produces.

While bread is much more healthful when cut in thin slices and toasted brown, as that process transforms the starch into dextrin and thus saves one of the labors of digestion. It has yet to pass through another chemical change into glucose before it can be assimilated. An interesting fact that ought to be widely known is this: Common dried figs contain 68 per cent of glucose, which, when eaten, is exactly the condition which the starch of cereal foods attains only after a prolonged and nerve wearing tax upon the digestive organs. The changes of tissue in the brain that take place during study and thought are very important and very rapid, it has been estimated that three hours of brain work cause as great an exhaustion of the forces of the body as an entire day of manual labor. This waste must be repaired by abundant food, but its selection requires careful consideration and often self denial, for many things which the physical worker can eat with perfect impunity are slow poison to the brain worker, who exercises the brain at the expense of the body and rarely gives the latter some exercise to counteract the mental strain and keep it in a condition to resist disease. Bear in mind that while the waste of the body is much more rapid its deprivation of physical exercise encourages torpidity of the voluntary functions and renders them sluggish in eliminating these wastes; therefore it is of the utmost importance that the tasks imposed upon them should be light. Brain workers require the most concentrated and easily digested foods; they should eat fresh beef and mutton, fish, eggs—cooked in many forms, but never hard boiled or fried—oysters and all fresh, green vegetables, especially cool, crisp salads, lettuce, chicory, tomatoes, water cress, etc., with mayonnaise or French dressing. They should begin the day with fruit and make it form the principle part of luncheon, and be very sparing in their use of cereals, eschewing entirely white bread and oatmeal. Their ideal luncheons, which must be light if they continue work in the afternoon, is a glass of milk or a cup of hot chocolate—or, better still, a glass of fresh buttermilk—with two or three graham wafers or a bit of toast and some fruit—an apple, figs or an orange.—Marcia Duncan in Demorest.

Particular.

Salesman (at shoe store)—Here is a pair of slippers, madam, that I think will suit you.

Mrs. Caswell—They are cut a little too low. Haven't you a pair that are not quite quite so decolleté?—Chicago Tribune.

Of Course.

Any euchre player knows that hearts beat quicker when they are trumps.—Troy Press.

THE CAPTAIN'S VISITOR.

He Made His Host Feel Pretty Cheap When He Wrote His Name.

During the summer of 1868, being in the service of the United States, I was stationed at Fort Wallace, Kan. In those days the arrival of the overland mail coach was an event of some importance, and those of us who were off duty used to be on hand at the post trading store to welcome it and incidentally to note the number of bullet holes made in it since the last trip. One morning there got off the coach from the west a tall, middle aged man wearing a broad slouch hat, a long linen duster and a pair of cavalry boots, into which his trousers were carelessly stuck. Seeing my comrade and me in close proximity, he approached, and we, recognizing him, gave a military salute, which he gracefully returned.

He inquired who was in command of the garrison. I answered, "Captain B—— is temporarily in command in the absence of Colonel ——." He desired to be directed to Colonel ——'s quarters. We pointed out the house. Then I returned to the office, where I was on duty as clerk.

Captain B—— was a pompous martinet who had never smelled powder in his life and was detested by both officers and men. In due time he arrived, and having noticed the tall man he called to his orderly, "Orderly, go and ask that man sitting in front of Colonel ——'s quarters whether he is an officer."

The orderly returned with an answer in the affirmative.

Said Captain B——, "Give my compliments to that officer and say that I desire his presence at headquarters."

The orderly did so.

Shortly after entered the tall man. Captain B——, looking quite stern, asked, "Sir, are you an officer in the army?"

"I am."

"To what branch of service do you belong?"

"Not to any particular branch at present."

"On what duty are you?"

"Well, I have been traveling a little lately through the west."

"Are you on leave of absence?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, sir, did it not strike you that it was your duty to report at these headquarters immediately on your arrival in the garrison?"

The tall man admitted that it had not struck him—in fact, he was tired and hungry and thought more of a breakfast and a little rest than anything else.

Said Captain B——: "Well, sir, that is no excuse for a breach of military etiquette. We keep here a book in which we require all officers entering the garrison to register. Orderly, hand the register to the officer. You will be good enough to write your name, rank and regiment, with such remarks as will be necessary."

The gentleman leisurely took the pen and quietly wrote, "William T. Sherman, lieutenant general, United States army."—Chicago Record.

Described.

A very charming and witty widow lady residing in Washington gave her little daughter a mythological primer several years ago, and the child immediately became intensely interested in the romantic stories of the gods and goddesses. Long after she had exhausted the primer she was ceaseless in her demands to have her appetite for incidents, which happened in the Elysium fields and thereabouts, satisfied. One day her mother thought it would be a good idea to take her heart's delight over to the Corcoran gallery and show her the statuary and casts and other works which have the heroes of mythology for their subjects.

While pursuing this pleasant purpose the pair came upon the Torso, reclining legless and armless upon its massive pedestal. The mother was stumped to explain to her daughter what the scarred and broken mass of plaster signified other than being the dismembered remains of a grand human figure. The little one, however, quickly helped her parent out of her predicament. There was a large placard on the base of the pedestal bearing the forbidding words "Hands off." The little miss looked at what she deemed was the title of the work with an expression of scorn, and the same sentiment was indicated in her inflection when she spoke. "Hands off," she remarked, with a sniff of superior wisdom. "Hands off. I should say they was, and the feets too!"—Washington Star.

Sodium Silicate.

An extended account is given in one of the technical journals of the various and important uses to which sodium silicate is now applied in manufacturing—independent of its well known relation to the cheap production of soaps—from which it appears that some of the European railway companies have introduced the practice of recovering their coiled cotton waste by means of this article, being able thus to renew the value of the same a dozen times, whereas by employing caustic soda this can be accomplished only two or three times, it is said, at the most. With the silicate, too, the strength of the vegetable fibre is apparently not injured. The silicate has also been used very successfully as a substitute for caustic soda in the manufacture of paper, especially in the bleaching of jute and hemp waste and in the sizing and waterproofing of paper. It is an effective fixing agent for alumina and other mordants on cotton, is said to be unequaled as a sizing for cotton thread in preparing stock for the loom and has long been used for the purpose of rendering textile fabrics incombustible.

Morris Was Not There.

Between Cincinnati and Indianapolis is Morris, a small station on the Big Four. One train in the schedule gets in Morris toward the hour of midnight, and the brakemen and conductors are compelled to call out the name of the station. Their voices are neither sweet nor low, and the dozens in the cars are rudely aroused from their cat naps.

As the train approached Morris one of the brakemen yelled in the back door:

"Morris, Morris!" He had barely finished his little speech when the forward brakeman joined the symphony with the chorus:

"Morris, Morris!" The conductor wasn't going to get left in a festival like this, and he wound up in the finale with a shriek louder than all the rest:

"Morris, Morris!" Then a gruff passenger, who had been rudely awakened, answered and said:

"Oh, for God's sake, shut up! Morris ain't in here."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Shortening Sail on Land.

"I've never been to sea," said Mr. Swyzzlby, "and so I've never seen 'em shorten sail in a storm at sea, but I think I can form a pretty good idea of how it's done, for I live in a flat, and I've seen the people take in their washing on washdays when a shower came up."

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

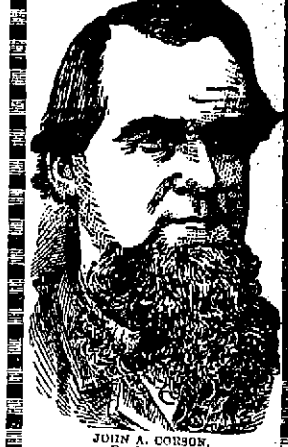
LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852. --- CHARTERED 1871.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

THE KIND THAT CURES



JOHN A. CORSON,
Freedom, N. H.

Smothering Asthma!

SLEPT IN A CHAIR 40 YEARS!

Now Goes to Bed and "Sleeps Like a Child!"

We Challenge the World to Show a Parallel Case!

TO ANYONE WHO DOUBTS THE TRUTH OF MR. CORSON'S STATEMENT WE WOULD SAY, "INVESTIGATE." WE CONDUCT THE MOST THOROUGH INVESTIGATION OF ALL OUR TESTIMONIALS.

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.:

GENTLEMEN:—I have been troubled with ASTHMA for 40 YEARS, suffering so badly as to be unable to lie down in bed for any length of time, being compelled to obtain what sleep I could get sitting in a chair. Have tried Doctors and every medicine I could see or hear of without obtaining much relief. Last Spring I saw

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

advertised and concluded to try it, though without much faith, but after taking a few doses, feeling easier at night I continued, and at the expiration of a few days COULD SLEEP IN A HORIZONTAL POSITION AS WELL AS A CHILD. Have never lost any sleep since. In consequence of which my general health has improved wonderfully. Have only taken two bottles.

Gratefully yours respectfully,
Freedom, N. H. JOHN A. CORSON.

GENTS:—I am personally acquainted with J. H. Corson and can assure you of his PERFECT RELIABILITY. Yours truly,
CHAS. W. HICKS,
Druggist.
Wolfboro, N. H.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE

MERRIMACK

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies.

All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by

Metcalf & Hazen, 159 Middlesex St.

IN MARSTON'S BLOCK.

Arthur M. Bertrand,

(Successor to F. W. Sargent,)

MERCHANT TAILOR.

FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

24 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass.

Dress Suits to Let.

Our Store will be Closed, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings until further notice.

Special Bargains

NIGHT ROBES.

We place upon our counters today 800 elegant ROBES, Handsomely trimmed with Jabot Fronts, regular selling price $1.25. Our price

Only 59c. Each.

This is one of the greatest bargains ever offered in this country. To distribute them as widely as possible, we will only sell 2 to a customer.

First come, first served. The price will clean them all out by Saturday. Take a look at the goods in our window—you cannot resist buying them.

YOUNG'S

BARGAIN STORE,

111 CENTRAL ST.

FOR CASH.

Suits Made to Order

$20.

We do this during July to give work to our help.

Every Suit Warranted in Every Particular.

W. H. DAVIS,

50 CENTRAL ST.

CLEVELAND WHEELS.

Callahan & Sanborn

Merrimack Square, Bridge St.

HER LIFE TO SAVE HIM.

Mexican Story of Love and Adventure of an English Prospector.

He Incurred the Ill Will of the Girl's Lover Who Fired the Prairie Grass to Burn Him But Failing, Tried to Kill Him By Shooting—All's Well That End's Well.

NOVELTIES FOR MIDSUMMER.

The upper right figure shows a stylish blouse for a young girl, made of percale or silk. There is a double shirring across the bust. The sleeves are balloon, with a ruffle at the elbow. The figure in the center is an outing suit of striped novelty goods, with Eton jacket and dotted silk waist and a lace jabot tie. The large black Neapolitan hat is trimmed with black lace, black feathers, black silk bows and rhinestone buckle. At the left is a novel hat with wide side brim, trimmed with velvet ribbon, jet, black plumes and an upright bouquet of several kinds of flowers. The hat is black straw.

I have had the pleasure of looking at a large stock of jewelry that is to mark a new era in such matters for the coming fall and winter season. For several years very little jewelry has been worn on the street aside from a watch or a stickpin or so, and all earrings were tiny, generally being nothing but a diamond or pearl set on a screw. There was a reaction against display, most particularly for the young, but now a reaction against simplicity has set in, and before the next season is in full swing nobody will be seen without jewelry, and chiefest among those ornaments will be the earrings. There are a few of the leaders of all new styles who have already appeared with the long, fanci-

NEW STYLES IN JEWELRY.

ful "eardrops" in vogue during our great grandmothers' time. Perhaps they had them, but in any case they have been seen, and they go so well with the styles now in favor of dress, coiffure and bonnets that we have been obliged to admire them as the right things in the right place. The earrings are long and made with slender chains, which support the lower portion, which is of intricate and extremely delicate workmanship. There are pearls, diamonds, turquoises and emeralds among the jewels set in these pendants. Some are of medium size, but more are over an inch long. I saw several pairs of hoop earrings, one pair set with diamonds that had a blue luster.

The lace and corsage pins follow the shapes and designs of the earrings, and fine chains are a feature in the most of them. Arabesques of every imaginable convolution are seen, and these twist about the jewels in a very artistic and ingenious manner. Necklaces follow the same general plan and are remarkable for their lightness and grace. One very beautiful necklace had one line of turquoise cut square, broken at intervals of one inch by little rosettes of seven pearls each. These held a festoon of turquoises graded in size from that of a very small pea to a pinhead. From the pearl rosettes hung fine chains of gold, with three pearls strung like beads on all the festoons except that in front. That had a cross made of four small pearls and a center of turquoise. Between the festoons were pendants, the inner ones being of three small pearls and the outer ones of gold, with one pearl at the end of each. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and grace of this necklace.

The chatelaine watch pendants are made in the same artistic style, and many of the fobs are set with jasper, coral or cornelian, with an initial letter carved thereon to serve as a cachet. Stickpins are shown in the same general design, but are considerably smaller than before. On the other hand, some of the jeweled hairpins might be called combs, they are so large, but the work upon them is fine and light. Rings, too, are not so massive, but are more artistic and are wrought with almost microscopic fineness. Long slender gold chains to watches are now in as high favor as they were a hundred years ago, and she is a happy woman who can bring forth an heirloom of that kind. If she cannot do that, she can buy one, and if she makes believe "real hard" it will give her as much satisfaction as if her ancestress did wear it.

The new ideas put forth in neckwear and other accessories are pretty, though not very striking. Perhaps they are prettier by not being so remarkable. Anyhow they give a stamp and seal of dressiness to any costume, however plain. One was made of black moire ribbon 5 inches wide. The collar was 2½ inches wide and covered smoothly. In front there was a large soft bow set on the lower edge. The ends were 15 inches long, and on them was set an applique of duchess lace. A little more was placed upon the knot. This was extremely rich and elegant and suitable for an elderly lady. Another had a shaped dog collar of cherry velvet, with a large rhinestone buckle in front. At the front there fell a deep cross plait of white lace, and above that another piece was laid under and over a diamond shaped piece of black moire ribbon. This was intended more for evening wear than for the street. If, however, the collar were to be made of black, it would be suitable for any occasion. A bow of black moire 6 inches wide was tied into a very tight knot and had short ends cut diagonally. These were hemmed and had borders of white lace put on straight, but made considerably wider at the bottom than at the top. This can be worn with anything at any time. Another very graceful and pretty design had a plain bow and cravat ends. These ends were bordered with a ruffle of medium width valenciennes lace, and the lace was carried up the front in a jabot fold, and there it turned over the bow in the center. The ribbon was lilac moire, but any other color could be substituted.

Such fanciful additions as these can be worn on warm summer days, and with a

NEW STYLES IN NECKWEAR.

print or lawn or other light dress they look dainty and summerlike. There really is no limit to the variety of neckwear, and they are so easy to make, these little trifles. A plain dress made of salmon colored barege, with no trimming whatever, was made to look very festive by a postiche yoke of point de Paris lace, with full caps of the same, and a high collar of white moire. These were two stole ends of white silk muslin bordered by the same lace, but narrowed down by rolling the upper edge. There was a grass green belt of moire tied in a bow, with long ends in the back. Probably an hour's work would make this addition to a plain gown. Some of the best effects are achieved by the simplest means.

A very handsome new summer dress intended for garden parties was of pale gray-blue taffeta in two shades of the same color and overthrown with swivel woven polka dots of bluish white. Around the bottom there was a double gauffered flounce 8 inches deep, and this was bordered with a blue and white passementerie. The blue was two shades darker than the darker shade in the skirt. There was a border of white Russian lace set under the passementerie on the skirt to represent a diagonal drapery. The waist was a plain Spencer, with a fichu of the taffeta bordered with lace and passementerie. The fichu ended in the back with a wide sash trimmed all around to match the rest of the dress. It made an elegant costume. At the throat was a small bow, with lace at the ends.

These colored passementeries are new and are very effective if not very durable trimming, and it is thought they will be popular in the early fall for light woolens and silks. They are made so as to stand up in high relief and are showy. We have had them in black, but never in colors before. I saw some woven in Parisian colors, and they are really beautiful. The colors will match those of the coming season, and if one can form an opinion from that scrap of information there will be much Persian coloring seen.

I saw a few samples of cloakings for fall and winter, and among them were eight different variations on heavy Persian brocade in small designs. The colors were soft and blended with all the taste and skill of the Persians. There were also some very splendid black matelasse weaves for rich black mantles, and the material is too thick and unyielding for anything but long wraps. There is a new basket weave for long cloaks which is nearly half an inch thick, though light and soft. This is shown in black, blue and very dark gray and brown.

It is rather early just yet to predict what will be worn next winter, but the samples are here, and even some of the goods. It seems queer, but ever since last summer men and women have been working on the things we are to wear next winter.

There is one innovation now ready to be [illegible] historic shape, and stand up in the back full and stiff, and are cut away in front to show the vest inside. Some of them have self sleeves, but others have sleeves to

GARDEN PARTY DRESSES.

match the gown worn with them. The mohair coat is worn with the richest silks. Heretofore mohair was considered a pretty and showy but rather inferior goods and was known under the name of alpaca, but now coats are made of it.

I was told by a furrier that the furs worn last season were not a circumstance beside the amount of fur that the coming season will require for trimmings and garments. The seal will be so very expensive that everybody will want nothing else, but in place of sealskin there will be a large amount of red fox worn. This will be used as lining to fly open wraps and mantles. It is very expensive and not particularly handsome, but it will be stylish. The preference will be, it is thought, for the hairy furs, and, aside from sealskin, they will be worn on everything. Beaver will be plucked so as to leave here and there a long hair, so that it will show white against the rest of the fur. "Pointed beaver" they call this, and it is very rich and handsome. Sea otter will be another favorite fur for trimming handsome garments. It is very costly and yet not showy, and nothing could make it look common. Sable and ermine and fine chinchilla will be employed to as great an extent as possible. Swan's down is coming forward as trimming for evening wraps, and it will be placed on them in great round bands, lined and puffed up with cotton, so as to get the greatest possible effect. Swan's down is unapproachable for beauty and softness of effect, and it is a move in the right direction to employ it. The commoner furs will be seen everywhere and on everything. The shapes of the new fur garments are decidedly 1830 style.

I find by search among the importers that the fall woolens will be very light and in soft tints, but in nearly all of them, where they are made of one color, there will be two shades, so distinct that it will give them a changeable appearance. Changeable and opaline goods have not gone out yet by any means, as we shall see when fall opens. There are silks in many tints changing like the opals and pearls, and others with metallic luster, as though the fabric was made of silver, gold, copper and steel wires, all woven in together.

I saw one piece of stuff that made me stare. It was of a magnificent moire in pale blue, and over this was a series of satin stripes, and still above was a pattern thrown up in high relief in cream white, exactly as if there was a breadth of old venetian point stretched over it all. I had to feel it and turn it over to satisfy myself about it. This is 27 inches wide and costs $15 per yard. Two dress patterns have already been sold off this piece, and it is shown only to a select few. The gentleman who showed it told me that it would not be duplicated. Every season there are a few such pieces of goods received and sold to regular customers. No trimming save venetian point and pearls can be placed on such superb material without cheapening it. MATE LEROY.

Forgot He Was Married.

A story is told of a newly wedded couple who were guests at the Kennedy House, Chattanooga. The man registered like this: "August Buerger and wife." He remained one day, and when he stepped up to ask the amount of his bill Clerk Bayless said it would be $4.

"Four dollars!" Mr. Buerger said. "Why, your rates are rather high, aren't they?"

"No, I guess not. That's only $2 a day."

"But I have been here only one day."

"I know it, but it is $4," Mr. Bayless replied.

"How do you figure that?" the newly wedded man asked as he leaned over the counter with a frown of perplexity on his otherwise blissful features.

"Well, there's yourself, one day, $2; and there's your wife, one day, $2; two and two make four."

Then the fellow slammed his fist down on the register, while a crimson flush of blood suffused his cheeks.

"Well, I'll swear," he cried, "if I didn't forget all about her, I'll eat my hat. Here, take this V, keep the change and say nothing about it, please."

But the clerk didn't keep the change, so he didn't think there was any reason why he shouldn't tell the story, which he did, and thus it's told.—Hotel Reporter.

She Didn't Want Anything.

Two soft white arms go stealing around his neck, and a fair, peachlike cheek is rubbed against his own. Faintly whispered, "Dear papa" and "Darling papa," and "Don't you love your own little Ruth?" reach his startled ears as he vainly attempts to pull himself together and avoid the loving sugar coated attack which he well knows is coming.

"Well, daughter mine," he finally asks, "what is it? Not another new dress, surely?"

"Oh, no, papa darling."

"H-m-m, better still. It isn't the florist?"

"No, you dearest papa."

"H-m-m, is it a trip to Europe?"

"No, you loveliest of papas."

"Well, what in the name of goodness do you want, my girl?"

"Papa mine, I don't want anything—ah—that is—Tom wants me."—Truth.

Looking Out Nevertheless.

Johnny—Tommy, let's put our pennies together and buy ma a nice birthday present.

Tommy—All right.

"What shall it be?"

"I guess we had better get her a padded slipper."—Texas Siftings.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

WAR AND EDUCATION AND HOW REGARDED.

By Various Civilized Nations—More Spent for War Than for Intellectual Improvement.

There is no better proof, according to the Philadelphia Record, of the essential backwardness of even the most civilized nations of the world than is afforded by a comparison of the money they expend for the maintenance of physical supremacy as against the expenditure for mental improvement. Though it be assumed that [illegible] per capita expended by various governments for military and for educational purposes are set down as follows:

	Military.	Education.
France	$4 00	70
England	3 72	62
Holland	3 53	61
Saxony	2 38	33
Wurtemberg	2 38	33
Bavaria	2 33	40
Prussia	2 04	50
Russia	2 04	3
Denmark	1 76	94
Italy	1 52	36
Belgium	1 38	46
Austria	1 36	32
Switzerland	82	84
United States	30	$1.35

A Popular American Production.

The consumption of pies in New York city, says The Sun, is increasing steadily and largely, but the increase is not quite so great proportionately as the increase of the population. This is due to the fact that many of the foreign born residents are not pie consumers. They are beginning to take to pie, however, and the number of those who eat them is increasing. The native citizen's taste for pie appears to remain about the same, and the average American consumption about keeps pace with the increase of that portion of the population, but its distribution is changed somewhat. The home consumption is now less than formerly and the restaurant and lunchroom consumption more.

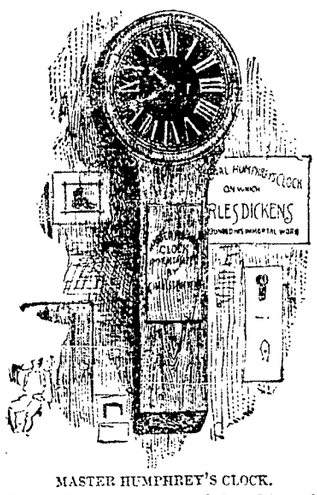
Forty years ago practically every family had a pie for dinner. They expected to have a pie as much as they expected to set the table. In the old days pies were made in only two sizes. Now they are made in five, but otherwise they remain practically unchanged. The head of a large pie baking establishment, of long experience in the business, says that the people still prefer the old fashioned pie, such as their mothers made.

A Souvenir of Dickens.

The Jewelers' Circular illustrates the famous "Master Humphrey's Clock," which is now ticking in a busy New York office, the property of Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, and remarks that it never was in London, in spite of Charles Dickens and the historians. Dickens made very free with his "stage properties." His account of Master Humphrey's clock is no more veracious than that of the "Seven Poor Travelers" who foregathered in Watts' charity that windy Christmas night.

In The Shoe and Leather Reporter of July 13, 1876, Mr. Bailey says:

"Until within a few weeks the original Master Humphrey's clock was to be seen over the door of the late Mr. Humphrey's shop in Barnard castle, Durham, England. Mr. Humphrey was a watch and clock maker and rendered great service to



MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

Charles Dickens in supplying him with materials for his 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and it was this worthy horologist's clock that suggested to him the quaint repository in which he chose to locate the manuscript of 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' Mr. Humphrey directed Mr. Dickens and his friend Phiz to the school which the two travelers rendred infamous by their pen and pencil. The schoolmaster had been very successful in obtaining pupils and had become very tyrannical and insulting to strangers. He received Mr. Dickens and his companion with extreme hauteur and did not so much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of penmaking during their interview. But Phiz, who did not venture to display his drawing materials openly, sketched him on his thumb nail and reproduced him so exactly that soon after the appearance of the novel the 'Dotheboys'' school fell off and was ultimately deserted."

How Zola Writes.

Zola is a slow writer and seems to have difficulty in the mere mechanical operation of penmanship. Four pages, not a line more or less, day after day without interruption for years and years, line upon line, this has been the secret of a literary production which has not its equal among living writers. Immense preparation had been necessary for the "Aute de l'Abbe Mouret." Mountains of notebooks were heaped up on his table, and for months Zola was plunged in the study of religious works. All the mystical part of the book and notably the passages having reference to the cultus of Mary were taken from the works of the Spanish Jesuits. The "Imitation of Jesus Christ" was largely drawn upon, many passages being copied almost word for word into the novel—much as in "Clarissa Harlowe" that other great realist, Richardson, copied whole passages from the Psalms. The description of life in a grand seminary was given him by a priest who had been dismissed from ecclesiastical service. The little church of Ste. Marie des Batignolles was regularly visited.—R. H. Sherrard.

Wages and Rent at Pullman.

So much has been said in the papers about the houses furnished employees by the Pullman company that the testimony of one of the men is of interest. He says: "For a sample I refer you to my place of staying (not living). I have four little rooms somewhat larger than Corbett's fist for the small sum of $12 per month; also 60 cents per month for water. But that is not all. If a man leaves his flat, he is liable to get a permanent furlough."

This same man, speaking of the reduction against which the strike was made, says, "I used to get every two weeks an average of $38; now I get from $12 to $15."

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235 and 237 Central Street.

-IF YOU WANT-

SUMMER SHIRT WAISTS

That Will Fit Well and Don't Cost Too High, Come to Us.

Everything from 50c. to $1.25, also a lot of Silk Waists that will wear well, at less than the material would cost, even at 49c. a yard, whether in remnants or off the piece.

Gauze Undervests, long or short sleeves, 17c. or 3 for half a dollar.

Jersey Undervests, 5, 8½, 10, 12½c. and upwards. 50 different styles to select from.

Boys' regular 25c. Shirts and Drawers in colors, 15c., 2 for 25c.

Remnants of Laces and Hamburgs way down; buy at your own price.

Belts and Belt Buckles all kinds.

Duck Suits and Storm Serge Suits, all our make, which means they fit.

Ladies' Midsummer Wrappers, 98c., $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75.

Lace Mitts, colors or black. The 25c. Mitt is sold by some concerns at 39c. and considered cheap. See us before you buy.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

NOTICE—Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings during July and August.

Last Tuesday morning we commenced our annual sale of remnants of Printed Silks, and we never had such a great sale in all our experience. Our department was enlarged to four times its usual space, and still it was crowded all day with delighted purchasers. The variety is still good, but the amount sold was something wonderful, something beyond our most sanguine expectation.

If you have not yet secured any of them, you ought to call at once and secure enough for Blouse Waists and Dresses.

There is not an old style in the whole lot, but all this season's productions. The designs and colorings are superb. They are matched up in convenient lengths for Blouse Waists and Dresses.

They are the regular one dollar quality. We are selling them at unusual low price of 49c. a yard.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

Something new at all times. Now they are using Black Brilliantine for bathing suits. The salesman at our Black Goods counter will explain the many advantages that Brillantine has over other material for that purpose.

25 inches wide, 25 cents.
38 inches wide, 50, 62, 75 cents.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

10 pieces of Navy Blue Storm Serge just come in. We got them from a manufacturer who wanted to sell the balance he had on hand. We got them under price, and shall give you the advantage of our buying. They are perfect in every way; all wool warp and filling, the color is perfectly fast, and will not crock. Sold everywhere at either 68 or 75c.; 50 inches wide; our price is 49c. a yard. We have many other grades of Storm Serges that we will be pleased to show you.

Palmer Street—Right Aisle.

At the Lining Counter you will find nothing but first-class and guaranteed goods. That is the secret of our selling more Linings than all of the other stores in the city. We have all of the new grades as soon as they appear in market.

Crinolines, Canvas, Lining Muslins, French Canvas, Buckram, Grassine, Hair Cloth, Haircloth Canvas, Cotton Haircloth. Lining Crinoline, Wigan, Fast Black Cambric, Rustling Percaline, Light Weight Surah Lining, Twilled Silesia, English Silesia, French Percaline, Surah Silesia, Watered Percale, Printed Silesia, Common Cambric, English Percale, Cotton Alpaca, Elastic Linings, Watered Percale, Silcet, Rustling Silkaline.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

Take no substitute for Hudnut's Richest Perfumes and Toilet Waters.

Merrimack Street, Right Aisle.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

THE BIG CLOTHING HOUSE

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL, MASS.

TREMENDOUS MARK-DOWN SALE

—OF—

Men's Fine Tailor-made Suits, Pants and Light Weight Coats.

—ALSO—

Men's Straw Hats and Soft and Stiff Felt Hats.

Excepitonal Values in Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs, Underwear, Hosiery, &c.

Special Bargains in Trunks and Bags for this Stock-taking Sale.

Boys' Pants and Waists a Specialty.

OPPO. CITY HALL.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER.

Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing July 1, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 2.30, 3.15, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.00, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.55, 8.55 p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.20, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 (11.21 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.55, 7.50 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25, (11.20 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p. m. SUNDAYS, [illegible]

For Salem and Lynn [illegible] a. m.

For Newburyport and Amesbury, [illegible] 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 5.20 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10 p. m.

For Somersworth, N.H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, and Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Fridays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

On and After July 1, 1894, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:—

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *8.50, ¶9.00, *9.40, 11.00 a. m.; 1.40, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5.40, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45, a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.53, §7.01, §7.18, §7.27, *7.48, *8.37, 9.03, *9.50, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.43, 3.03, ¶3.03, 4.00, 4.10, 4.33, ¶5.21, *5.43, 6.28, 7.47, 8.46 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.18, 7.27, 8.45, *9.16 a. m.; §4.25, §6.03 p. m.

For Woburn, §7.01, 7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 8.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m., §4.26, 6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 2.10, 4.15, 5.50 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞Time below is from Middlesex street station.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.00 and 5.47 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.57, 9.14, 9.45, 10.13 a.m.; 12.11, 12.57, 1.44, 2.59, 3.43, 5.42, 6.21, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.02, a.m. (to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.45a. m.; 12.11, 1.44, 5.42, §8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.44 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.56 and ¶8.43. p.m.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, ¶8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; ¶8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.59 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞§Daily for Montreal.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.
H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't. Lowell.

BOOT'S OLD 64 CIGAR.
For Sale by all Dealers.
For a Good Smoke Try One.
No. 9 Merrimack St. Henry Boot, Prop.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD,
Nos. 333 to 345 Central St
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc.,
Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

T. M. BOLTON,
139 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

J. M. KINGSBURY,
No. 373 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

FUSHER H. PEARSON,
Room 44 P. O. Block,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JAMES A. CAWLEY,
Moore Street
COAL.
Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

McCARTIN'S BAKERY,
107 Gorham Street.
Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry.
Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

CHARLES H. FROST,
78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch epairing.

W. A. LEW.
49 John Street.
Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed
Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

E. R. DONOVAN,
Office: 85 Gorham Street,
Constable and Auctioneer.

JOHN W. McEVOY,
137 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

FRANCIS W. QUA,
No. 3 Barristers' Hall,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

EDWARD CAWLEY,
Office, 121 Central Street.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal
of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

WM. F. COURTNEY,
13 and 14 Mansur Block
Attorney at Law.

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY
We will sell the material necessary for heating a house, AT COST FOR SPOT CASH.
-THE-
H. R. Barker M'fg Co.
Guarantees this.

What would Lowell be without the spindle? The city is known the world over as "The Spindle City."
The Spindle Cigar
is made by HENRY FLOOD: best smoke in town

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

HER LIFE TO SAVE HIM.

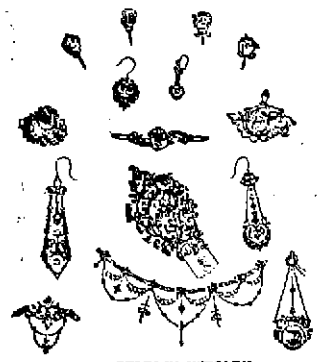
Mexican Story of Love and Adventure of an English Prospector.

He Incurred the Ill Will of the Girl's Lover Who Fired the Prairie Grass to Burn Him But Failing, Tried to Kill Him By Shooting—All's Well That End's Well.

NOVELTIES FOR MIDSUMMER.

The upper right figure shows a stylish blouse for a young girl, made of percale or silk. There is a double shirring across the bust. The sleeves are balloon, with a ruffle at the elbow. The figure in the center is an outing suit of striped novelty goods, with Eton jacket and dotted silk waist and a lace jabot tie. The large black Neapolitan hat is trimmed with black lace, black feathers, black silk bows and rhinestone buckle. At the left is a novel hat with wide side brim, trimmed with velvet ribbon, jet, black plumes and an upright bouquet of several kinds of flowers. The hat is black straw.

I have had the pleasure of looking at a large stock of jewelry that is to mark a new era in such matters for the coming fall and winter season. For several years very little jewelry has been worn on the street aside from a watch or a stickpin or so, and all earrings were tiny, generally being nothing but a diamond or pearl set on a screw. There was a reaction against display, most particularly for the young, but now a reaction against simplicity has set in, and before the next season is in full swing nobody will be seen without jewelry, and chiefest among those ornaments will be the earrings. There are a few of the leaders of all new styles who have already appeared with the long, fanciful "pendants" in vogue during our great grandmothers' time. Perhaps they had them, but in any case they have been seen, and they go so well with the styles now in favor of dress, coiffure and bonnets that we have been obliged to admire them as the right things in the right place. The earrings are long and made with slender chains, which support the lower portion, which is of intricate and extremely delicate workmanship. There are pearls, diamonds, turquoises and emeralds among the jewels set in these pendants. Some are of medium size, but more are over an inch long. I saw several pairs of hoop earrings, one pair set with diamonds that had a blue luster.



NEW STYLES IN JEWELRY.

The lace and corsage pins follow the shapes and designs of the earrings, and fine chains are a feature in the most of them. Arabesques of every imaginable convolution are seen, and these twist about the jewels in a very artistic and ingenious manner. Necklaces follow the same general plan and are remarkable for their lightness and grace. One very beautiful necklace had one line of turquoise cut square, broken at intervals of one inch by little rosettes of seven pearls each. These held a festoon of turquoises graded in size from that of a very small pea to a pinhead. From the pearl rosettes hung fine chains of gold, with three pearls strung like beads on all the festoons except that in front. That had a cross made of four small pearls and a center of turquoise. Between the festoons were pendants, the inner ones being of three small pearls and the outer ones of gold, with one pearl at the end of each. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and grace of this necklace.

The chatelaine watch pendants are made in the same artistic style, and many of the fobs are set with jasper, coral or carnelian, with an initial letter carved thereon to serve as a cachet. Stickpins are shown in the same general design, but are considerably smaller than before. On the other hand, some of the jeweled hairpins might be called combs, they are so large, but the work upon them is fine and light. Rings, too, are not so massive, but are more artistic and are wrought with almost microscopic fineness. Long slender gold chains to watches are now in as high favor as they were a hundred years ago, and she is a happy woman who can bring forth an heirloom of that kind. If she cannot do that, she can buy one, and if she makes believe "real hard" it will give her as much satisfaction as if her ancestress did wear it.

The new ideas put forth in neckwear and other accessories are pretty, though not very striking. Perhaps they are prettier by not being so remarkable. Anyhow they give a stamp and seal of dressiness to any costume, however plain. One was made of black moire ribbon 5 inches wide. The collar was 2½ inches wide and covered smoothly. In front there was a large soft bow set on the lower edge. The ends were 15 inches long, and on them was set an applique of duchess lace. A little more was placed upon the knot. This was extremely rich and elegant and suitable for an elderly lady. Another had a shaped dog collar of cherry velvet, with a large rhinestone buckle in front. At the front there fell a deep cross plait of white lace, and above that another piece was laid under and over a diamond shaped piece of black moire ribbon. This was intended more for evening wear than for the street. If, however, the collar were to be made of black, it would be suitable for any occasion. A bow of black moire 6 inches wide was tied into a very tight knot and had short ends cut diagonally. These were hemmed and had borders of white lace put on straight, but made considerably wider at the bottom than at the top. This can be worn with anything at any time. Another very graceful and pretty design had a plain bow and cravat ends. These ends were bordered with a ruffle of medium width valenciennes lace, and the lace was carried up the front in a jabot fold, and there it turned over the bow in the center. The ribbon was lilac moire, but any other color could be substituted.

Such fanciful additions as these can be worn on warm summer days, and with a print or lawn or other light dress they look dainty and summerlike. There really is no limit to the variety of neckwear, and they are so easy to make, these little trifles. A plain dress made of salmon colored barege, with no trimming whatever, was made to look very festive by a pastiche yoke of point de Paris lace, with full caps of the same, and a high collar of white moire. These were two stole ends of white silk muslin bordered by the same lace, but narrowed down by rolling the upper edge. There was a grass green belt of moire tied in a bow, with long ends in the back. Probably an hour's work would make this addition to a plain gown. Some of the best effects are achieved by the simplest means.

NEW STYLES IN NECKWEAR.

A very handsome new summer dress intended for garden parties was of pale gray-blue taffeta in two shades of the same color and overthrown with swivel woven polka dots of bluish white. Around the bottom there was a double ruffled flounce 8 inches deep, and this was bordered with a blue and white passementerie. The blue was two shades darker than the darker shade in the skirt. There was a border of white Russian lace set under the passementerie on the skirt to represent a diagonal drapery. The waist was a plain Spencer, with a fichu of the taffeta bordered with lace and passementerie. The fichu ended in the back with a wide sash trimmed all around to match the rest of the dress. It made an elegant costume. At the throat was a small bow, with lace at the ends.

These colored passementeries are new and are very effective if not very durable trimming, and it is thought they will be popular in the early fall for light woolens and silks. They are made so as to stand up in high relief and are showy. We have had them in black, but never in colors before. I saw some woven in Parisian colors, and they are really beautiful. The colors will match those of the coming season, and if one can form an opinion from that scrap of information there will be much Persian coloring seen.

I saw a few samples of cloaklaps for fall and winter, and among them were slight different variations on heavy Persian brocade in small designs. The colors were soft and blended with all the taste and skill of the Persians. There were also some very splendid black molasse weave for rich black mantles, and the material is too thick and unyielding for anything but long wraps. There is a new backet weave for long cloaks which is nearly half an inch thick, though light and soft. This is shown in black, blue and very dark gray and brown.

It is rather early just yet to predict what will be worn next winter, but the samples are here, and even some of the goods. It seems queer, but ever since last summer men and women have been working on the things we are to wear next winter.

There is one innovation now ready to be [illegible] historic shape, and stand up in the back full and stiff, and are cut away in front to show the vest inside. Some of them have self sleeves, but others have sleeves to

GARDEN PARTY DRESSES.

match the gown worn with them. The mohair coat is worn with the richest silks. Heretofore mohair was considered a pretty and showy but rather inferior goods and was known under the name of alpaca, but now coats are made of it.

I was told by a furrier that the furs worn last season were not a circumstance beside the amount of fur that the coming season will require for trimmings and garments. The seal will be so very expensive that everybody will want nothing else, but in place of sealskin there will be a large amount of red fox worn. This will be used as lining to fly open wraps and mantles. It is very expensive and not particularly handsome, but it will be stylish. The preference will be, it is thought, for the hairy furs, and, aside from sealskin, they will be worn on everything. Beaver will be plucked so as to leave here and there a long hair, so that it will show white against the rest of the fur. "Pointed beaver" they call this, and it is very rich and handsome. Sea otter will be another favorite fur for trimming handsome garments. It is very costly and yet not showy, and nothing could make it look common. Sable and ermine and fine chinchilla will be employed to as great an extent as possible. Swan's down is coming forward as trimming for evening wraps, and it will be placed on them in great round bands, lined and puffed up with cotton, so as to get the greatest possible effect. Swan's down is unapproachable for beauty and softness of effect, and it is a move in the right direction to employ it. The commoner furs will be seen everywhere and on everything. The shapes of the new fur garments are decidedly 1830 style.

I find by search among the importers that the fall woolens will be very light and in soft tints, but in nearly all of them, where they are made of one color, there will be two shades, so distinct that it will give them a changeable appearance. Changeable and opaline goods have not gone out yet by any means, as we shall see when fall opens. There are silks in many tints changing like the opals and pearls, and others with metallic luster, as though the fabric was made of silver, gold, copper and steel wires, all woven in together.

I saw one piece of stuff that made me stare. It was of a magnificent moire in pale blue, and over this was a series of satin stripes, and still above was a pattern thrown up in high relief in cream white, exactly as if there was a breadth of old venetian point stretched over it all. I had to feel it and turn it over to satisfy myself about it. This is 27 inches wide and costs $15 per yard. Two dress patterns have already been sold off this piece, and it is shown only to a select few. The gentleman who showed it told me that it would not be duplicated. Every season there are a few such pieces of goods received and sold to regular customers. No trimming save venetian point and pearls can be placed on such superb material without cheapening it. MATE LEROY.

Forgot He Was Married.

A story is told of a newly wedded couple who were guests at the Kennedy House, Chattanooga. The man registered like this. "August Buerger and wife." He remained one day, and when he stepped up to ask the amount of his bill Clerk Bayless said it would be $4.

"Four dollars!" Mr. Buerger said. "Why, your rates are rather high, aren't they?"

"No, I guess not. That's only $2 a day."

"But I have been here only one day."

"I know it, but it is $4," Mr. Bayless replied.

"How do you figure that?" the newly wedded man asked as he leaned over the counter with a frown of perplexity on his otherwise blissful features.

"Well, there's yourself, one day, $2; and there's your wife, one day, $2; two and two make four."

Then the fellow slammed his fist down on the register, while a crimson flush of blood suffused his cheeks.

"Well, I'll swear," he cried, "if I didn't forget all about her, I'll eat my hat. Here, take this V, keep the change and say nothing about it, please."

But the clerk didn't keep the change, so he didn't think there was any reason why he shouldn't tell the story, which he did, and thus it's told.—Hotel Reporter.

She Didn't Want Anything.

Two soft white arms go stealing around his neck, and a fair, peachlike cheek is rubbed against his own. Faintly whispered, "Dear papa" and "Darling papa," and "Don't you love your own little Ruth?" reach his startled ears as he vainly attempts to pull himself together and avoid the loving sugar coated attack which he well knows is coming.

"Well, daughter mine," he finally asks, "what is it? Not another new dress, surely?"

"Oh, no, papa darling."

"H-m-m, better still. It isn't the florist?"

"No, you dearest papa."

"H-m-m, is it a trip to Europe?"

"No, you loveliest of papas."

"Well, what in the name of goodness do you want, my girl?"

"Papa mine, I don't want anything—ah—that is—Tom wants me."—Truth.

Looking Out Nevertheless.

Johnny Tommy, let's put our pennies together and buy ma a nice birthday present.

Tommy All right.

"What shall it be?"

"I guess we had better get her a padded slipper."—Texas Siftings.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

WAR AND EDUCATION AND HOW REGARDED.

By Various Civilized Nations—More Spent for War Than for Intellectual Improvement.

There is no better proof, according to the Philadelphia Record, of the essential barbarism of even the most civilized nations of the world than is afforded by a comparison of the money they expend for the maintenance of physical supremacy as against the expenditure for mental improvement. Though it be assumed that [illegible] per capita expended by various governments for military and for educational purposes are set down as follows:

	Military.	Education.
France	$4 00	70
England	3 72	62
Holland	3 53	94
Saxony	2 85	68
Wurtemberg	2 38	63
Bavaria	2 38	27
Prussia	2 04	60
Russia	2 04	3
Denmark	1 76	94
Italy	1 52	36
Belgium	1 38	46
Austria	1 20	32
Switzerland	92	84
United States	30	$1.35

A Popular American Production.

The consumption of pies in New York city, says The Sun, is increasing steadily and largely, but the increase is not quite so great proportionately as the increase of the population. This is due to the fact that many of the foreign born residents are not pie consumers. They are beginning to take to pie, however, and the number of those who eat them is increasing. The native citizen's taste for pie appears to remain about the same, and the average American consumption about keeps pace with the increase of that portion of the population, but its distribution is changed somewhat. The home consumption is now less than formerly and the restaurant and lunchroom consumption more.

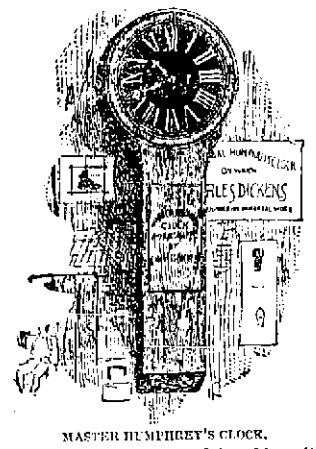
Forty years ago practically every family had a pie for dinner. They expected to have a pie as much as they expected to set the table. In the old days pies were made in only two sizes. Now they are made in five, but otherwise they remain practically unchanged. The head of a large pie baking establishment, of long experience in the business, says that the people still prefer the old fashioned pie, such as their mothers made.

A Souvenir of Dickens.

The Jewelers' Circular illustrates the famous "Master Humphrey's Clock," which is now ticking in a busy New York office, the property of Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, and remarks that it never was in London, in spite of Charles Dickens and the historians. Dickens made very free with his "stage properties." His account of Master Humphrey's clock is no more veracious than that of the "Seven Poor Travelers" who foregathered in Watts' charity that windy Christmas night.

In The Shoe and Leather Reporter of July 13, 1876, Mr. Bailey says:

"Until within a few weeks the original Master Humphrey's clock was to be seen over the door of the late Mr. Humphrey's shop in Barnard castle, Durham, England. Mr. Humphrey was a watch and clock maker and rendered great service to



MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

Charles Dickens in supplying him with materials for his 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and it was this worthy horologist's clock that suggested to him the quaint repository in which he chose to locate the manuscript of 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' Mr. Humphrey directed Mr. Dickens and his friend Phiz to the school which the two travelers rendered infamous by their pen and pencil. The schoolmaster had been very successful in obtaining pupils and had become very tyrannical and insulting to strangers. He received Mr. Dickens and his companion with extreme hauteur and did not so much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of penmaking during their interview. But Phiz, who did not venture to display his drawing materials openly, sketched him on his thumb nail and reproduced him so exactly that soon after the appearance of the novel the 'Dotheboys' school fell off and was ultimately deserted."

How Zola Writes.

Zola is a slow writer and seems to have difficulty in the mere mechanical operation of penmanship. Four pages, not a line more or less, day after day without interruption for years and years, line upon line, this has been the secret of a literary production which has not its equal among living writers. Immense preparation had been necessary for the "Ante de l'Abbe Mouret." Mountains of notebooks were heaped up on his table, and for months Zola was plunged in the study of religious works. All the mystical part of the book and notably the passages having reference to the cultus of Mary were taken from the works of the Spanish Jesuits. The "Imitation of Jesus Christ" was largely drawn upon, many passages being copied almost word for word into the novel—much as in "Clarissa Harlowe" that other great realist, Richardson, copied whole passages from the Psalms. The description of life in a grand seminary was given him by a priest who had been dismissed from ecclesiastical service. The little church of Ste. Marie des Batignolles was regularly visited.—R. H. Sherrard.

Wages and Rent at Pullman.

So much has been said in the papers about the houses furnished employees by the Pullman company that the testimony of one of the men is of interest. He says: "For a sample I refer you to my place of staying (not living). I have four little rooms somewhat larger than Corbett's fist for the small sum of $12 per month; also 60 cents per month for water. But that is not all. If a man leaves his flat, he is liable to get a permanent furlough."

This same man, speaking of the reduction against which the strike was made, says, "I used to get every two weeks an average of $38; now I get from $10 to $18."

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235 and 237 Central Street.

-IF YOU WANT-

SUMMER SHIRT WAISTS

That Will Fit Well and Don't Cost Too High, Come to Us.

Everything from 50c. to $1.25, also a lot of Silk Waists that will wear well, at less than the material would cost, even at 49c. a yard, whether in remnants or off the piece.

Gauze Undervests, long or short sleeves, 17c. or 3 for half a dollar.

Jersey Undervests, 5, 8½, 10, 12½c. and upwards. 50 different styles to select from.

Boys' regular 25c. Shirts and Drawers in colors, 15c., 2 for 25c.

Remnants of Laces and Hamburgs way down; buy at your own price.

Belts and Belt Buckles all kinds.

Duck Suits and Storm Serge Suits, all our make, which means they fit.

Ladies' Midsummer Wrappers, 98c., $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75.

Lace Mitts, colors or black. The 25c. Mitt is sold by some concerns at 39c. and considered cheap. See us before you buy.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

NOTICE—Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings during July and August.

Last Tuesday morning we commenced our annual sale of remnants of Printed Silks, and we never had such a great sale in all our experience. Our department was enlarged to four times its usual space, and still it was crowded all day with delighted purchasers. The variety is still good, but the amount sold was something wonderful, something beyond our most sanguine expectation.

If you have not yet secured any of them, you ought to call at once and secure enough for Blouse Waists and Dresses.

There is not an old style in the whole lot, but all this season's productions. The designs and colorings are superb. They are matched up in convenient lengths for Blouse Waists and Dresses.

They are the regular one dollar quality. We are selling them at unusual low price of 49c. a yard.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

Something new at all times. Now they are using Black Brilliantine for bathing suits. The salesman at our Black Goods counter will explain the many advantages that Brilliantine has over other material for that purpose.

25 inches wide, 25 cents.
38 inches wide, 50, 62, 75 cents.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

10 pieces of Navy Blue Storm Serge just come in. We got them from a manufacturer who wanted to sell the balance he had on hand. We got them under price, and shall give you the advantage of our buying. They are perfect in every way; all wool warp and filling, the color is perfectly fast, and will not crock. Sold everywhere at either 68 or 75c.; 50 inches wide; our price is 49c. a yard. We have many other grades of Storm Serges that we will be pleased to show you.

Palmer Street—Right Aisle.

At the Lining Counter you will find nothing but first-class and guaranteed goods. That is the secret of our selling more Linings than all of the other stores in the city. We have all of the new grades as soon as they appear in market.

Crinolines, Canvas, Lining Muslins, French Canvas, Buckram, Grassine, Hair Cloth, Haircloth Canvas, Cotton Haircloth, Lining Crinoline, Wigan, Fast Black Cambric, Rustling Percaline, Light Weight Surah Lining, Twilled Silesia, English Silesia, French Percaline, Surah Silesia, Watered Percale, Printed Silesia, Common Cambric, English Percale, Cotton Alpaca, Elastic Linings, Watered Percale, Sileet, Rustling Silkaline.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

Take no substitute for Hudnut's Richest Perfumes and Toilet Waters.

Merrimack Street, Right Aisle.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING CO. ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL MASS.

THE BIG CLOTHING HOUSE

TREMENDOUS MARK-DOWN SALE

—OF—

Men's Fine Tailor-made Suits, Pants and Light Weight Coats.

—ALSO—

Men's Straw Hats and Soft and Stiff Felt Hats.

Excepitonal Values in Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs, Underwear, Hosiery, &c.

Special Bargains in Trunks and Bags for this Stock-taking Sale.

Boys' Pants and Waists a Specialty.

OPPO. CITY HALL.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER.

Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing July 1, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.50, 3.15, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.20, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 8.30, 9.10.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.50, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 (11.21 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.15, 2.50, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25, (11.26 Wednesdays and Saturdays) p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., [illegible] p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, [illegible] a. m.

For Newburyport and Amesbury, [illegible], 2.50, 3.40, 4.10, 6.20 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10 p. m.

For Somersworth, N.H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 6.35 p.m.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 6.35 p. m.

For Bangor, Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 6.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, and Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 6.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Fridays at 12.15 p. m.

Southern Division.

On and After July 1, 1894, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:—

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *8.50, ¶9.00, *9.40, 11.00 a. m.; 1.40, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5.40, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45, a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.53, §7.01, §7.18, §7.27, *7.48, *8.37, 9.03, *9.50, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., ¶12.17, 1.43, 3.03, ¶3.03, 4.00, 4.10, 4.33, ¶5.21, *5.43, 6.28, 7.47, 8.46 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.18, 7.27, § 40, ¶9.16 a. m.; §4.25, §6.03 p. m.

For Woburn, §7.01, 7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 8.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m., §4.25, 6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 2.10, 4.15, 5.50 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞Time below is from Middlesex street station.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.00 and 5.47 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.51, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.57, 9.14, 9.45, 10.13 a. m.; 12.12, 12.57, 1.41, 9.59, 3.43, 5.42, 6.21, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.52 a.m. (to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction 9.45a. m.; 12.11, 1.44, 5.42, §8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.44 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River 9.45 a.m.; 1.26 and 18.43, p.m.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, 18.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; 18.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.59 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞§Daily for Montreal.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.
H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't. Lowell.

BOOT'S OLD 64 CIGAR, For Sale by all Dealers,
For a Good Smoke Try One.
No. 9 Merrimack St. Henry Boot, Prop.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 333 to 345 Central St
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc.,
Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

T. M. BOLTON, 139 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 373 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street
COAL.
Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street.
Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry.
Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

W. A. LEW. 49 John Street.
Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed
Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street,
Constable and Auctioneer.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 137 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 2 Barristers' Hall,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 131 Central Street.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal
of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Mansur Block
Attorney at Law.

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

We will sell the material necessary for heating a house, AT COST FOR SPOT CASH.

-THE-

H. R. Barker M'fg Co.

Guarantees this.

What would Lowell be without the spindle? The city is known the world over as "The Spindle City."

The Spindle Cigar

is made by HENRY FLOOD; best smoke in town

ROUGH JOKES AND TRICKS.

The Pain Inflicting Sports Indulged In at the Homestead Mills.

Amid all this toil and danger the men are not without their sports. It is, let us suppose, 2 o'clock in the morning, and word has come to the rolling mills that the converting mill has broken down and there will be no more steel for at least three hours. The waiters dispose themselves for rest or play as best they can. There is one who has fallen asleep in spite of his efforts to keep awake. He sleeps the sleep of utter exhaustion. But creeping stealthily toward him is a fellow workman, who has in his hand a piece of freshly burnt limestone and a cup of water. He places the limestone on the sleeper's leg and pours the water on it. The limestone begins to steam and smoke.

Still the man sleeps on. But in a moment he stirs uneasily, then springs to his feet, with a cry of pain, only to be greeted with a howl of laughter from a crowd of men who have been watching the fun (?). He holds the hot burned cloth of his trousers away from his blistered skin. Any wrath he may have he best keep to himself, for a man caught sleeping is a fair mark for any joke, however hard. I have seen a shovelful of hot sand put on a man's shoe. No matter how quickly the victim may get his shoe off, in such a case, he has a large blister to warn him not to sleep again.

There is Bill, the greatest wag in the mill, asleep in plain sight on a pile of sand. In Bill this looks suspicious, but a confiding fellow workman, Jim, who has been his victim in many a trick, steals up to "bug" him, as this burning a man with a bit of lime is called. Bill, however, has a flexible, jointed iron pipe concealed in the sand and a confederate at the valve. As Jim is about to place the lime, Bill raises his arm with the nozzle under it. His confederate turns the valve, and a stream of water 1½ inches in diameter, driven with a force of 500 pounds to the square inch, strikes Jim squarely in the chest, lifting him clear from the ground. Bill coolly keeps the nozzle pointed at him and completely drenches him, though he crawls away as fast as he can.

A man lying down, but obviously wide awake, is approached secretly from behind by another, who places a hot brick convenient to his grasp. Then the second, with much parade, makes an attempt to "bug" him. The lounger springs to his feet, with a cry of rage, and looking about for something to throw seizes the hot brick and gets a blistered hand to nurse along with his wrath.

Such are their jokes. Rough? Rather, but then the work is rough too!—McClure's Magazine.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," said the disinterested friend, "to put a high grade bicycle in your window and mark it $50 or some such price? You'd lose some money on it, of course, but look at the advertising you would get out of it. Everybody in town would be talking of it inside of 24 hours, and your store would get a reputation for selling good machines cheap that would be worth hundreds of dollars to you."

"That's not a bad scheme," said the bicycle dealer after thinking it over. "John," he called out to one of the boys, "put that Greased Lightning racer in the front window and mark it $50."

"But"——

"Never mind arguing the matter. I know what I'm doing."

The Greased Lightning racer was placed conspicuously in the show window, with the $50 tag appended.

"Now," said the disinterested friend, "that looks something like it. You'll see a crowd gathering there inside of five minutes. By the way, you may just consider that machine sold. I'll take it off your hands. But I'm no hog," he added cheerfully. "I'll let it stay in your window till tomorrow morning."

"Wasn't that rather an unhandsome trick?" asked the silent partner after the disinterested friend had gone away.

"No," reflected the dealer. "That machine has been on hand two years, but it's worth every cent of $47.50."—Chicago Tribune.

In Boston Society.

It happened at a reception late in the season. The woman poet (a writer for fun) of society, who looks like a duchess of the divinely tall, and, in her youth, most divinely fair type, met the dowager poet of the literary set, who is a writer by profession and a society woman for the profit of it. Said the tall lady to the dumpy lady, "I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. ——, which I haven't done before this season by reason of illness." "Why, I'm surprised to hear you say you are glad to see me,'" said No. 2, fixing the other's lorgnette with her steely eyes. "I heard only last week that you said you thought me the greatest literary fraud of the century." The duchess of the hyphenated name was not nonplused, not she. She merely smiled sweetly and said, "Dear me, isn't it strange that any one who does me the honor to repeat any of my little sayings should not repeat the civil ones?" Then turning about to an acquaintance she added, perfectly audibly to the dumpy dowager, whose bad taste had precipitated the affair: "Who do you suppose told her? I've said it to more than a hundred people."—Boston Gazette.

An Honor Withheld.

The young German kaiser while reviewing the troops at Strasburg was struck by the martial bearing of a veteran. He noticed with surprise that the medal commemorative of service in the Franco-Prussian war was absent from his breast, and that he wore only what appeared to be a carnation in his buttonhole. The kaiser had the soldier summoned and interrogated him:

"Where and with whom did you serve?"

"With the Emperor Napoleon," was the calm reply.

The kaiser was disconcerted for a moment. He looked at the carnation and recognized the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Then he recovered himself.

"Ah," he said, smiling, "that is the one decoration I have thus far been unable to obtain."—Youth's Companion.

Made It Worse.

Mrs. de Bride was entertaining callers. After they left she remarked to her husband:

"I hope they didn't see my walking shoes lying there. They would think me very untidy if they did."

"Oh, if they saw them, they probably thought they were mine," answered her husband in a consoling tone. And she hasn't spoken to him since.—Detroit Free Press.

Very Young.

Minnie—Young Sapley tried to kiss me last night.

Mamie—Did he succeed?

Minnie—No. He didn't know how.—Indianapolis Journal.

Well Protected.

He had just folded up and pocketed the very voluminous railway ticket that seems to be so necessary an evil of travel.

"I hope you'll find everything comfortable," said the porter. "I'm afraid it's a little chilly in here."

"No danger about me," was the answer. "When I get tired of reading my railroad ticket, I can wrap myself up in it and go to sleep."—Washington Star.

MODERN WOUND TREATMENT.

Antiseptics, the Bacteriological Laboratory and Micro-organic Life.

The dawn of the new treatment, which was ultimately destined to revolutionize the whole subject of wound treatment and to lead surgeons into paths of surgical enterprise which could never have been dreamed of in earlier times, was at hand. Sir (then Mr.) Joseph Lister was at work in his laboratory in Glasgow and in the wards of the Royal infirmary at Glasgow. He had conceived the idea of the antiseptic treatment of wounds, and was engaged in elaborating out of it a system which ever since has borne his name. In brief, his method was based upon the assumption that the inflammatory changes occurring in a wound, associated with suppuration, were due to microbic infection. Here was a conviction which seemed to convey with it an infinity of problems, the solution of which might redound to the credit of surgery.

What a vast field for speculation and experiment it seemed to open out! The fact, however, having been established by incontrovertible scientific evidence that it was the presence of pathogenic germs in a wound which caused all those deplorable complications of blood poisoning, of which surgeons had so much to complain, the next step in the evolution of the system was comparatively an easy one. Naturally the only thing to be done was to insure the exclusion of all possible sources of infection. In order to arrive at this desirable condition of things, the most elaborate measures were deemed to be necessary. Evidently at the first a very serious view was taken of the wickedness of germs and of their illimitable power to propagate evil.

The science of bacteriology could hardly then be said to be in existence, and all micro-organisms consequently were able to do very much as they pleased. But "their time came" when bacteriology blossomed into a science. The bacteriological laboratory is now the "Scotland yard" of micro-organic life. There is so much known of the evil ways of germs that whenever an indefinable disease breaks out or an epidemic occurs the first questions asked are. What and where is the germ? Then the bacteriologist, like the detective sent down from the central police office, proceeds to take up the case, and it is seldom now that he fails to drag the evildoer before the tribunal of science and furnish proofs by which the micro-organism can be afterward identified.—Nineteenth Century.

MAN'S PROUD PRIVILEGE.

He Is the Only Living Creature That Can Scratch Its Own Back.

The act of back scratching has never been thought to possess a particularly deep signification. It has been reserved for M. Mouton, a French scientific man, to lay bare its true inwardness. To the simple fact that on a recent occasion the hot water apparatus of the Mouton menage was out of order the world owes one of the most momentous discoveries. One morning, as M. Mouton stepped into the philosophic bathing tub, the unwonted chill of the water sent a cold current through his spine. The great man shivered. Scientifically expressed, he was simply suffering from cutaneous irritation in the dorsal region. In a moment he had raised his hand, scratched the spot, and found—the true apocalypse of his own and his brothers' greatness, for an inspiration had flashed through his brain. "Eureka!" thought he. "Surely no living creature but man is endowed with the power of scratching his own back!" And as he stepped out of the tub he decided that there was really something in it.

M. Mouton's first care was to give the subject of his investigations a decent name, and it is in connection with the "the digito-dorsal movement" that he will be known to posterity. To avoid the possible imputation of puffing his fellow man up with vain conceits, he proceeded to the monkey house of the Jardin des Plantes and tickled the backs of the inmates for a whole fortnight. He was immensely comforted to find that the animals were utterly unable to relieve themselves of dorsal irritation in the exalted manner of M. Mouton himself, but had in every case to adopt the ignominious expedient of calling in a companion's help. Further investigation among other animals thoroughly convinced M. Mouton that the digito-dorsal movement is indeed the exclusive and ought therefore to be the most cherished possession of man. The tool using capabilities of man have hitherto been considered good, if inconclusive, evidence to show that there is no blood relationship between him and any other creature. But now that M. Mouton has disclosed the true import of back scratching an evolution ridden world will doubtless hold its head proudly erect and look even the highest anthropoid ape boldly in the face.—Westminster Gazette.

Knots and Miles.

One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about 87 per cent of a knot, the latter being, approximately, 6,082 feet in length, while the statute mile measures 5,280 feet. Three and one-half miles are equal, within a small fraction, to three knots. The result of this difference, of course, is that the speed of a vessel in miles per hour is always considerably larger than when stated in knots, and the confusion of the terms sometimes gives rise to rather remarkable claims of speed performance. When a 20 knot ship, for example, is lightly mentioned, it should be remembered that this really means a little over 23 miles; similarly, with higher figures, which are often glibly enough stated, the difference between the terms is worth bearing in mind. It will help to guard against the forming of ridiculous estimates of a vessel's capabilities.—Cassier's Magazine.

What Could Do It.

To wound a man's pride has often been found to be the most dangerous thing one can do.

The feeling of the greater part of humanity is represented by the reply of a Gascon officer to Charles VII when asked if anything could detach him from the king's service.

"No, sire—not even the offer of three kingdoms like yours; but, yes, sire—one single affront."—Youth's Companion.

Nonsuit in England is a renunciation by the plaintiff of his suit, generally upon the discovery of some error or defect when the matter is so far advanced that the jury is ready at the bar to deliver a verdict. The plaintiff is to pay all costs.

Scarlatti, one of the greatest musicians of his day, is now known only by the "Cat Fugue," a comical imitation of the mewing of cats.

No Chance For Him.

Willis—That young man who plays the cornet is sick.

Wallace—Do you think he will recover?

"I'm afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door."—Life.

No Danger.

"Aren't you afraid of the cholera?"

"Indeed, no. It could never get into our club, we are so exclusive."—Club.

Woman's Ways.

Fair women's ways are all so strange,
They keep us ever guessing;
Our reasonings they disarrange
In manners most distressing,
For when we think they love us more
Than mortal e'er was loved before—
Love us and love us only—
They on some new found treasure smile
And gayly follow it the while
They leave us sad and lonely.

We bitter grow and straightway vow
To woo again, no, never!
No more their kind we shall allow
Love's tender cords to sever.
We cease to sigh for them, and then
They sigh and coo soft words again
As sweet as meads of clover,
And when their eyes upon us dwell
We pardon everything and tell
The same old story over.
—Chicago Journal.

HIS LUCKY UNCLE.

How He Struck It Rich Once by Paying $2 a Bushel For 40 Cent Corn.

"My uncle over in the town of Wayne I s'pose was the luckiest man that ever lived," said Packy Griswold to the Fairchild House circle. "Everything he touched brought money to his till, but the luckiest strike he ever made was when John Rogers' barn burned down with a hundred bushels of corn in it that my uncle had just paid Rogers $2 a bushel for, although the biggest and hardest kind of yaller corn was only worth 40 cents, the best any one could do.

"John Rogers had owed my uncle a couple hundred dollars for five years and more, but that didn't bother John any, as he was one of those chaps who believe thoroughly in letting the other fellow walk. One day my uncle drove over to John's to see if he couldn't squeeze a little something out of him.

"'How're you fixed, John?' said my uncle.

"'Expected to have 50 today, sure,' said John, with a twinkle in his eye, 'but when I went over to Bill Mason's to borrow it Bill wouldn't let me have it. Beats the horses how some people don't seem to have confidence nowadays.'

"But after my uncle and John had talked awhile John said:

"'Tell you what I'll do, Abner,' said John. 'I've got a hundred bushels o' corn in the barn yonder. S'pose'n you take the corn, and I'll be willin to call me and you square.'

"My uncle figured up that, with corn at 40 cents, $2 a bushel was a tolerable high figure to pay for it, but he thought he might better pay $2 a bushel for corn and get $40 than to never get anything, so he said he'd take the corn and call it square. He went to the barn after awhile. There was the corn. But he came back to John feeling ugly.

"'Here, John,' said he, 'that's nothing but little runty popcorn.'

"'Yes,' said John, grinning, 'it's popcorn. I didn't think to say popcorn.'

"'Why,' said my uncle, 'popcorn ain't worth nothin at all in the market!'

"'Yes,' said John. 'That's about the figure for popcorn.'

"My uncle was pretty mad, I tell you, and John Rogers was pretty near tickled to death, and so he said to my uncle:

"'There's goin to be a circus in town tomorrow. Better stay all night with us, and I'll take you to the show.'

"My uncle thought he'd get that much out of John anyhow, so he staid. The circus was expected along by John's house early in the morning on its way to town, and when John's boys got up to see it go by they woke their father and my uncle with their yells.

"'Jumpin jacksnipes, pop!' they hollered. 'The back yard's got 20 foot o' snow in it!'

"John and my uncle piled out, for it was early in September, and there hadn't been any sign of snow. But there was the back yard, with a white drift clear across it and banked 20 feet high. Then it struck everybody all of a sudden that the barn was gone. You bet, it was gone! It had burned down some time during the night and stuffed my uncle jamful of luck. Every blamed kernal of that runty little popcorn had popped out like a snapdragon, and there it was, banked up where the barn had been, like a staring big snowdrift! Pop out a bushel of popcorn, and it will swell to five bushels, so here my uncle had 500 bushels of the choicest kind of popcorn on his hands. While they were all gawping at this curious transformation, along came the circus. The proprietor was in his wagon at the head of the procession.

"'Thunder' said he, stopping to take a look at the big heap of popcorn. 'That'll sell like hot cakes with my show. How much do you want for it?'

"'Two dollars a bushel,' said my uncle.

"'Cheap enough!' said the circus man, and he bought the whole 500 bushels and planked down in my uncle's hands 10 nice, fat $100 bills.

"Lucky? I should say he was. But, do you know, John Rogers never spoke to him from that time until his dying day."—New York Sun.

The Phenix.

The ancient tradition concerning the phenix has introduced into nearly every language the habit of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. According to ancient writers, the phenix was a bird of great beauty about the size of an eagle. A shining and most beautiful crest adorned its head, its plumage contained nearly every tint of the rainbow, and its eyes sparkled like diamonds. Only one of these birds could live at a time, but its existence covered a period of 500 or 600 years. When its life drew to a close, the bird built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices, with its wings fanned the pile into a flame and therein consumed itself. From its ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phenix was formed, having all the vigor of youth. The first care of the new phenix was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. For that purpose it made a ball of myrrh, frankincense and other fragrant things. At Heliopolis, a city in lower Egypt, there was a magnificent temple dedicated to the sun. To this temple the phenix would carry the fragrant ball and burn it on the altar of the sun as a sacrifice. The priests then examined the register and found that exactly 500 years, or exactly 600 years, had elapsed since that same ceremony had taken place.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Malaria.

Did you ever hear of the Roman cure for malaria? I would advise a judicious preparation for anathema maranatha when about to administer the dose. It will give the marble Venus a wry face, but is claimed to have cured stubborn cases. Allow a pint of water to a lemon—four lemons make sufficient for many a dose. Cut up the lemons, rind, pulp and all, in the water and boil until the whole is reduced to a pint. A teaspoonful before each meal is the dose.—Philadelphia Record.

The Difference.

"Will you be mine, darling?" he asked after a year's courting.

"No, it can never be," was her reply.

"Then why have you let me hope so long?" he said as [illegible] toward the door.

"Because I intend never to belong to any man. You can be mine if you like."

He saw the difference and stopped. Years afterward he saw the difference still more clearly.—London Tit-Bits.

CRAZY OVER WITCHES.

REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES OF POOR GEORGE KELLAR.

His Superstitions Made Him Daft — Destroyed His Property to Drive Away the Evil Influence and Did Many Other Odd and Foolish Things.

Five years ago George Kellar and his family, consisting of a wife and three daughters, came to this country from Franklin county, Pa., and settled on a farm at Eden's Mill, about three miles from this place. Mr. Kellar was a good gardener and brought with him great thrift. He brought with him a taint of superstition and a mild belief in witchcraft. It was only a spark at first, but a little hard luck has fanned it into a raging insanity.

Shortly after Kellar located in his new home he employed a young man to work on the farm. In the course of time love sprang up between this young man and one of the girls, but about the time they were to be married he sickened and died of some peculiar malady which baffled the physicians. The girl was driven almost crazy by the shock, and for awhile had to be carefully watched to prevent her doing violence to herself. Her grief was so great that she was soon brought down to what all believed to be her deathbed. About this time the old man Kellar began to imagine all sorts of things. He refused to allow the physician who attended the young man to enter the house. After trying two or three others in a very unsatisfactory way he discarded them all and sent to his old home in Franklin county for a witch doctor. In a few days the doctor came and remained two or three weeks with the patient, during which time she recovered rapidly and was able to walk about when he left. This healing of his bewitched daughter increased the old man's belief that some evil person of great power was trying to drive him from his new home, and he began to act strangely toward his neighbors, who pitied, then ridiculed, and were finally driven to disgust by his preposterous suspicions. And not until he was adjudged insane did they return again to pity.

Kellar began at once to take steps to check the evil influence which he believed was contemplating the utter destruction of him and his. He put wire cloth over the tops of his chimneys, changed some of his doors so they would open out instead of in and began to enter the house backward. Having converted the rest of the family to his belief, he was assured of their co-operation in all his undertakings and met with no opposition when he began to abuse and destroy his property. He evinced a strange desire to be rid of the terrible influence which was gradually stealing over his premises. He dug a great pit in his yard, where he burned all the bewitched articles of his household and kitchen, being so busily engaged in this wholesale sacrifice that he neglected to put in his crops or in any way make provisions for the support of his family. The house was a nice two story frame, well finished, but that did not hinder him from tearing off all the wainscoting throughout the building and burning it in the pit when he discovered that the witches were hiding behind it. Driven from there, they took refuge in the veranda. This was ruthlessly torn down and cast into the burning pit.

There was a brick walk from the front gate to the steps at the door, but it had to come up in an effort to break the charm. He thought he had them outside the gate at last, and hurriedly nailed it up tight and fast and began climbing over it when he wanted to go in and out. But the cruel witches had flanked him and entered the beautiful shade trees and shrubbery in the front yard, thinking, of course, that they were safe, as he would not dare to destroy the trees. They were sadly mistaken. There was no hiding place even in the trees. They were chopped down and left in confusion, as if to imprison the imps.

The mule took sick, and in spite of all the doctoring died. Kellar believed that the entire influence was in the mule, and as the mule was dead he wanted to keep that influence in the carcass. If the body of the mule was ever moved, the witches would be liberated, so he buried it just as it lay by the mound process. He must have made a bungling job of it, however, as his cow took sick in a few days and soon followed the mule.

The tactics were changed somewhat in the disposition of the dead body of the cow. He dragged the carcass into the pit, and chopping up the withered shade trees, together with parts of the house and fence, he piled all in one great heap above the pit. To this he applied the torch, and assured the family that when the fire began to consume the cow the person who was guilty of witchcraft would be compelled to come upon the scene. The dry limbs and brush made such a conflagration that one of his neighbors, Mr. Sherfey, thinking perhaps the house was on fire, came running over. He met with such a cool reception that he returned home in disgust.

Mr. Sherfey at once became an object of strict surveillance on the part of the Kellar family, who at once set about to undo everything he did and break the charm by doing the opposite of what he did. This led them into deep water. Sherfey opened his gate and dropped his bars when he wanted to go in or out, but Kellar did just the opposite in his exits and entrances. He would leave his gate open until he wanted to go out; then he would shut it and climb over. When Sherfey built a house over his well, Kellar, who had a nice lattice house over his, went out and tore it down and cast it into the burning pit. A roofless kitchen now stands at the rear of the Kellar home as a result of Mr. Sherfey's putting a new roof on that part of his residence.

By this time the house was a sorry spectacle indeed, but the strange lunatic knocked the glass out of the windows so he could see out without looking through the glass, as Sherfey did. Up to this juncture his efforts had been directed to the destruction of his own property only, but his delusion had now reached such proportions that it could not longer be confined on his own premises, and he began to find bewitched objects on Sherfey's side of the lane. Consequently he cut down a lot of wire fence for his neighbor and dug up the posts. This brought the culmination. A man may be allowed to destroy his own property with impunity, but he ceases to be eccentric when he crosses the well defined line lying between him and his neighbor and does mischief. He is crazy. Sherfey became afraid he would do him some bodily injury and had him arrested. He was adjudged insane, and the poor fellow is now in jail at Jonesboro.—Johnson City Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Cactus opuntra, or prickly pear, supposed to be an American plant, grows wild in Greece and Italy and is found in abundance in the lava of Mount Ætna.

One Sign.

"I'll bet they live a cat and dog life."

"What makes you think so?"

"They always call each other darling before company."—New York Press.

A Marked Contrast.

Van Braam—What quiet eyes Miss Manchester has!

Shingiss—Yes. So widely different from her chin!—Wonder.

A MIDNIGHT LULLABY.

How a Dying Mother and Her Child Were Found at Sea.

We were off the gulf of Taranto, on the southeast coast of Naples, and heading up for the Adriatic sea, when at sunset one evening the last vestige of a breeze died away, and no sailor ever saw a more glorious night come down. The heavens seemed to blaze with stars, and so quiet was the ship after the 8 o'clock watch got settled down on deck that the silence made one really lonesome. There was only a light ground swell, and the ship heaved with scarcely the creak of a bulkhead below or the cheep of a block aloft. At 10 o'clock a light fog settled down to make the situation still more lonely. One standing at the wheel could just make out the foremast rising from the deck, but nothing forward of that. It was in summer, and the sailors were without shoes. Now and then I could hear them moving about, and their soft footfalls reminded me of cats advancing upon their prey. From 8 to 11 o'clock the ship was like a grave. There was not even the splash of a fish jumping out of water. At 11 or soon after the man on lookout hailed me in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and as I went forward he said:

"I've heard something very queer off the starboard bow for the last 10 minutes. It's not me alone, sir, but here are two of the men who will tell you the same."

"What sort of a sound is it?" I asked.

"Well, it's the next thing to singing, I should say. At least there's a sort of tune to it—something like one of our old nursery songs."

"It can't be a craft out there, for nothing was within 10 miles of us when the wind died out. Keep quiet now, and we'll all listen!"

One—two—three minutes passed away, and then all got the sound together. It certainly sounded like a human voice, but a weak one, and it also seemed to follow the air of a nursery song.

"But it can't be that," I said to the men, who instinctively drew closer together and betrayed their superstitious fears. "The noise may be caused by a sea fowl or even a fish. At any rate, it's nothing we need look into."

I walked aft, and for 15 minutes all was quiet. Then I suddenly caught the sound again, and this time it was so much nearer or louder that I was startled. At the same moment the lookout hailed again, and as I went forward I found the whole watch bending over the starboard bow in the attitude of listening.

"I heard it," I said as I halted. "All listen now, and see if it comes again."

It was fully five minutes before the silence was broken, and when the sound came again no one could doubt what it was. It was a weak and rasping human voice crying out in a strange fashion in an effort to sing. If you have ever heard a very old person try to sing, you can get a fair idea of what this voice was like. It was faint and quavery, and yet there was a rasp to it which instinctively reminded me of thirst. It struck at least one of the men that way also, for he turned and whispered:

"If that isn't a spirit, sir, it'll be some castaway on a bit of wreckage whose throat is so parched that he can't send us a hail!"

I went for my night glass, and after a long look I thought I could make out an object resembling a boat. I couldn't be certain, however, but waited for the sound to come again. When it came, I called the captain, and two minutes after he reached the deck we could make out a boat to the east of us, and he ordered a boat lowered and sent me off in charge to investigate. We did not have a cable's length to go. We not only found it to be a boat, but there was a human being in it sitting on the bottom amidships. The queer singing began again as we reached the boat, and while we were making her fast the figure moved its shoulders and arms, but not its position. The motions reminded me of a mother soothing a child, and yet I had no doubt the figure would turn out to be some poor devil of a fisherman blown off shore in a gale. When we reached the ship, one of the men entered the strange boat to assist the castaway on deck, but he had not yet laid hands on the sitting figure when he started back and shouted:

"Bless my eyes, Captain Cook, but it's a woman instead of a sailor, and she's holding something I take to be a baby."

I went down to inspect, and, sure enough, it was a woman and a baby. She had been bending over it and did not look up till I laid my hand on her arm. Even in the darkness I knew the child was dead and the mother very near it. She would not let go of the little dead body, and suffering had wrecked her mind. She looked about in a dazed and stupid way and then sat down on deck and began to rock and croon. We offered her brandy and water, but for some time she would not touch it. I moistened a sponge and rubbed it over her cracked lips, and then she filled her mouth, but could not swallow. She began to shiver and shake like one with the ague, and soon after that gave utterance to a wild, long shriek and fell over dead.

The presence of the mother and child in the boat out there was easily explained. It was a pleasure boat, and they had drifted off the coast. Four different craft were out in search, and they were in the highway of sailing and steam craft, and yet they had been four days adrift when we brought them aboard. It was hardly daylight before we were boarded by one of the searching parties, but all we could give them was the dead—two corpses burned and shriveled in the hot sun and wasted to skeletons by hunger and thirst.

M. QUAD.

Quakers, Puritans and Turks.

The first Quakers who came to New England were two unprotected women—the one, Ann Austin, about 60 years of age, the mother of five children, and the other, Mary Fisher, her maiden friend, over 30. They came from Barbados. Immediately upon their arrival they were taken from ship to jail, and for fear that any one would talk with them and thereby spread their heresies the window of the cell was boarded up.

Four years afterward Mary Fisher went on a mission to the orient to bring her testimony to the Turks. The great Sultan Mohammed IV was on the throne. He accorded her an audience and received her with civility, and she was in nowise restrained while in his dominions. The circumstance of Mary Fisher's having been persecuted and imprisoned both in old and New England and left free and unmolested in the dominions of the sultan has been variously explained so as not to be too creditable to the "grand Turk." The fact is, in Mohammedan lands the humane principle of toleration had been learned and practiced earlier than in Christian countries, as is evidenced by the Turkish concessions to Christians and other sects, which date back to the twelfth century. These were continued and renewed in the middle of the fifteenth century, when Constantinople was captured.—"Roger Williams" by Oscar S. Straus.

He Wasn't In It.

"Throw up your hands!"

"Throw up your own!"

"Who are you?"

"I'm a burglar."

"So am I. Let's do the job together and divide the spoils."

"Not by a blamed sight. I found a fellow ransacking the kitchen that I'm going snags wid, and dere ain't enough for three. See? Get out or I'll call the police!"—Seattle Press-Times.

GOOD HEALTH.

BALANCE OF PHYSICAL STRUCTURE WITH ENVIRONMENT.

Etiquette of Entertaining Visitors—Personal Liberty Desirable. The Golden Mean of Hospitality.

Every breathing creature from the first dawn of time has had to conform its structure to the conditions imposed by the nature of the air supply, declares the editor of Popular Science News in expressing the following ideas: The structure of our blood and its chemical composition are such that it can only perform its work properly where there is but little carbon dioxide and much oxygen. The structures of our lungs, hearts, livers and blood vessels are exactly adjusted to just such a quality of blood and such air. Through all the countless years of the past every creature in the line of descent toward ourselves has survived solely because these organs changed as the air changed, thus adapting themselves to the new environment. It is certain that slight deviations from the true physiological balance of structure cause certain families to be liable to certain diseases. We now know that the old notion that consumption is hereditary is wrong. But we also know that a very slight narrowing in the diameter of the pulmonary arteries and veins renders one more liable to consumption.

Since some families have a structural deviation of this kind that is hereditary, all such people are more likely to have consumption of the lungs than others. The principal reason lies in the fact that they are unable to as fully aerate their blood and keep it in as perfect vigor as their fellow creatures. Where such people are constantly engaged in vigorous, healthy out of door work they seldom catch the disease, even though liable. When compelled to rapidly and completely inflate their lungs by reason of proper physiological exercise, they are safe under otherwise ordinary conditions of exposure to the disease. The causes that conspire to this and other serious forms of disease have been traced to the atmosphere.

It is not the air itself nor any gaseous constituent thereof that is directly responsible for these troubles. The part performed by the air in the affair resides in its buoyant property, by means of which light particles of solid matter are able to float in it.

Crossing the Legs When Sitting.

Women who sit with their legs crossed to sew or read or to hold the baby are not aware that they are inviting serious physical ailments, but it is true nevertheless. When a man crosses his legs he places the ankle of one limb across the knee of the other and rests it lightly there. A woman, more modest and restricted in her movements, rests the entire weight of one limb on the other, and this pressure upon the sensitive nerves and cords, if indulged in for continued lengths of time, as is often done by ladies who sew or embroider, will produce disease. Sciatica, neuralgia and other serious troubles frequently result from this simple cause. The muscles and nerves in the upper portion of a woman's leg are extremely sensitive, and much of her whole physical structure can become deranged if they are overtaxed.

Chloroform and Ether.

Statistics have been collected which show that there is one death to every 3,000 administrations of chloroform, while with ether there is only one fatal case in 14,000. Ether is dangerous to the lungs, chloroform to the heart.

ENTERTAINING VISITORS.

Guests Like a Little Personal Liberty—The Golden Mean of Hospitality.

The friend who is your guest is for the time an honored member of your family, and the best the house affords is quietly placed at his disposal. To treat an invited guest, or, for that matter, the chance guest whom circumstances have brought within your gates, with scant courtesy or inattention is to show yourself underbred. "We take you right in as one of ourselves," says the unconventional hostess, not reflecting that to do this literally may be both thoughtless and unkind. As opposed to this latter view of the subject, Harper's Bazar points out that the golden mean is attained in households wherever guests are entertained agreeably, but not loaded with attentions. Never to be left a moment to one's own devices is as uncomfortable as to be neglected entirely. Most people prefer a little personal liberty. They have letters to write, a book or two to read, a little mending to do, or they may even like to go out for a walk by themselves. It is kind to let them feel that they are not interfering with the regular work of the house, and that their hostess is able to carry on her own affairs, even though she has company. The social authority already mentioned says further:

A visitor in ordinary cases should not be put to any expense which can be avoided while under a friend's roof. The host defrays all small expenses, such as car fare and ferriage, and of course purchases all tickets for entertainments—theaters, etc.—to which the guest is taken, paying carriage hire if this is needed. The guest, on the other hand, does not allow expense to be incurred by the host if it is properly her duty to attend to it. A trunk or other baggage coming to the house from the station should be paid for in advance by its owner.

The children of a family should be taught to perform little friendly services for visitors, and it ought to be their pleasure to do this, but sometimes a doting mother makes the mistake of imposing her babies upon her guests until the latter are excessively tired of the little ones. As all people are not equally devoted to children, mothers should discriminate, not allowing the juniors to be too constantly in the foreground.

Card Customs.

Daughters leave cards for their fathers, wives for their husbands, nieces for uncles. Sons should do their own calling.

It is an interesting custom to use infants' cards. They are quite small and bear the full baptismal name of the child with the date of birth. The card with one of the mother's inclosed is forwarded to friends.

In cases of sympathy, whether in sorrow or joy, prompt personal inquiry is imperative where it is possible. Otherwise a card by mail should be sent, with a word of congratulation or condolence or inquiry if it is a case of illness.

He Learned.

A Lewiston young fellow from St. Hyacinth, P. Q., who undertook to repair a music box the other day, found out something about one. He took the spring out just as it had stopped, pretty well wound up, and when he released it it flew up, grabbed him by the neck, knocked two teeth out, cross countered on his nose, tore the insides of the music box out and threw them at him, scared the cat out from under the table, knocked over the spirit lamp, and when the young man came to his senses he simply asked: "Did they save any of the children? I would rather be kicked by a mule, shot with a baked potato or knocked out by Fitzsimmons than be embraced by a mainspring in action."—Lewiston Journal.

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ROUGH JOKES AND TRICKS.

The Pain Inflicting Sports Indulged In at the Homestead Mills.

Amid all this toil and danger the men are not without their sports. It is, let us suppose, 2 o'clock in the morning, and word has come to the rolling mills that the converting mill has broken down and there will be no more steel for at least three hours. The workers dispose themselves for rest or play as best they can. There is one who has fallen asleep in spite of his efforts to keep awake. He sleeps the sleep of utter exhaustion. But creeping stealthily toward him is a fellow workman, who has in his hand a piece of freshly burnt limestone and a cup of water. He places the limestone on the sleeper's leg and pours the water on it. The limestone begins to steam and smoke.

Still the man sleeps on. But in a moment he stirs uneasily, then springs to his feet, with a cry of pain, only to be greeted with a howl of laughter from a crowd of men who have been watching the fun (?). He holds the hot burned cloth of his trousers away from his blistered skin. Any wrath he may have he dare keep to himself, for a man caught sleeping is a fair mark for any joke, however hard. I have seen a shovelful of hot sand put on a man's shoe. No matter how quickly the victim may get his shoe off, in such a case, he has a large blister to warn him not to sleep again.

There is Bill, the greatest wag in the mill, asleep in plain sight on a pile of sand. In Bill this looks suspicious, but a confiding fellow workman, Jim, who has been his victim in many a trick, steals up to "bug" him, as this burning a man with a bit of lime is called. Bill, however, has a flexible, jointed iron pipe concealed in the sand and a confederate at the valve. As Jim is about to place the lime, Bill raises his arm with the nozzle under it. His confederate turns the valve, and a stream of water 1¼ inches in diameter, driven with a force of 500 pounds to the square inch, strikes Jim squarely in the chest, lifting him clear from the ground. Bill coolly keeps the nozzle pointed at him and completely drenches him, though he crawls away as fast as he can.

A man lying down, but obviously wide awake, is approached secretly from behind by another, who places a hot brick convenient to his grasp. Then the second, with much parade, makes an attempt to "bug" him. The lounger springs to his feet, with a cry of rage, and looking about for something to throw seizes the hot brick and gets a blistered hand to nurse along with his wrath.

Such are their jokes. Rough? Rather, but then the work is rough too!—McClure's Magazine.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," said the disinterested friend, "to put a high grade bicycle in your window and mark it $50 or some such price? You'd lose some money on it, of course, but look at the advertising you would get out of it. Everybody in town would be talking of it inside of 24 hours, and your store would get a reputation for selling good machines cheap that would be worth hundreds of dollars to you."

"That's not a bad scheme," said the bicycle dealer after thinking it over. "John," he called out to one of the boys, "put that Greased Lightning racer in the front window and mark it $50."

"But"——

"Never mind arguing the matter. I know what I'm doing."

The Greased Lightning racer was placed conspicuously in the show window, with the $50 tag appended.

"Now," said the disinterested friend, "that looks something like it. You'll see a crowd gathering there inside of five minutes. By the way, you may just consider that machine sold. I'll take it off your hands. But I'm no hog," he added cheerfully. "I'll let it stay in your window till tomorrow morning."

"Wasn't that rather an unhandsome trick?" asked the silent partner after the disinterested friend had gone away.

"No," reflected the dealer. "That machine has been on hand two years, but it's worth every cent of $47.50."—Chicago Tribune.

In Boston Society.

It happened at a reception late in the season. The woman poet (a writer for fun) of society, who looks like a duchess of the divinely tall, and, in her youth, most divinely fair type, met the dowager poet of the literary set, who is a writer by profession and a society woman for the profit of it. Said the tall lady to the dumpy lady, "I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. ——, which I haven't done before this season by reason of illness." "Why, I'm surprised to hear you say you are glad to see me," said No. 2, fixing the other's lorgnette with her steely eyes. "I heard only last week that you said you thought me the greatest literary fraud of the century." The duchess of the hyphenated name was not nonplused, not she. She merely smiled sweetly and said, "Dear me, isn't it strange that any one who does me the honor to repeat any of my little sayings should not repeat the civil ones?" Then turning about to an acquaintance she added, perfectly audibly to the dumpy dowager, whose bad taste had precipitated the affair: "Who do you suppose told her? I've said it to more than a hundred people."—Boston Gazette.

An Honor Withheld.

The young German kaiser while reviewing the troops at Strasburg was struck by the martial bearing of a veteran. He noticed with surprise that the medal commemorative of service in the Franco-Prussian war was absent from his breast, and that he wore only what appeared to be a carnation in his buttonhole. The kaiser had the soldier summoned and interrogated him:

"Where and with whom did you serve?"

"With the Emperor Napoleon," was the calm reply.

The kaiser was disconcerted for a moment. He looked at the carnation and recognized the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Then he recovered himself.

"Ah," he said, smiling, "that is the one decoration I have thus far been unable to obtain."—Youth's Companion.

Made It Worse.

Mrs. de Bride was entertaining callers. After they left she remarked to her husband:

"I hope they didn't see my walking shoes lying there. They would think me very untidy if they did."

"Oh, if they saw them, they probably thought they were mine," answered her husband in a consoling tone. And she hasn't spoken to him since.—Detroit Free Press.

Very Young.

Minnie—Young Sapley tried to kiss me last night.

Mamie—Did he succeed?

Minnie—No. He didn't know how.—Indianapolis Journal.

Well Protected.

He had just folded up and pocketed the very voluminous railway ticket that seems to be so necessary an evil of travel.

"I hope you'll find everything comfortable," said the porter. "I'm afraid it's a little chilly in here."

"No danger about me," was the answer. "When I get tired of reading my railroad ticket, I can wrap myself up in it and go to sleep."—Washington Star.

MODERN WOUND TREATMENT.

Antiseptics, the Bacteriological Laboratory and Micro-organic Life.

The dawn of the new treatment, which was ultimately destined to revolutionize the whole subject of wound treatment and to lead surgeons into paths of surgical enterprise which could never have been dreamed of in earlier times, was at hand. Sir (then Mr.) Joseph Lister was at work in his laboratory in Glasgow and in the wards of the Royal Infirmary at Glasgow. He had conceived the idea of the antiseptic treatment of wounds, and was engaged in elaborating out of it a system which ever since has borne his name. In brief, his method was based upon the assumption that the inflammatory changes occurring in a wound, associated with suppuration, were due to microbic infection. Here was a conviction which seemed to convey with it an infinity of problems, the solution of which might redound to the credit of surgery.

What a vast field for speculation and experiment it seemed to open out! The fact, however, having been established by incontrovertible scientific evidence that it was the presence of pathogenic germs in a wound which caused all those deplorable complications of blood poisoning, of which surgeons had so much to complain, the next step in the evolution of the system was comparatively an easy one. Naturally the only thing to be done was to insure the exclusion of all possible sources of infection. In order to arrive at this desirable condition of things, the most elaborate measures were deemed to be necessary. Evidently at the first a very serious view was taken of the wickedness of germs and of their illimitable power to propagate evil.

The science of bacteriology could hardly then be said to be in existence, and all micro-organisms consequently were able to do very much as they pleased. But "their time came" when bacteriology blossomed into a science. The bacteriological laboratory is now the "Scotland yard" of micro-organic life. There is so much known of the evil ways of germs that whenever an indefinable disease breaks out or an epidemic occurs the first questions asked are, What and where is the germ? Then the bacteriologist, like the detective sent down from the central police office, proceeds to take up the case, and it is seldom now that he fails to drag the evildoer before the tribunal of science and furnish proofs by which the micro-organism can be afterward identified.—Nineteenth Century.

MAN'S PROUD PRIVILEGE.

He Is the Only Living Creature That Can Scratch Its Own Back.

The act of back scratching has never been thought to possess a particularly deep signification. It has been reserved for M. Mouton, a French scientific man, to lay bare its true inwardness. To the simple fact that on a recent occasion the hot water apparatus of the Mouton menage was out of order the world owes one of the most momentous discoveries. One morning, as M. Mouton stepped into the philosophic bathing tub, the unwonted chill of the water sent a cold current through his spine. The great man shivered. Scientifically expressed, he was simply suffering from cutaneous irritation in the dorsal region. In a moment he had raised his hand, scratched the spot, and found—the true apocalypse of his own and his brothers' greatness, for an inspiration had flashed through his brain. "Eureka!" thought he. "Surely no living creature but man is endowed with the power of cratching his own back!" And as he stepped out of the tub he decided that there was really something in it.

M. Mouton's first care was to give the subject of his investigations a decent name, and it is in connection with the "the digito-dorsal movement" that he will be known to posterity. To avoid the possible imputation of putting his fellow man up with vain conceits, he proceeded to the monkey house of the Jardin des Plantes and tickled the backs of the inmates for a whole fortnight. He was immensely comforted to find that the animals were utterly unable to relieve themselves of dorsal irritation in the exalted manner of M. Mouton himself, but had in every case to adopt the ignominious expedient of calling in a companion's help. Further investigation among other animals thoroughly convinced M. Mouton that the digito-dorsal movement is indeed the exclusive and ought therefore to be the most cherished possession of man. The tool using capabilities of man have hitherto been considered good, if inconclusive, evidence to show that there is no blood relationship between him and any other creature. But now that M. Mouton has disclosed the true import of back scratching an evolution ridden world will doubtless hold its head proudly erect and look even the highest anthropoid ape boldly in the face.—Westminster Gazette.

Knots and Miles.

One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about 87 per cent of a knot, the latter being, approximately, 6,082 feet in length, while the statute mile measures 5,280 feet. Three and one-half miles are equal, within a small fraction, to three knots. The result of this difference, of course, is that the speed of a vessel in miles per hour is always considerably larger than when stated in knots, and the confusion of the terms sometimes gives rise to rather remarkable claims of speed performance. When a 20 knot ship, for example, is lightly mentioned, it should be remembered that this really means a little over 23 miles; similarly, with higher figures, which are often glibly enough stated, the difference between the terms is worth bearing in mind. It will help to guard against the forming of ridiculous estimates of a vessel's capabilities.—Cassier's Magazine.

What Could Do It.

To wound a man's pride has often been found to be the most dangerous thing one can do.

The feeling of the greater part of humanity is represented by the reply of a Gascon officer to Charles VII when asked if anything could detach him from the king's service.

"No, sire—not even the offer of three kingdoms like yours; but, yes, sire—one single affront."—Youth's Companion.

Nonsuit in England is a renunciation by the plaintiff of his suit, generally upon the discovery of some error or defect when the matter is so far advanced that the jury is ready at the bar to deliver a verdict. The plaintiff is to pay all costs.

Scarlatti, one of the greatest musicians of his day, is now known only by the "Cat Fugue," a comical imitation of the mewing of cats.

No Chance For Him.

Willis—That young man who plays the cornet is sick.

Wallace—Do you think he will recover?

"I'm afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door."—Life.

No Danger.

"Aren't you afraid of the cholera?"

"Indeed, no. It could never get into our club, we are so exclusive."—Club.

Woman's Ways.

Fair women's ways are all so strange,
They keep us ever guessing;
Our reasonings they disarrange
In manners most distress-ing,
For when we think they love us more
Than mortal e'er was loved before—
Love us and love us only—
They on some new found treasure smile
And gayly follow it the while
They leave us sad and lonely.

We bitter grow and straightway vow
To woo again, no, never!
No more their kind we shall allow
Love's tender cords to sever.
We cease to sigh for them, and then
They sigh and coo soft words again
As sweet as meads of clover,
And when their eyes upon us dwell
We pardon everything and tell
The same old story over.

—Chicago Journal.

HIS LUCKY UNCLE.

How He Struck It Rich Once by Paying $2 a Bushel For 40 Cent Corn.

"My uncle over in the town of Wayne I s'pose was the luckiest man that ever lived," said Packy Griswold to the Fairchild House circle. "Everything he touched brought money to his till, but the luckiest strike he ever made was when John Rogers' barn burned down with a hundred bushels of corn in it that my uncle had just paid Rogers $2 a bushel for, although the biggest and hardest kind of yaller corn was only worth 40 cents, the best any one could do.

"John Rogers had owed my uncle a couple hundred dollars for five years and more, but that didn't bother John any, as he was one of those chaps who believe thoroughly in letting the other fellow walk. One day my uncle drove over to John's to see if he couldn't squeeze a little something out of him.

"'How're you fixed, John?' said my uncle.

"'Expected to have 50 today, sure,' said John, with a twinkle in his eye, 'but when I went over to Bill Mason's to borrow it Bill wouldn't let me have it. Beats the horses how some people don't seem to have confidence nowadays.'

"But after my uncle and John had talked awhile John said:

"'Tell you what I'll do, Abner,' said John. 'I've got a hundred bushels o' corn in the barn yonder. S'pose'n you take the corn, and I'll be willin to call me and you square.'

"My uncle figured up that, with corn at 40 cents, $2 a bushel was a tolerable high figure to pay for it, but he thought he might better pay $2 a bushel for corn and get $40 than to never get anything, so he said he'd take the corn and call it square. He went to the barn after awhile. There was the corn. But he came back to John feeling ugly.

"'Here, John,' said he, 'that's nothing but little runty popcorn.'

"'Yes,' said John, grinning, 'it's popcorn. I didn't think to say popcorn.'

"'Why,' said my uncle, 'popcorn ain't worth nothin at all in the market!'

"'Yes,' said John. 'That's about the figure for popcorn.'

"My uncle was pretty mad, I tell you, and John Rogers was pretty near tickled to death, and so he said to my uncle:

"'There's goin to be a circus in town tomorrow. Better stay all night with us, and I'll take you to the show.'

"My uncle thought he'd get that much out of John anyhow, so he staid. The circus was expected along by John's house early in the morning on its way to town, and when John's boys got up to see it go by they woke their father and my uncle with their yells.

"'Jumpin jacksnipes, pop!' they hollered. 'The back yard's got 20 foot o' snow in it!'

"John and my uncle piled out, for it was early in September, and there hadn't been any sign of snow. But there was the back yard, with a white drift clear across it and banked 20 feet high. Then it struck everybody all of a sudden that the barn was gone. You bet, it was gone! It had burned down some time during the night and stuffed my uncle jamful of luck. Every blamed kernal of that runty little popcorn had popped out like a snapdragon, and there it was, banked up where the barn had been, like a staring big snowdrift! Pop out a bushel of popcorn, and it will swell to five bushels, so here my uncle had 500 bushels of the choicest kind of popcorn on his hands. While they were all gawping at this curious transformation, along came the circus. The proprietor was in his wagon at the head of the procession.

"'Thunder!' said he, stopping to take a look at the big heap of popcorn. 'That'll sell like hot cakes with my show. How much do you want for it?'

"'Two dollars a bushel,' said my uncle.

"'Cheap enough!' said the circus man, and he bought the whole 500 bushels and planked down in my uncle's hands 10 nice, fat $100 bills.

"Lucky? I should say he was. But, do you know, John Rogers never spoke to him from that time until his dying day."—New York Sun.

The Phenix.

The ancient tradition concerning the phenix has introduced into nearly every language the habit of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. According to ancient writers, the phenix was a bird of great beauty about the size of an eagle. A shining and most beautiful crest adorned its head, its plumage contained nearly every tint of the rainbow, and its eyes sparkled like diamonds. Only one of these birds could live at a time, but its existence covered a period of 500 or 600 years. When its life drew to a close, the bird built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices, with its wings fanned the pile into a flame and therein consumed itself. From its ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phenix was formed, having all the vigor of youth. The first care of the new phenix was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. For that purpose it made a ball of myrrh, frankincense and other fragrant things. At Heliopolis, a city in lower Egypt, there was a magnificent temple dedicated to the sun. To this temple the phenix would carry the fragrant ball and burn it on the altar of the sun as a sacrifice. The priests then examined the register and found that exactly 500 years, or exactly 600 years, had elapsed since that same ceremony had taken place.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Malaria.

Did you ever hear of the Roman cure for malaria? I would advise a judicious preparation for anathema maranatha when about to administer the dose. It will give the marble Venus a wry face, but is claimed to have cured stubborn cases. Allow a pint of water to a lemon—four lemons make sufficient for many a dose. Cut up the lemons, rind, pulp and all, in the water and boil until the whole is reduced to a pint. A teaspoonful before each meal is the dose.—Philadelphia Record.

The Difference.

"Will you be mine, darling?" he asked after a year's courting.

"No, it can never be," was her reply.

"Then why have you let me hope so long?" he said as [illegible] toward the door.

"Because I intend never to belong to any man. You can be mine if you like."

He saw the difference and stopped. Years afterward he saw the difference still more clearly.—London Tit-Bits.

CRAZY OVER WITCHES.

REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES OF POOR GEORGE KELLAR.

His Superstitions Made Him Daft—Destroyed His Property to Drive Away the Evil Influence and Did Many Other Odd and Foolish Things.

Five years ago George Kellar and his family, consisting of a wife and three daughters, came to this country from Franklin county, Pa., and settled on a farm at Eden's Mill, about three miles from this place. Mr. Kellar was a good gardener and brought with him great thrift. He brought with him a taint of superstition and a mild belief in witchcraft. It was only a spark at first, but a little hard luck has fanned it into a raging insanity.

Shortly after Kellar located in his new home he employed a young man to work on the farm. In the course of time love sprang up between this young man and one of the girls, but about the time they were to be married he sickened and died of some peculiar malady which baffled the physicians. The girl was driven almost crazy by the shock, and for awhile had to be carefully watched to prevent her doing violence to herself. Her grief was so great that she was soon brought down to what all believed to be her deathbed. About this time the old man Kellar began to imagine all sorts of things. He refused to allow the physician who attended the young man to enter the house. After trying two or three others in a very unsatisfactory way he discarded them all and sent to his old home in Franklin county for a witch doctor. In a few days the doctor came and remained two or three weeks with the patient, during which time she recovered rapidly and was able to walk about when he left. This healing of his bewitched daughter increased the old man's belief that some evil person of great power was trying to drive him from his new home, and he began to act strangely toward his neighbors, who pitied, then ridiculed, and were finally driven to disgust by his preposterous suspicions. And not until he was adjudged insane did they return again to pity.

Kellar began at once to take steps to check the evil influence which he believed was contemplating the utter destruction of him and his. He put wire cloth over the tops of his chimneys, changed some of his doors so they would open out instead of in and began to enter the house backward. Having converted the rest of the family to his belief, he was assured of their co-operation in all his undertakings and met with no opposition when he began to abuse and destroy his property. He evinced a strange desire to be rid of the terrible influence which was gradually stealing over his premises. He dug a great pit in his yard, where he burned all the bewitched articles of his household and kitchen, being so busily engaged in this wholesale sacrifice that he neglected to put in his crops or in any way make provisions for the support of his family. The house was a nice two story frame, well finished, but that did not hinder him from tearing off all the wainscoting throughout the building and burning it in the pit when he discovered that the witches were hiding behind it. Driven from there, they took refuge in the veranda. This was ruthlessly torn down and cast into the burning pit.

There was a brick walk from the front gate to the steps at the door, but it had to come up in an effort to break the charm. He thought he had them outside the gate at last, and hurriedly nailed it up tight and fast and began climbing over it when he wanted to go in and out. But the cruel witches had flanked him and entered the beautiful shade trees and shrubbery in the front yard, thinking, of course, that they were safe, as he would not dare to destroy the trees. They were sadly mistaken. There was no hiding place even in the trees. They were chopped down and left in confusion, as if to imprison the imps.

The mule took sick, and in spite of all the doctoring died. Kellar believed that the entire influence was in the mule, and as the mule was dead he wanted to keep that influence in the carcass. If the body of the mule was ever moved, the witches would be liberated, so he hurled it just as it lay by the mound process. He must have made a bungling job of it, however, as his cow took sick in a few days and soon followed the mule.

The tactics were changed somewhat in the disposition of the dead body of the cow. He dragged the carcass into the pit, and chopping up the withered shade trees, together with parts of the house and fence, he piled all in one great heap above the pit. To this he applied the torch, and assured the family that when the fire began to consume the cow the person who was guilty of witchcraft would be compelled to come upon the scene. The dry limbs and brush made such a conflagration that one of his neighbors, Mr. Sherfey, thinking perhaps the house was on fire, came running over. He met with such a cool reception that he returned home in disgust.

Mr. Sherfey at once became an object of strict surveillance on the part of the Kellar family, who at once set about to undo everything he did and break the charm by doing the opposite of what he did. This led them into deep water. Sherfey opened his gate and dropped his bars where he wanted to go in or out, but Kellar did just the opposite in his exits and entrances. He would leave his gate open until he wanted to go out; then he would shut it and climb over. When Sherfey built a house over his well, Kellar, who had a nice lattice house over his, went out and tore it down and cast it into the burning pit. A roofless kitchen now stands at the rear of the Kellar home as a result of Mr. Sherfey's putting a new roof on that part of his residence.

By this time the house was a sorry spectacle indeed, but the strange lunatic knocked the glass out of the windows so he could see out without looking through the glass, as Sherfey did. Up to this juncture his efforts had been directed to the destruction of his own property only, but his delusion had now reached such proportions that it could no longer be confined on his own premises, and he began to find bewitched objects on Sherfey's side of the lane. Consequently he cut down a lot of wire fence for his neighbor and dug up the posts. This brought the culmination. A man may be allowed to destroy his own property with impunity, but he ceases to be eccentric when he crosses the well defined line lying between him and his neighbor and does mischief. He is crazy. Sherfey became afraid he would do him some bodily injury and had him arrested. He was adjudged insane, and the poor fellow is now in jail at Jonesboro.—Johnson City Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Cactus quantra, or prickly pear, supposed to be an American plant, grows wild in Greece and Italy and is found in abundance in the lava of Mount Ætna.

One Sign.

"I'll bet they live a cat and dog life."

"What makes you think so?"

"They always call each other darling before company."—New York Press.

A Marked Contrast.

Van Braam—What quiet eyes Miss Manchester has!

Shingles—Yes. So widely different from her chin!—Wonder.

A MIDNIGHT LULLABY.

How a Dying Mother and Her Child Were Found at Sea.

We were off the gulf of Taranto, on the southeast coast of Naples, and heading up for the Adriatic sea, when at sunset one evening the last vestige of a breeze died away, and no sailor ever saw a more glorious night come down. The heavens seemed to blaze with stars, and so quiet was the ship after the 8 o'clock watch got settled down on deck that the silence made one really lonesome. There was only a light ground swell, and the ship heaved with scarcely the creak of a bulkhead below or the creep of a block aloft. At 10 o'clock a light fog settled down to make the situation still more lonely. One standing at the wheel could just make out the foremast rising from the deck, but nothing forward of that. It was in summer, and the sailors were without shoes. Now and then I could hear them moving about, and their soft footfalls reminded me of cats advancing upon their prey. From 8 to 11 o'clock the ship was like a grave. There was not even the splash of a fish jumping out of water. At 11 or soon after the man on lookout hailed me in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and as I went forward he said:

"I've heard something very queer off the starboard bow for the last 10 minutes. It's not me alone, sir, but here are two of the men who will tell you the same."

"What sort of a sound is it?" I asked.

"Well, it's the next thing to singing, I should say. At least there's a sort of tune to it—something like one of our old nursery songs."

"It can't be a craft out there, for nothing was within 10 miles of us when the wind died out. Keep quiet now, and we'll all listen!"

One—two—three minutes passed away, and then all got the sound together. It certainly sounded like a human voice, but a weak one, and it also seemed to follow the air of a nursery song.

"But it can't be that," I said to the men, who instinctively drew closer together and betrayed their superstitious fears. "The noise may be caused by a sea fowl or even a fish. At any rate, it's nothing we need look into."

I walked aft, and for 15 minutes all was quiet. Then I suddenly caught the sound again, and this time it was so much nearer or louder that I was startled. At the same moment the lookout hailed again, and as I went forward I found the whole watch bending over the starboard bow in the attitude of listening.

"I heard it," I said as I halted. "All listen now, and see if it comes again."

It was fully five minutes before the silence was broken, and when the sound came again no one could doubt what it was. It was a weak and rasping human voice crying out in a strange fashion in an effort to sing. If you have ever heard a very old person try to sing, you can get a fair idea of what this voice was like. It was faint and quavery, and yet there was a rasp to it which instinctively reminded me of thirst. It struck at least one of the men that way also, for he turned and whispered:

"If that isn't a spirit, sir, it'll be some castaway on a bit of wreckage whose throat is so parched that he can't send us a hail!"

I went for my night glass, and after a long look I thought I could make out an object resembling a boat. I couldn't be certain, however, but waited for the sound to come again. When it came, I called the captain, and two minutes after he reached the deck we could make out a boat to the east of us, and he ordered a boat lowered and sent me off in charge to investigate. We did not have a cable's length to go. We not only found it to be a boat, but there was a human being in it sitting on the bottom amidships. The queer singing began again as we reached the boat, and while we were making her fast the figure moved its shoulders and arms, but not its position. The motions reminded me of a mother soothing a child, and yet I had no doubt the figure would turn out to be some poor devil of a fisherman blown off shore in a gale. When we reached the ship, one of the men entered the strange boat to assist the castaway on deck, but he had not yet laid hands on the sitting figure when he started back and shouted:

"Bless my eyes, Captain Cook, but it's a woman instead of a sailor, and she's holding something I take to be a baby."

I went down to inspect, and, sure enough, it was a woman and a baby. She had been bending over it and did not look up till I laid my hand on her arm. Even in the darkness I knew the child was dead and the mother very near it. She would not let go of the little dead body, and suffering had wrecked her mind. She looked about in a dazed and stupid way and then sat down on deck and began to rock and croon. We offered her brandy and water, but for some time she would not touch it. I moistened a sponge and rubbed it over her cracked lips, and then she filled her mouth, but could not swallow. She began to shiver and shake like one with the ague, and soon after that gave utterance to a wild, long shriek and fell over dead.

The presence of the mother and child in the boat out there was easily explained. It was a pleasure boat, and they had drifted off the coast. Four different craft were out in search, and they were in the highway of sailing and steam craft, and yet they had been four days adrift when we brought them aboard. It was hardly daylight before we were boarded by one of the searching parties, but all we could give them was the dead—two corpses burned and shriveled in the hot sun and wasted to skeletons by hunger and thirst.

M. QUAD.

Quakers, Puritans and Turks.

The first Quakers who came to New England were two unprotected women—the one, Ann Austin, about 60 years of age, the mother of five children, and the other, Mary Fisher, her maiden friend, over 30. They came from Barbados. Immediately upon their arrival they were taken from ship to jail, and for fear that any one would talk with them and thereby spread their heresies the window of the cell was boarded up.

Four years afterward Mary Fisher went on a mission to the orient to bring her testimony to the Turks. The great Sultan Mohammed IV was on the throne. He accorded her an audience and received her with civility, and she was in nowise restrained while in his dominions. The circumstance of Mary Fisher's having been persecuted and imprisoned both in old and New England and left free and unmolested in the dominions of the sultan has been variously explained so as not to be too creditable to the "grand Turk." The fact is, in Mohammedan lands the humane principle of toleration had been learned and practiced earlier than in Christian countries, as is evidenced by the Turkish concessions to Christians and other sects, which date back to the twelfth century. These were continued and renewed in the middle of the fifteenth century, when Constantinople was captured.—"Roger Williams" by Oscar S. Straus.

He Wasn't In It.

"Throw up your hands!"

"Throw up your own!"

"Who are you?"

"I'm a burglar."

"So am I. Let's do the job together and divide the spoils."

"Not by a blamed sight. I found a fellow ransacking the kitchen that I'm going snags wid, and dere ain't enough for three. See? Get out or I'll call the police!"—Seattle Press-Times.

GOOD HEALTH.

BALANCE OF PHYSICAL STRUCTURE WITH ENVIRONMENT.

Etiquette of Entertaining Visitors—Personal Liberty Desirable—The Golden Mean of Hospitality.

Every breathing creature from the first dawn of time has had to conform its structure to the conditions imposed by the nature of the air supply, declares the editor of Popular Science News in expressing the following ideas: The structure of our blood and its chemical composition are such that it can only perform its work properly where there is but little carbon dioxide and much oxygen. The structures of our lungs, hearts, livers and blood vessels are exactly adjusted to just such a quality of blood and such air. Through all the countless years of the past every creature in the line of descent toward ourselves has survived solely because these organs changed as the air changed, thus adapting themselves to the new environment. It is certain that slight deviations from the true physiological balance of structure cause certain families to be liable to certain diseases. We now know that the old notion that consumption is hereditary is wrong. But we also know that a very slight narrowing in the diameter of the pulmonary arteries and veins renders one more liable to consumption.

Since some families have a structural deviation of this kind that is hereditary, all such people are more likely to have consumption of the lungs than others. The principal reason lies in the fact that they are unable to as fully aerate their blood and keep it in as perfect vigor as their fellow creatures. Where such people are constantly engaged in vigorous, healthy out of door work they seldom catch the disease, even though liable. When compelled to rapidly and completely inflate their lungs by reason of proper physiological exercise, they are safe under otherwise ordinary conditions of exposure to the disease. The causes that conspire to this and other serious forms of disease have been traced to the atmosphere.

It is not the air itself nor any gaseous constituent thereof that is directly responsible for these troubles. The part performed by the air in the affair resides in its buoyant property, by means of which light particles of solid matter are able to float in it.

Crossing the Legs When Sitting.

Women who sit with their legs crossed to sew or read or to hold the baby are not aware that they are inviting serious physical ailments, but it is true nevertheless. When a man crosses his legs he places the ankle of one limb across the knee of the other and rests it lightly there. A woman, more modest and restricted in her movements, rests the entire weight of one limb on the other, and this pressure upon the sensitive nerves and cords, if indulged in for continued lengths of time, as is often done by ladies who sew or embroider, will produce disease. Sciatica, neuralgia and other serious troubles frequently result from this simple cause. The muscles and nerves in the upper portion of a woman's leg are extremely sensitive, and much of her whole physical structure can become deranged if they are overtaxed.

Chloroform and Ether.

Statistics have been collected which show that there is one death to every 3,000 administrations of chloroform, while with ether there is only one fatal case in 14,000. Ether is dangerous to the lungs, chloroform to the heart.

ENTERTAINING VISITORS.

Guests Like a Little Personal Liberty—The Golden Mean of Hospitality.

The friend who is your guest is for the time an honored member of your family, and the best the house affords is quietly placed at his disposal. To treat an invited guest, or, for that matter, the chance guest whom circumstances have brought within your gates, with scant courtesy or inattention is to show yourself underbred. "We take you right in as one of ourselves," says the unconventional hostess, not realizing that to do this literally may be both thoughtless and unkind. As opposed to this latter view of the subject, Harper's Bazar points out that the golden mean is attained in households wherever guests are entertained agreeably, but not loaded with attentions. Never to be left a moment to one's own devices is as uncomfortable as to be neglected entirely. Most people prefer a little personal liberty. They have letters to write, a book or two to read, a little mending to do, or they may even like to go out for a walk by themselves. It is kind to let them feel that they are not interfering with the regular work of the house, and that their hostess is able to carry on her own affairs, even though she has company. The social authority already mentioned says further:

A visitor in ordinary cases should not be put to any expense which can be avoided while under a friend's roof. The host defrays all small expenses, such as car fare and ferriage, and of course purchases all tickets for entertainments—theaters, etc.—to which the guest is taken, paying carriage hire if this is needed. The guest, on the other hand, does not allow expense to be incurred by the host if it is properly her duty to attend to it. A trunk or other baggage coming to the house from the station should be paid for in advance by its owner.

The children of a family should be taught to perform little friendly services for visitors, and it ought to be their pleasure to do this, but sometimes a doting mother makes the mistake of imposing her babies upon her guests until the latter are excessively tired of the little ones. As all people are not equally devoted to children, mothers should discriminate, not allowing the juniors to be too constantly in the foreground.

Card Customs.

Daughters leave cards for their fathers, wives for their husbands, nieces for uncles. Sons should do their own calling.

It is an interesting custom to use infants' cards. They are quite small and bear the full baptismal name of the child with the date of birth. The card with one of the mother's inclosed is forwarded to friends.

In cases of sympathy, whether in sorrow or joy, prompt personal inquiry is imperative where it is possible. Otherwise a card by mail should be sent, with a word of congratulation or condolence or inquiry if it is a case of illness.

He Learned.

A Lewiston young fellow from St. Hyacinth, P. Q., who undertook to repair a music box the other day, found out something about one. He took the spring out just as it had stopped, pretty well wound up, and when he released it it flew up, grabbed him by the neck, knocked two teeth out, cross countered on his nose, torn the insides of the music box out and threw them at him, scared the cat out from under the table, knocked over the spirit lamp, and when the young man came to his senses he simply asked: "Did they save any of the children? I would rather be kicked by a mule, shot with a baked potato or knocked out by Fitzsimmons than be embraced by a mainspring in action."—Lewiston Journal.

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Valises, Bags, Grips, Shawl Straps, Extension Cases, and every kind of goods usually kept in a well stocked Trunk Manufactory. We have outgrown our store, and in order to continue business we have got to have more room, and in order to do this work we will be obliged to get all our goods removed, so for the next ten days we will sell goods at prices that will be so low that everybody can have a trunk by calling at the

LOWELL Trunk Manufactory, 70-72 Middlesex Street. Old Wooden Building. P. F. Devine, Prop.

THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANO

Is characterized by that same Highest Standard of Excellence which has achieved a reputation for the Mason & Hamlin Organ as the standard of the world. The Mason & Hamlin Piano is constructed on an improved method of stringing, invented and patented in 1887, which piano experts pronounce "The Greatest Improvement in Pianos in Half a Century. The agency for these Pianos and Organs has been secured for Lowell and vicinity by

GEORGE GARDNER, 45 PRESCOTT STREET.

Teacher of Music.

Miss Ethel O'Neil is now forming classes for Piano and Organ. For further particulars call at COR. LANE AND HORN STS. (No. 68)

N. B.—Would accept position as organist at reasonable terms.

JAMES MARREN, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, 121 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.

All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

I. VAN TINE, Expert Bicycle Machinist, Builder of "Climax" and "Built to Reach" bicycles.

Fine Repairing a Specialty. All work guaranteed. Parts of principal makes always in stock. No. 7 HURD STREET.

DR. BRETON

The eminent Specialist, will be glad to see all his former patrons and any who desire his services at

44 Central Street.

Office Hours—1 to 8 p. m. Sundays and Holidays by appointment only.

DRS. CUFF & CONSTANTINEAU, Surgeon Dentists, Rooms 5, 6, 7, 8, Pon Marche Build'g, 169 Merrimack Street.

DR. KELLOGG'S

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JULY 14.

SUN RISES	4 20	MOON SETS	1 03 AM
SUN SETS	7 21	FULL SEA {	9 15 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	15 00	{	9 15 PM

Forecast for Maine and New Hampshire: Partly cloudy, with local showers in southern portion; west winds; cooler

For Vermont: Fair; winds shifting to northwest.

For Massachusetts: Showers, followed by fair weather; cooler; west winds.

For Rhode Island and Connecticut: Fair, followed by local thunder storms in Connecticut; west winds; cooler in Connecticut.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN, with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Everybody agrees that last night was the hottest night of the season.

The Atlantic mills, Lawrence, are to close July 28th for five weeks.

The Massachusetts Cycle club of Boston is the guest of the Vesper club today.

The memorial fund to the late Chief Henry L. Bixby of Newton has reached $7000.

Mr. and Mrs. John Coville of Watertown, are visiting in Lowell and renewing old acquaintances.

Benjamin Lee and Wm. Loobey are to run a 100 yard dash at the Fair grounds, July 28th, for $50 a side.

The Y. M. C. A. gives a free concert in their rooms on Hurd street at 7.30 tonight. The Irene orchestra will furnish music.

The new bicycle law is in force. Ten miles an hour is the limit to the speed in cities, and a bell must be used on the machine.

The outing club of the Y. W. C. A. is at Willow Dale, this afternoon. A basket lunch will be served free to all who attend.

The Ward Six committee of the republican city committee met last night, and arranged for electioneering at Tuesday's election.

The Burkes are holding their annual picnic and games, this afternoon, at Shawsheen river grove. Among other attractions there will be a base ball game and races.

Wm. Barry of this city, charged with obtaining money under false pretences was held for the grand jury at Concord, N. H., Friday. Bail was fixed at $300. He was committed.

Read Kittredge & Co.'s ad. today and get your supply of paints, brushes, etc., for every day use. Paris green is not mentioned, so put this on the list, too. Warranted to kill with one application; 208 Central street.

A small boy named Alphonse Tetreau was arrested in Dracut Thursday, on a charge of breaking glass in a house at that place. He was discharged on account of his being so young, as he is only 7 years old. Another boy still younger was also mixed up in this affair, but was not arrested.

Haverhill Commandery, U. O. G. C., of Haverhill, had an installation of officers last evening. Following are the officers: Deputy Grand Commander J. A. Janvrin, Grand Herald J. F. Robarge, Past Grand Commander Lady Henrietta Robarge officiated. Rev. H. Lockhart was present to advocate Golden Cross principles.

A Tent Blown Down.

The tent over the flying horses in the vacant lot on Lakeview avenue was blown down by the wind, yesterday.

Offer Ten Per Cent.

Joseph O. Lebarge, general trader, 44 Aiken street, Lowell, owes $3719.06, and the assets consisted of the stock, accounts and bills receivable. He offers his creditors 10 per cent. payable in 30 days.

Aiken Street Bridge Afire.

There was a slight blaze on the Aiken street bridge at 6 o'clock last evening, but it was extinguished by David Benoit before any damage was done. It probably caught from a lighted cigar.

Fees to Lowell Lobbyists.

Among the items paid by corporations to counsel who represented them during the legislative session are the following: Tremont & Suffolk mills to Francis W. Qua of Lowell, counsel to secure legislation in relation to deposits of cities and towns in banks, $318.65; Lowell & Suburban Street Railway company to George F. Richardson counsel on petition for amendment to charter, $100.

Wanted a Free Ride.

A youth who gave his name as Storry Shonkauskie, aged about 13, says the Woonsocket Reporter, who had been hanging around the railroad station at Blackstone, R. I., Monday, and could tell a very plausible story, was forwarded to his home at Lowell, Mass., Monday, at 5 p. m., by Overseer of the Poor William Fitzgerald of that place. The young lad stated that he had been sent to relatives in New York some time ago, who took what money he had except enough to pay his fare to New London from which place he had traveled on foot to Blackstone. As there is no person by that name in the directory, the youth probably gave a fictitious name, or wanted to get a free ride to this city.

CANOE CAMP AT CROTON POINT.

American Association Expects to Have About 200 in Attendance.

CROTON POINT, N. Y., July 14.—The 14th meet of the American Canoe association began here yesterday and will last two weeks. The formal opening of the camp was deferred until today on account of the non-arrival of the association flags and the ammunition for the camp cannon, but the Knickerbocker canoe club hoisted their club flag, saluted it, and opened their part of the camp.

The camp is on the high banks of Croton point, and overlooks the wide waters of Haverstraw bay, facing toward the northwest. There are already about 20 tents in position and a half dozen more arrived this evening. About 40 are in camp. It is expected tomorrow will bring the arrivals up to 200. All preparations are made to receive a large number of new comers.

The camp steamer began running today, and makes four trips daily each way between Sing Sing and the camp. Two stores and a restaurant have been opened on the grounds by enterprising residents of the neighborhood. In addition to Knickerbocker, Red Dragon and Ianthe clubs have club messes.

The following clubs are now represented in the camp; Knickerbocker of New York city, Ianthe of Newark, N. J.; Arlington of Arlington; Red Dragon of Philadelphia, Washington canoe association of Washington, D. C.; Owanux canoe association of Bridgeport, Conn.; Ottawa of Ottawa, Can.; Balwagga of Port Henry, N. Y.; Genesee of Rochester, N. Y., and New York boating and canoeing association of Newburgh, N. Y.

Colburn DENTIST 81 MERK ST.

Old Hundred 10c. cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

The Martin Luthers held an outing at Tyng's Island yesterday.

There are 305 entries for the Worcester trotting meeting next week.

The Emmets play the Centrals on the North common this afternoon.

The police arrested John Savage, yesterday, charged with escaping from the city farm.

The Pawtucket Blues play the Collinsville B. B. club in Pawtucketvill this afternoon.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

Operations were begun this forenoon on those promised iron stairs to Chelmsford street at the Middlesex street station.

Three pool tables and a billiard table will be put in at Lakeview in that part of the bowling alley formerly used for rifle practice.

Sergeant Dangler, the recruiting officer from Fort Warren, Boston harbor, reports four men enlisted during his six weeks stay in Lowell.

P. J. Hoar, attorney-at-law, has removed his office from 19 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack corner of Palmer street.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the thermometer at Ellingwood's store registered 98 degrees. The awning was down and the electric fans were kept going all day.

Before Corbett sails for home this month he is to put on the gloves in England with old Jem Mace. The veteran ex-champion of the world is in need of coin, and Corbett will give him a helping hand by appearing at his benefit and using him gently in the boxing.

About 12.30 last night the residents of Howard street in the vicinity of Chelmsford street, were startled by hearing a series of unearthly yells and cries that lasted two or three minutes. Several of the residents got up and a few people who were passing along Chelmsford street ran down and made a hunt for the "howler," but without success, as he had disappeared.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Objects to His Name.

Mr. Prescott Lynch of the *Mail*, who strenuously objects to being called "Percy," is to take the newspaper men up river on an excursion, and he will foot all bills.

They Danced For Prizes.

The B. C. club had a sail up river on the May Queen to Harmony Grove, last night. Fred Tucker won the prize dance and Jennie McKenzie took a gold ring for the ladies' prize.

A Despicable Act.

A sneak thief entered the house of a woman named Bridget Daley, who lives at 59 Chestnut street, while she was out working yesterday afternoon, and carried away the scanty stock of food which she had bought that morning. The theft was reported to Inspector Laflamme. The thief who stole the victuals deserves heavy punishment, for the loss falls heavily on the family of six, the husband and father being out of work.

Who Will Preach Tomorrow.

Rev. W. D. Leland preaches at Eliot church. Rev. J. C. Tomlinson, at First Universalist church. Prof. R. A. Beard, at First Congregational church. Rev. E. W. Pride of Andover at High Street Congregation church. Miss Bertha Stevens of Franklin, N. H., at Union F. B. church. Prof. J. P. Taylor of Andover, at Kirk Street church. Rev. E. P. Curnick at Worthen Street Baptist, morning; and Worthen Street Methodist, evening.

Dracut a Little Excited.

There is no little excitement in the town of Dracut over an attempt to get Officer Scott investigated. It is said that he aroused the ire of the townspeople by carrying two revolvers, a billy, handcuffs and twisters, in fact he was a walking arsenal in the opinion of law breakers. The people say he used his revolver to scare a man who was running away on the Fourth, but Officer Scott says it was only a blank cartridge, and as he caught and arrested the man the burnt powder was well expended.

Only Fooled Once.

An item in yesterday's SUN reads, "The long promised iron stairs from Chelmsford street down to the Northern depot have at last been commenced."

This item recalls a few humorous incidents which were seen for the few days following the boarding up of the Chelmsford street entrance to the old stairs. Many of our prominent citizens had a habit, when they had occasion to go to Boston, of jumping off a Westford street car and making a dive down the stairway with great speed.

For a few days after this had been boarded up, it was very humorous to stand for about an hour—between 8 and 9 o'clock—and watch those who were unacquainted with the fact that it was closed, make a running jump from the car to the entrance and to see the looks of amazement that came over their faces. Most of them would use pretty strong language when they found they had to walk away round to Middlesex street, but they never get fooled more than once in this way.

THE NEW QUARTERS.

To be Occupied by the License Commissioners at City Hall.

The license commissioners will have their new quarters in city hall, in the truant commissioners' office, unless they change their minds. It is understood that the members of the commission are favorably impressed with the truant commissioners quarters, and will have a railing put in the room.

They will have office hours so as not to interfere with the work of the truant commissioners.

It is said that upon their recent visit to Worcester, the commissioner found that several clerks have been employed to do work for the commissioners there and so reported to Mayor Pickman. His honor replied that he guessed there would be no need of several clerks here. City Clerk Dowd and Asst. McCarthy have managed to perform their regular work and attend to license business besides in past years.

Woodbury removes Moles,

Warts, Pimples, Freckles, Wrinkles, Superfluous Hair, all Facial Blemishes, and Skin Diseases. Regular registered Physicians. Call or write. Consultation free.

125 West 42d Street, N. Y.

Send 10c. for a little "Beauty" book. 150 pages on skin and scalp, cure of the hair, preservation of the complexion, removal of all skin blemishes, in short the result of 30 years' practical experience treating the skin. Mailed, sealed, to any address, with sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Will They Win?

The Mathew Temperance institute nine went to Milford, N. H., this noon, to play off the rubber game with the team representing that place.

Not Much of That.

The way the Lakeview theatre fills up at every performance of The Mascot, it is evident the people like the opera. Last night "standing room only" was the order.

Look Out For Dogs.

George D. Dudley, foreman at Woods, Sherwood & Co's., wire factory, on Bridge street, was bitten by a dog, Thursday. Officer Libbey settled with the dog later.

Called on Little Ruth.

Gov. Greenhalge as the guest of Gen. C. H. Taylor of the Globe at his summer home on Buzzard's bay, called on Mrs. Cleveland, Little Ruth and Baby Esther, on Thursday, enjoying a very pleasant evening.

Gov. Greenhalge Off for Maine.

Gov. Greenhalge and family left yesterday for Kennebunkport, Me. The governor will remain there for several days, returning to the state house next Tuesday morning. In the meantime Sec. Thomas will hold the fort alone.

It Pleased the Crowd.

St. Patrick's Cadet band gave a free concert last night in front of city hall. A crowd of almost 900 gathered around in the vicinity and seemed to greatly enjoy itself. The program was the same as that rendered on the 4th of July, but was somewhat shortened, as the program was concluded at 9 o'clock.

Money Sold at Auction.

The Lowell Co-operative bank held its regular meeting last evening when $9000 and over were sold after lively bidding. The highest price paid was 7 4-5 per cent. interest on one block of $1500. About $2000 was sold at 6 9-10 per cent., about $4000 for 6 2-5 per cent. and about $3700 for 6 3-10 per cent. The largest block sold to one purchaser was $3000, sold at 6 3-10 per cent.

Endorsement for the C. L. U.

The Mule Spinners' union met last evening at 12 Middle street. The most important business was the discussion on the resolutions adopted by the Central Labor union Sunday last and by a unanimous vote the action of the the union was fully endorsed.

It was also voted to turn out in a body on Labor day in the parade, and at the next meeting the marshal and his aids will be elected.

His Head Smashed in.

A despatch from Haverhill says that Timothy Driscoll of this city, employed in C. H. Hayes' new factory had the top of his head crushed by brick falling from a tub that was being hoisted to the top of the building, a distance of 20 feet. He was taken to the city hospital and late last evening was in a critical condition and will probably die. He is married and has a family in this city.

The only Timothy Driscoll in the directory is the one that resides on Charles street.

Vote for O'Day.

Every democratic voter in Ward Six should turn out on Tuesday next to vote for Mr. O'Day. His defeat would be a severe blow to the democrats of the city.

It is now known by the democratic city committee that several of the defeated candidates who have heretofore been regarded as good democrats are out in opposition to Mr. O'Day. These gentlemen are making the mistake of their lives because they will be punished for their treachery if they show by their actions that the reports in circulation regarding them are true. Should Mr. O'Day's vote fall below the democratic strength they will be held responsible.

STEERAGE RATES CUT.

Vacation Trip to Liverpool and Return for Only $15.

NEW YORK, July 14.—The cut in steerage rates to points in England, made yesterday by the White Star line, was beat today by the American Line Steamship company. Hereafter until further notice they will carry steerage passengers to the other side for $10 each, with the privilege of purchasing a return ticket prepaid for $15.

This rate is to the common points, technically speaking, which are Southampton, Liverpool, London and Belfast.

An additional $1 will be added to this rate to Dublin, and $2 to Bristol. The fare to Havre, Amsterdam, Bremen or Rotterdam will be $15, and $2.25 additional to Paris. The continental rate also holds good for Scandinavian ports.

The Cunard company say they have done nothing in the way of a cut as yet.

Nothing to Give Out.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Reports are still very unsatisfactory as to the progress of the Democratic tariff conference, and nothing more direct can be obtained from conferrees than that they are making satisfactory progress, and that the bill is being gradually put into shape, which it is hoped will make it reasonably satisfactory to the Democratic party.

Mind Was Unbalanced.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., July 14.—Rev. A. B. Dascomb committed suicide at his home in Westminster. He was 59 years old. He was stationed at Bellows Falls for 12 years, resigning in September, 1890, on account of illness. He never regained his health. His malady being of a mental nature, resulted in unbalancing his mind a few months ago.

Poland Brothers Recaptured.

LEWISTON, Me., July 14.—Henry Poland, who escaped from Auburn jail last May, was brought back yesterday by Officer Sparrow of Portland, who found him and George Poland, his brother, at Gloucester, N. H. George escaped from Deputy Marshal True of Mechanic Falls last week, but was rearrested by Officer Sparrow.

Ex-Roundsman Under Arrest.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Samuel J. Campbell, a former roundsman on the police force and now a real estate agent, was arrested yesterday. He is accused of having forced tribute from east side Bohemian saloon keepers.

A Postponement.

BUFFALO, July 14.—The triennial general convocation of Royal Arch Masons of the Grand Chapter was to have been held in Topeka next week, but on account of the strike the convocation will not be held until Aug. 22.

Back at Old Wages.

LOWELL, Mass., July 14.—The Lowell Carpet company Brussels weavers have voted to start work July 22 on the old rate of wages. They are promised 10 per cent advance when the tariff question is settled.

Clearance Sale!!!

Now is the time to get your vacation or business suit or trouser, at greatly reduced prices. Best values in the city at Alexander's, importer and tailor, 55 Central street.

Giving Away

Elegantly decorated nappies and platters with a pound of our high grade tea. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 403-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CONGRESS ACTS.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL HAS PASSED.

Other Matters of Importance Taken Up Without Delay—Pension Appropriation Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The river and harbor appropriation bill, which usually gives rise to sharp debate and consumes from three days to a week for its completion, was passed yesterday. Another important bill—the legislative, executive and judicial—was immediately taken up and put well on its way toward passage before the senate adjourned.

The early part of the day's proceedings was enlivened by a discussion of Mr. Hale's resolution inquiring whether there had been a meeting of the conference committee on the tariff bill. Besides the author of the resolution, the Republican conferees, Senators Allison, Aldrich and Sherman, each expressed their condemnation of "senate chamber" method of considering the bill now involved.

Mr. Voorhees replied that he had been actuated by an overwhelming desire to hurry the bill through its last stage in not inviting the Republican members to the meetings. It was necessary that the majority should first formulate some line of action for themselves, after which a full conference would be called. Several bills of minor importance were passed.

The house agreed to the report of the conference on the pension appropriation bill. The remainder of the day was devoted to the consideration of private bills. Although several were debated none was passed. The evening session was for the consideration of private pension bills.

WON WITH EASE.

Two of Cincinnati's Pitchers Badly Pounded by the Bostons.

CINCINNATI, July 13.—Boston hammered both of Cincinnati's pitchers without ceasing, and won with the greatest ease.

Boston	4	1	3	2	0	2	0	7	3	—22
Cincinnati	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	—7

Earned runs—Boston, 18; Cincinnati, 7. Base hits—Boston, 29; Cincinnati, 13. Errors—Boston, 2; Cincinnati, 5. Batteries—Staley and Ryan; Tannehill, Parrott and Murphy.

At St. Louis:

St. Louis	3	3	0	0	0	0	5	0		—11
Baltimore	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	—10

Base hits—St. Louis, 12; Baltimore, 8. Errors—St. Louis, 6; Baltimore, 8. Batteries—Breitenstein and Twineham; Hawke, McMahon and Clarke.

At Pittsburg:

Pittsburg	4	3	0	3	0	0	0	0		—10
New York	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4

Base hits—Pittsburg, 8; New York, 6. Errors—Pittsburg, 3; New York, 6. Batteries—Ehret and Mack; Westervelt and Farrell.

At Cleveland:

Cleveland	1	4	0	5	4	1	1	0		—16
Philadelphia	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	—8

Base hits—Cleveland, 15; Philadelphia, 19. Errors—Cleveland, 1; Philadelphia, 5. Batteries—Young and O'Connor; Callahan and Buckley.

At Portland—Portland, 20; Bangor, 9.

At Lewiston—Lewiston, 14; Haverhill, 12.

At Brockton—Brockton 7; Pawtucket, 6

Hayes and McGlone the disbanded Worcester club have been signed by Bangor.

Five Persons Injured.

CHICAGO, July 14.—A passenger and a freight collided on the Wisconsin Central railroad at Fourteenth and Robey streets. Five persons were injured, but none killed.

Mrs. Sarah F. Combs
Auburn, Mass.

All Broken Down

Weak, Nervous, Dizzy Spells

Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I had been in poor health for a long time. For years my appetite was very poor. Supper was my best meal, but even then I could not sleep nights and I had to walk the floor a great deal at night. I was very nervous and had frequent dizzy spells and headaches. I suffered with pains in my bowels.

I Did Not Think I Could Live

three months when I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla for my blood. Before I had used one bottle I began to feel better and my appetite improved. I was troubled with constipation, so I got a box of Hood's Vegetable Pills. Soon I passed a knotted tape worm 25 feet long. At once the pains in my bowels ceased and though very weak, I began to pick up in appetite and strength. I am no longer troubled with headache or dizzy spells, and sleep soundly. I am perfectly well and work hard each day." MRS. SARAH F. COMBS, Auburn, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

BARGAINS!

2 cans Peaches	25 cents
2 cans Salmon	25 cents
3 cans Peas	25 cents
4 bottles Ammonia	25 cents
3 mugs Mustard	25 cents
2 lbs Hops	25 cents
1 gallon Molasses	25 cents
6 boxes Macaroni	25 cents
8 dozen Crackers	25 cents
4 packages Corn Starch	25 cents
5 lbs Tapioca	25 cents
3 lbs Raisins	25 cents
6 lbs Currants	25 cents
5 lbs Starch	25 cents
10 bars Soap	25 cents
5 boxes Sardines	25 cents
3 boxes Mince Meat	25 cents
3 bottles of Root Beer	25 cents

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

Only Three Voters.

Only three Ward Six voters showed up to be registered in city hall, yesterday.

Took French Leave.

"Shorty" Devine, as he is know around town, is reported to have taken French leave from the workhouse.

An Ungodly Warm Day.

Two men approached each other on Central street yesterday afternoon. The first ejaculated, "pretty warm, isn't it?" "Well, I guess it is," replied the other, "its a regular Bob Ingersoll day."

Firemen vs. Police.

The would-be champions at the national game in the police and fire departments will meet on the Fair grounds next Thursday afternoon. Money is being placed even; odds are given that more than two umpires will be needed.

Has Sung the World Over.

Mr. Robert Tyrrell, the famous tenor singer, is at his home in this city. He came on from San Francisco, Cal., to see his father whom he learned was quite ill. "Bob" has been engaged during the past season at Maguire's theatre in San Francisco. He has signed for next season with the Minnie Hauk company. During his life "Bob" has travelled considerably and has visited Europe, Asia, Africa, North America and South America.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

LADIES' OXFORD SHOES.

The season for outing and vacation is at hand, and the ideal shoe for recreation is the Oxford. It furnishes coolness and comfort, convenience and economy all in one. For the seashore, for the mountain, for the summer picnic, you need a pair of Oxfords. Here's the chance to supply the need:—

Ladies' Dongola, patent leather tip, opera and Philadelphia toe Oxfords, 75c.

Ladies' Dongola opera and square toe Oxfords, widths D and E, 99c.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, patent leather tip Oxfords, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' tan goat opera and square toe Oxfords, widths B, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, opera and square cloth top Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, turn, opera and square toe, patent tip, Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat turn, opera and square toe Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat, McKay sewed, opera toe Oxfords, widths B and E, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, needle toe, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square toe, cloth top, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square turn, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Tan Vici Kid, McKay sewed, opera Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Russia Calf, McKay sewed opera Blucher and Oxfords, $2.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

Lakeview Theatre

Afternoons at 3. Evenings at 8.

THE GILBERT OPERA COMPANY

A Mascot is a Mascot because it is a

MASCOT

Beginning MONDAY, July 9th, this merriest of Audran's operas will be produced.

New Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, American Orchestra, Superb Chorus, Excellent Caste.

Bettina, the Mascot	Miss Jennie Corea
Fiametta	Miss Kate Powers
Frederic	Mrs. Carrie Carvel Lloyd
Lorenzo XVII	Raymond Hitchcock
Pippo	John Lloyd
Rocco	Tom Callahan
Doctor	George Ireland
Matteo	Peter Dopew
Parafonte	Frank Emerson
Carlo	Miss Madeline Sandford
Macco	Miss Edith Cinq Mars

Lords, ladies, soldiers, peasants, etc.

Grandest production ever seen in Lowell.

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes

For Breakfast, What Shall We Eat?

TRY

Cunningham's Breakfast Delicacy,

A WHEAT FOOD.

12c. per pkg. A perfect food, especially those of weak digestion.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 122 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK.

Mantle Bed with Spring and Mattress, complete, for $12.50, usual price $16.

Sideboard folding Bed with French Mirror, all quartered Oak, $30, usual price $35. A fine Antique Bedroom Set, large Plate Mirror. 18.

The very best Soft Top Mattress for $3.

Wash Tubs, Clothes Baskets, Bench and Tub Wringers, at lowest prices.

We have a few Refrigerators left and will sell at a bargain. A new lot of Baby Carriages just received, with all latest improvements, for the small sum of $5.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number. 85 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

Weather Indications—Fair and Continued Warm.

Attention, Gentlemen

FREE SHINE. This week we offer you 172 pairs of finest Calfskin Hand Sewed FREE SHINE.

OXFORDS,

FREE SHINE. Varying in value from $7 to $4.50. Take your choice at $3.50. See them in our window. FREE SHINE.

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS POLISHED FREE AT OUR STORE.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall.

BEEF AWAY OFF.

LOWER THAN EVER

—AT—

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

CARPET REMNANTS.

We have a large stock of Carpet Remnants and Samples which we are selling very cheap. Just the thing for Rugs and Mats. Goods that usually sell for 65c. per yard, you can buy from us for 25c. per yard; 85c. goods for 50c.; $1.25 goods for 65c.

Remnants large enough for a good sized carpet we can sell you for half price. Bring the measure of your room and you can get a carpet very cheap. We can furnish you anything you need in the furniture or carpet line at bottom prices. Our stock is one of the largest and best selected in Lowell. We guarantee our goods first class and our prices the lowest. We are here to stay and when you want anything in our line come to

Gookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

WILLIAM WADE'S PROCLAMATION.

This has nothing to do with the Chicago trouble; but it is a subject of interest to every man, woman and child in this city and suburbs. I am not a millionaire, but I am willing to help everyone to save a dollar. What fairer proposition can I make?

Defying competition I present a list of the *following bargains*.—

GOAT BUTTON BOOTS, regular price $1.50, our price 80c.

MISSES' DONGOLA BUTTON BOOTS, regular price $1.25, our price 75c.

LADIES' BLACK OXFORDS, patent tips, all sizes, usual price 75c., our price 50c.

MISSES' and CHILDREN'S OXFORDS, colored and black, 49c. and upwards.

CHILD'S RUSSET BOOTS, our own make, 40c.; small sizes less.

MEN'S TENNIS SHOES, 25c.

MEN'S HIGH CUT BICYCLE BAL SHOES, rubber soles, 75c.; former price $1.25

These are simply a sample of the hundreds of bargains offered. If you do not believe I have them, call and see. Dollars are scarce nowadays, and only by saving the pennies can our merchants keep alive. When you want anything in Footwear call on

WILLIAM WADE,

23 MERRIMACK STREET,

Two Doors Below the Post Office.

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM. 182 Merrimack Street, Photographers, Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block, Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing of all kinds. Telephone 39-5. Prescott Street Lowell, Mass.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JULY 14.

SUN RISES	4 20	MOON SETS	1 03 AM
SUN SETS	7 20	FULL SEA	9 15 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	15 00		9 15 PM

Forecast for Maine and New Hampshire: Partly cloudy, with local showers in southern portion; west winds; cooler.

For Vermont: Fair; winds shifting to northwest.

For Massachusetts: Showers, followed by fair weather; cooler; west winds.

For Rhode Island and Connecticut: Fair, followed by local thunder storms in Connecticut; west winds; cooler in Connecticut.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN, with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Everybody agrees that last night was the hottest night of the season.

The Atlantic mills, Lawrence, are to close July 28th for five weeks.

The Massachusetts Cycle club of Boston is the guest of the Vesper club today.

The memorial fund to the late Chief Henry L. Bixby of Newton has reached $7000.

Mr. and Mrs. John Covillo of Watertown, are visiting in Lowell and renewing old acquaintances.

Benjamin Lee and Wm. Looboy are to run a 100 yard dash at the Fair grounds, July 28th, for $50 a side.

The Y. M. C. A. gives a free concert in their rooms on Hurd street at 7.30 tonight. The Irene orchestra will furnish music.

The new bicycle law is in force. Ten miles an hour is the limit to the speed in cities, and a bell must be used on the machine.

The outing club of the Y. W. C. A. is at Willow Dale, this afternoon. A basket lunch will be served free to all who attend.

The Ward Six committee of the republican city committee met last night, and arranged for electioneering at Tuesday's election.

The Burkes are holding their annual picnic and games, this afternoon, at Shawsheen river grove. Among other attractions there will be a base ball game and races.

Wm. Barry of this city, charged with obtaining money under false pretences was held for the grand jury at Concord, N. H., Friday. Bail was fixed at $300. He was committed.

Read Kittredge & Co.'s ad. today and get your supply of paints, brushes, etc., for every day use. Paris green is not mentioned, so put this on the list, too. Warranted to kill with one application; 208 Central street.

A small boy named Alphonse Tetreau was arrested in Dracut Thursday, on a charge of breaking glass in a house at that place. He was discharged on account of his being so young, as he is only 7 years old. Another boy still younger was also mixed up in this affair, but was not arrested.

Haverhill Commandery, U. O. G. C., of Haverhill, had an installation of officers last evening. Following are the officers: Deputy Grand Commander J. A. Janvrin, Grand Herald J. F. Robarge, Past Grand Commander Lady Henrietta Robarge officiated. Rev. H. Lockhart was present to advocate Golden Cross principles.

A Tent Blown Down.

The tent over the flying horses in the vacant lot on Lakeview avenue was blown down by the wind, yesterday.

Offer Ten Per Cent.

Joseph O. Lebarge, general trader, 44 Aiken street, Lowell, owes $5710.06, and the assets consisted of the stock, accounts and bills receivable. He offers his creditors 10 per cent. payable in 30 days.

Aiken Street Bridge Afire.

There was a slight blaze on the Aiken street bridge at 6 o'clock last evening, but it was extinguished by David Benelt before any damage was done. It probably caught from a lighted cigar.

Fees to Lowell Lobbyists.

Among the items paid by corporations to counsel who represented them during the legislative session are the following: Tremont & Suffolk mills to Francis W. Qua of Lowell, counsel to secure legislation in relation to deposits of cities and towns in banks, $318.05; Lowell & Suburban Street Railway company to George F. Richardson counsel on petition for amendment to charter, $100.

Wanted a Free Ride.

A youth who gave his name as Storry Shoukauskie, aged about 13, says the Woonsocket Reporter, who had been hanging around the railroad station at Blackstone, R. I., Monday, and could tell a very plausible story, was forwarded to his home at Lowell, Mass., Monday, at 5 p. m., by Overseer of the Poor William Fitzgerald of that place. The young lad stated that he had been sent to relatives in New York some time ago, who took what money he had except enough to pay his fare to New London from which place he had traveled on foot to Blackstone. As there is no person by that name in the directory, the youth probably gave a fictitious name, or wanted to get a free ride to this city.

CANOE CAMP AT CROTON POINT.

American Association Expects to Have About 200 in Attendance.

CROTON POINT, N. Y., July 14.—The 14th meet of the American Canoe association began here yesterday and will last two weeks. The formal opening of the camp was deferred until today on account of the non-arrival of the association flags and the ammunition for the camp cannon, but the Knickerbocker canoe club hoisted their club flag, saluted it, and opened their part of the camp.

The camp is on the high banks of Croton point, and overlooks the wide waters of Haverstraw bay, facing toward the northwest. There are already about 20 tents in position and a half dozen more arrived this evening. About 40 are in camp. It is expected tomorrow will bring the arrivals up to 200. All preparations are made to receive a large number of new comers.

The camp steamer began running today, and makes four trips daily each way between Sing Sing and the camp. Two stores and a restaurant have been opened on the grounds by enterprising residents of the neighborhood. In addition to Knickerbocker, Red Dragon and Ianthe clubs have club messes.

The following clubs are now represented in the camp; Knickerbocker of New York city, Ianthe of Newark, N. J.; Arlington of Arlington; Red Dragon of Philadelphia, Washington canoe association of Washington, D. C.; Ozanna canoe association of Bridgeport, Conn.; Ottawa of Ottawa, [illegible] Sataxagoa of Port Henry, N. Y.; Rochester of Rochester, N. Y., and [illegible] boating and canoeing association of [illegible], N. Y.

Dr. Coburn DENTIST 81 MERK ST.

Old Hundred 10c. cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

The Martin Luthers held an outing at Tyng's Island yesterday.

There are 305 entries for the Worcester trotting meeting next week.

The Emmets play the Centrals on the North common this afternoon.

The police arrested John Savage, yesterday, charged with escaping from the city farm.

The Pawtucket Blues play the Collinsville B. B. club in Pawtucketvill this afternoon.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

Operations were begun this forenoon on those promised iron stairs to Chelmsford street at the Middlesex street station.

Three pool tables and a billiard table will be put in at Lakeview in that part of the bowling alley formerly used for rifle practice.

Sergeant Dangler, the recruiting officer from Fort Warren, Boston harbor, reports four men enlisted during his six weeks stay in Lowell.

P. J. Roar, attorney-at-law, has removed his office from 10 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack corner of Palmer street.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the thermometer at Ellingwood's store registered 98 degrees. The awning was down and the electric fans were kept going all day.

Before Corbett sails for home this month he is to put on the gloves in England with old Jem Mace. The veteran ex-champion of the world is in need of coin, and Corbett will give him a helping hand by appearing at his benefit and using him gently in the boxing.

About 12.30 last night the residents of Howard street in the vicinity of Chelmsford street, were startled by hearing a series of unearthly yells and cries that lasted two or three minutes. Several of the residents got up and a few people who were passing along Chelmsford street ran down and made a hunt for the "howler," but without success, as he had disappeared.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Objects to His Name.

Mr. Prescott Lynch of the Mail, who strenuously objects to being called "Percy," is to take the newspaper men up river on an excursion, and he will foot all bills.

They Danced For Prizes.

The R. C. club had a sail up river on the May Queen to Harmony Grove, last night. Fred Tucker won the prize dance and Jennie McKenzie took a gold ring for the ladies' prize.

A Despicable Act.

A sneak thief entered the house of a woman named Bridget Daley, who lives at 59 Chestnut street, while she was out working yesterday afternoon, and carried away the scanty stock of food which she had bought that morning. The theft was reported to Inspector Laflamme. The thief who stole the victuals deserves heavy punishment, for the loss falls heavily on the family of six, the husband and father being out of work.

Who Will Preach Tomorrow.

Rev. W. D. Leland preaches at Eliot church. Rev. J. C. Tomlinson, at First Universalist church. Prof. R. A. Beard, at First Congregational church. Rev. E. W. Pride of Andover at High Street Congregation church. Miss Bertha Stevens of Franklin, N. H., at Union F. B. church. Prof. J. P. Taylor of Andover, at Kirk Street church. Rev. E. P. Curnick at Worthen Street Baptist, morning; and Worthen Street Methodist, evening.

Dracut a Little Excited.

There is no little excitement in the town of Dracut over an attempt to get Officer Scott investigated. It is said that he aroused the ire of the townspeople by carrying two revolvers, a billy, handcuffs and twisters, in fact he was a walking arsenal in the opinion of law breakers. The people say he used his revolver to scare a man who was running away on the Fourth, but Officer Scott says it was only a blank cartridge, and as he caught and arrested the man the burnt powder was well expended.

Only Fooled Once.

An item in yesterday's SUN reads, "The long promised iron stairs from Chelmsford street down to the Northern depot have at last been commenced."

This item recalls a few humorous incidents which were seen for the few days following the boarding up of the Chelmsford street entrance to the old stairs. Many of our prominent citizens had a habit, when they had occasion to go to Boston, of jumping off a Westford street car and making a dive down the stairway with great speed.

For a few days after this had been boarded up, it was very humorous to stand for about an hour—between 8 and 9 o'clock —and watch those who were unacquainted with the fact that-it-was-closed, make a running jump from the car to the entrance and to see the looks of amazement that came over their faces. Most of them would use pretty strong language when they found they had to walk away round to Middlesex street, but they never get fooled more than once in this way.

THE NEW QUARTERS.

To be Occupied by the License Commissioners at City Hall.

The license commissioners will have their new quarters in city hall, in the truant commissioners' office, unless they change their minds. It is understood that the members of the commission are favorably impressed with the truant commissioners quarters, and will have a railing put in the room.

They will have office hours so as not to interfere with the work of the truant commissioners.

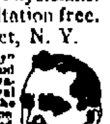
It is said that upon their recent visit to Worcester, the commissioner found that several clerks have been employed to do work for the commissioners there and so reported to Mayor Pickman. His honor replied that he guessed there would be no need of several clerks here. City Clerk Dowd and Asst. McCarthy have managed to perform their regular work and attend to license business besides in past years.

Woodbury removes Moles,

Warts, Pimples, Freckles, Wrinkles, Superfluous Hair, all Facial Blemishes, and Skin Diseases. Regular registered Physicians. Call or write. Consultation free.

125 West 42d Street, N. Y.

Send 10c. for a little "Beauty" book. 150 pages on skin and scalp, care of the hair, preservation of the complexion, removal of all skin blemishes, in short the results of 20 years' practical experience treating the skin. Mailed, sealed, to any address, with sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



Will They Win?

The Mathew Temperance Institute nine went to Milford, N. H., this noon, to play off the rubber game with the team representing that place.

Not Much of That.

The way the Lakeview theatre fills up at every performance of The Mascot, it is evident the people like the opera. Last night "standing room only" was the order.

Look Out For Dogs.

George D. Dudley, foreman at Woods, Sherwood & Co's., wire factory, on Bridge street, was bitten by a dog, Thursday. Officer Libbey settled with the dog later.

Called on Little Ruth.

Gov. Greenhalge as the guest of Gen. C. H. Taylor of the Globe at his summer home on Buzzard's bay, called on Mrs. Cleveland, Little Ruth and Baby Esther, on Thursday, enjoying a very pleasant evening.

Gov. Greenhalge Off for Maine.

Gov. Greenhalge and family left yesterday for Kennebunkport, Me. The governor will remain there for several days, returning to the state house next Tuesday morning. In the meantime Sec. Thomas will hold the fort alone.

It Pleased the Crowd.

St. Patrick's Cadet band gave a free concert last night in front of city hall. A crowd of almost 000 gathered around in the vicinity and seemed to greatly enjoy itself. The program was the same as that rendered on the 4th of July, but was somewhat shortened, as the program was concluded at 0 o'clock.

Money Sold at Auction.

The Lowell Co-operative bank held its regular meeting last evening when $9000 and over were sold after lively bidding. The highest price paid was 7 4-5 per cent. interest on one block of $1500. About $2000 was sold at 6 9-10 per cent., about $4000 for 6 2-5 per cent. and about $5700 for 6 3-10 per cent. The largest block sold to one purchaser was $3000, sold at 6 3-10 per cent.

Endorsement for the C. L. U.

The Mule Spinners' union met last evening at 12 Middle street. The most important business was the discussion on the resolutions adopted by the Central Labor union Sunday last and by a unanimous vote the action of the the union was fully endorsed.

It was also voted to turn out in a body on Labor day in the parade, and at the next meeting the marshal and his aids will be elected.

His Head Smashed In.

A despatch from Haverhill says that Timothy Driscoll of this city, employed in C. H. Hayes' new factory had the top of his head crushed by brick falling from a tub that was being hoisted to the top of the building, a distance of 20 feet. He was taken to the city hospital and late last evening was in a critical condition and will probably die. He is married and has a family in this city.

The only Timothy Driscoll in the directory is the one that resides on Charles street.

Vote for O'Day.

Every democratic voter in Ward Six should turn out on Tuesday next to vote for Mr. O'Day. His defeat would be a severe blow to the democrats of the city.

It is now known by the democratic city committee that several of the defeated candidates who have heretofore been regarded as good democrats are out in opposition to Mr. O'Day. These gentlemen are making the mistake of their lives because they will be punished for their treachery if they show by their actions that the reports in circulation regarding them are true. Should Mr. O'Day's vote fall below the democratic strength they will be held responsible.

STEERAGE RATES CUT.

Vacation Trip to Liverpool and Return for Only $15.

NEW YORK, July 14.—The cut in steerage rates to points in England, made yesterday by the White Star line, was beat today by the American Line Steamship company. Hereafter until further notice they will carry steerage passengers to the other side for $10 each, with the privilege of purchasing a return ticket prepaid for $15.

This rate is to the common points, technically speaking, which are Southampton, Liverpool, London and Belfast.

An additional $1 will be added to this rate to Dublin, and $2 to Bristol. The fare to Havre, Amsterdam, Bremen or Rotterdam will be $15, and $2.25 additional to Paris. The continental rate also holds good for Scandinavian ports.

The Cunard company say they have done nothing in the way of a cut as yet.

Nothing to Give Out.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Reports are still very unsatisfactory as to the progress of the Democratic tariff conference, and nothing more direct can be obtained from conferrees than that they are making satisfactory progress, and that the bill is being gradually put into shape, which it is hoped will make it reasonably satisfactory to the Democratic party.

Mind Was Unbalanced.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., July 14.—Rev. A. B. Dascomb committed suicide at his home in Westminster. He was 50 years old. He was stationed at Bellows Falls for 12 years, resigning in September, 1890, on account of illness. He never regained his health. His malady being of a mental nature, resulted in unbalancing his mind a few months ago.

Poland Brothers Recaptured.

LEWISTON, Me., July 14.—Henry Poland, who escaped from Auburn jail last May, was brought back yesterday by Officer Sparrow of Portland, who found him and George Poland, his brother, at Gloucester, N. H. George escaped from Deputy Marshal True of Mechanic Falls last week, but was rearrested by Officer Sparrow.

Ex-Roundsman Under Arrest.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Samuel J. Campbell, a former roundsman on the police force and now a real estate agent, was arrested yesterday. He is accused of having forced tribute from east side Bohemian saloon keepers.

A Postponement.

BUFFALO, July 14.—The triennial general convocation of Royal Arch Masons of the Grand Chapter was to have been held in Topeka next week, but on account of the strike the convocation will not be held until Aug. 22.

Back at Old Wages.

LOWELL, Mass., July 14.—The Lowell Carpet company Brussels weavers have voted to start work July 23 on the old rate of wages. They are promised 10 per cent. advance when the tariff question is settled.

Clearance Sale!!!

Now is the time to get your vacation or business suit or trouser, at greatly reduced prices. Best values in the city at Alexander's, importer and tailor, 25 Central street.

Giving Away

Elegantly decorated nappies and platters with a pound of our high grade tea. Dickson Bros.; 68 Merrimack street.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. D. Swift, 8 Barristers hall. Telephone 401-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CONGRESS ACTS.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL HAS PASSED.

Other Matters of Importance Taken Up Without Delay—Pension Appropriation Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The river and harbor appropriation bill, which usually gives rise to sharp debate and consumes from three days to a week for its completion, was passed yesterday. Another important bill—the legislative, executive and judicial—was immediately taken up and put well on its way toward passage before the senate adjourned.

The early part of the day's proceedings was enlivened by a discussion of Mr. Hale's resolution inquiring whether there had been a meeting of the conference committee on the tariff bill. Besides the author of the resolution, the Republican conferrees, Senators Allison, Aldrich and Sherman, each expressed their condemnation of "senate chamber" method of considering the bill now involved.

Mr. Voorhees replied that he had been actuated by an overwhelming desire to hurry the bill through its last stage in not inviting the Republican members to the meetings. It was necessary that the majority should first formulate some line of action for themselves, after which a full conference would be called. Several bills of minor importance were passed.

The house agreed to the report of the conference on the pension appropriation bill. The remainder of the day was devoted to the consideration of private bills. Although several were debated none was passed. The evening session was for the consideration of private pension bills.

WON WITH EASE.

Two of Cincinnati's Pitchers Badly Pounded by the Bostons.

CINCINNATI, July 13.—Boston hammered both of Cincinnati's pitchers without ceasing, and won with the greatest ease.

Boston	4	1	3	2	0	2	0	7	6	—23
Cincinnati	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	— 7

Earned runs—Boston, 18; Cincinnati, 7. Base hits—Boston, 29; Cincinnati, 19. Errors—Boston, 2; Cincinnati, 5. Batteries—Staley and Ryan; Tannehill, Parrott and Murphy.

At St. Louis:

St. Louis	3	3	0	0	0	0	5	0		—11
Baltimore	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	—10

Base hits—St. Louis, 12; Baltimore, 8. Errors—St. Louis, 6; Baltimore, 6. Batteries—Breitenstein and Twineham; Hawke, McMahon and Clarke.

At Pittsburg:

Pittsburg	4	5	0	3	0	0	0	0		—12
New York	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 4

Base hits—Pittsburg, 9; New York, 6. Errors—Pittsburg, 8; New York, 6. Batteries—Ehret and Mack; Westervelt and Farrell.

At Cleveland:

Cleveland	1	4	0	5	4	1	1	0		—16
Philadelphia	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	— 8

Base hits—Cleveland, 15; Philadelphia, 10. Errors—Cleveland, 1; Philadelphia, 5. Batteries—Young and O'Connor; Callahan and Buckley.

At Portland—Portland, 20; Bangor, 9.

At Lewiston—Lewiston, 14; Haverhill, 12.

At Brockton—Brockton, 7; Pawtucket, 6.

Hayes and McGlone [illegible] the disbanded Worcester club have been signed by Bangor.

Five Persons Injured.

CHICAGO, July 14.—A passenger and a freight collided on the Wisconsin Central railroad at Fourteenth and Robey streets. Five persons were injured, but none killed.

Mrs. Sarah F. Combs
Auburn, Mass.

All Broken Down

Weak, Nervous, Dizzy Spells

Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I had been in poor health for a long time. For years my appetite was very poor. Supper was my best meal, but even then I could not sleep nights and I had to walk the floor a great deal at night. I was very nervous and had frequent dizzy spells and headaches. I suffered with pains in my bowels.

I Did Not Think I Could Live

three months when I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla for my blood. Before I had used one bottle I began to feel better and my appetite improved. I was troubled with constipation, so I got a box of Hood's Vegetable Pills. Soon I passed a knotted tape worm 25 feet long. At once the pains in my bowels ceased and though very weak, I began to pick up in appe-

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

tite and strength. I am no longer troubled with headache or dizzy spells, and sleep soundly. I am perfectly well and work hard each day." MRS. SARAH F. COMBS, Auburn, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

BARGAINS!

2 cans Peaches	25 cents
2 cans Salmon	25 cents
3 cans Peas	25 cents
4 bottles Ammonia	25 cents
3 mugs Mustard	25 cents
2 lbs Hops	25 cents
1 gallon Mollasses	25 cents
6 boxes Macaroni	25 cents
8 dozen Crackers	25 cents
4 packages Corn Starch	25 cents
6 lbs. Tapioca	25 cents
3 lbs Raisins	25 cents
6 lbs. Currants	25 cents
5 lbs Starch	25 cents
10 bars Soap	25 cents
5 boxes Sardines	25 cents
3 boxes Mince Meat	25 cents
3 bottles of Root Beer	25 cents

FARLEY'S :: CASH :: GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

Only Three Voters.

Only three Ward Six voters showed up to be registered in city hall, yesterday.

Took French Leave.

"Shorty" Devine, as he is know around town, is reported to have taken French leave from the workhouse.

An Ungodly Warm Day.

Two men approached each other on Central street yesterday afternoon. The first ejaculated, "pretty warm, isn't it?" "Well, I guess it is," replied the other, "its a regular Bob Ingersoll day."

Firemen vs. Police.

The would-be champions at the national game in the police and fire departments will meet on the Fair grounds next Thursday afternoon. Money is being placed even; odds are given that more than two umpires will be needed.

Has Sung the World Over.

Mr. Robert Tyrrell, the famous tenor singer, is at his home in this city. He came on from San Francisco, Cal., to see his father whom he learned was quite ill. "Bob" has been engaged during the past season at Maguire's theatre in San Francisco. He has signed for next season with the Minnie Hauk company. During his life "Bob" has travelled considerably and has visited Europe, Asia, Africa, North America and South America.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

LADIES' OXFORD SHOES.

The season for outing and vacation is at hand, and the ideal shoe for recreation is the Oxford. It furnishes coolness and comfort, convenience and economy all in one. For the seashore, for the mountain, for the summer picnic, you need a pair of Oxfords. Here's the chance to supply the need:—

Ladies' Dongola, patent leather tip, opera and Philadelphia toe Oxfords, 75c.

Ladies' Dongola opera and square toe Oxfords, widths D and E, 99c.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, patent leather tip Oxfords, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' tan goat opera and square toe Oxfords, widths B, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, opera and square cloth top Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, turn, opera and square toe, patent tip, Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat turn, opera and square toe Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat, McKay sewed, opera toe Oxfords, widths B and E, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, needle toe, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square toe, cloth top, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square turn, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Ten Vici Kid, McKay sewed, opera Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Russia Calf, McKay sewed opera Blucher and Oxfords, $2.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

Lakeview Theatre

Afternoons at 3. Evenings at 8.

THE GILBERT OPERA COMPANY

A Mascot is a Mascot because it is a

MASCOT

Beginning MONDAY, July 9th, this merriest of Audran's operas will be produced.

New Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, American Orchestra, Superb Chorus, Excellent Caste.

Bettina, the Mascot	Miss Jennie Corea
Flametta	Miss Kate Powers
Frederic	Mrs. Carrie Carrel Lloyd
Lorenzo XVII	Raymond Hitchcock
Pippo	John Lloyd
Rocco	Tom Callahan
Doctor	George Ireland
Matteo	Peter Depew
Paralonto	Frank Emerson
Carlo	Miss Madeline Sandford
Mecco	Miss Edith Cinq Mars

Lords, ladies, soldiers, peasants, etc.

Grandest production ever seen in Lowell.

—O—

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes.

For Breakfast, What Shall We Eat?

TRY

Cunningham's Breakfast Delicacy,

A WHEAT FOOD.

12c. per pkg. A perfect food, especially those of weak digestion.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 129 Middlesex St. New No. 485.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-8, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH..............Proprietor

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK.

Mantle Bed with Spring and Mattress, complete, for $12.50, usual price $16.

Sideboard folding Bed with French Mirror, all quartered Oak, $30, usual price $35. A fine Antique Bedroom Set, large Plate Mirror, $18.

The very best Soft Top Mattress for $3.

Wash Tubs, Clothes Baskets, Bench and Tub Wringers, at lowest prices.

We have a few Refrigerators left and will sell at a bargain. A new lot of Baby Carriages just received, with all latest improvements, for the small sum of $5.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 85 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

Weather Indications—Fair and Continued Warm.

Attention, Gentlemen

FREE SHINE. This week we offer you 172 pairs of finest Calfskin Hand Sewed **FREE SHINE.**

OXFORDS,

FREE SHINE. Varying in value from $7 to $4.50. Take your choice at **$3.50.** See them in our window. **FREE SHINE.**

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS POLISHED FREE AT OUR STORE.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall.

BEEF AWAY OFF.

LOWER THAN EVER

—AT—

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

CARPET REMNANTS.

We have a large stock of Carpet Remnants and Samples which we are selling very cheap. Just the thing for Rugs and Mats. Goods that usually sell for 65c. per yard, you can buy from us for 25c. per yard; 85c. goods for 50c.; $1.25 goods for 65c.

Remnants large enough for a good sized carpet we can sell you for half price. Bring the measure of your room and you can get a carpet very cheap. We can furnish you anything you need in the furniture or carpet line at bottom prices. Our stock is one of the largest and best selected in Lowell. We guarantee our goods first class and our prices the lowest. We are here to stay and when you want anything in our line come to

Gookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

WILLIAM WADE'S PROCLAMATION.

This has nothing to do with the Chicago trouble; but it is a subject of interest to every man, woman and child in this city and suburbs. I am not a millionaire, but I am willing to help everyone to save a dollar. What fairer proposition can I make?

Defying competition I present a list of the following bargains.—

GOAT BUTTON BOOTS, regular price $1.50, our price 80c.

MISSES' DONGOLA BUTTON BOOTS, regular price $1.25, our price 75c.

LADIES' BLACK OXFORDS, patent tips, all sizes, usual price 75c., our price 50c.

MISSES' and CHILDREN'S OXFORDS, colored and black, 49c. and upwards.

CHILD'S RUSSET BOOTS, our own make, 40c.; small sizes less.

MEN'S TENNIS SHOES, 25c.

MEN'S HIGH CUT BICYCLE BAL SHOES, rubber soles, 75c.; former price $1.25

These are simply a sample of the hundreds of bargains offered. If you do not believe I have them, call and see. Dollars are scarce nowadays, and only by saving the pennies can our merchants keep alive. When you want anything in Footwear call on

WILLIAM WADE,

23 MERRIMACK STREET,

Two Doors Below the Post Office.

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM, 182 Merrimack Street, Photographers, Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block, Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing of all kinds. Telephone 394, Prescott Street Lowell, Mass.

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 37. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only paper in Lowell receiving The Associated Press, cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

OCEAN QUEEN

is the Bran New Cruiser Minneapolis.

SHE MADE A TRIAL SPEED OF OVER 23 KNOTS.

Magnificent Sight Off the Coast Today.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

ROCKPORT, Mass., July 14.—The new cruiser Minneapolis was officially tried over the course from Cape Ann to Cape Elizabeth today, and the event was even of greater importance than the trials of the cruisers New York and Columbia.

The Minneapolis was predicted by her builders as the fastest cruiser in the world. For every quarter knot over 21 knots an hour the makers will receive from the government a bonus of $50,000; this bonus, of course, will be added to the regular price to be paid according to the contract for the boat.

About the starting point early this morning many towboats and pleasure craft were collected, all waiting for the first glimpse of the new cruiser as she appeared from the mist which now hangs about the entrance to Boston harbor. The fleet of boats which mark the course got under way early, and, steaming out of Gloucester harbor, started for their stations along the course.

At 9.20 the Minneapolis was seen coming down Boston bay, just emerging from the fog. She came down toward Thatcher's island at a rapid rate of speed, with scarcely any perceptible fuss.

She cut the water as clean as a knife and the bone in her teeth could be plainly seen almost before the boat itself.

After circling about for some time the big cruiser came to a stop about three miles from Thatcher's.

At 9.40 the cruiser was opposite Thatcher's. A moment later she was speeding up for the line, and at 9.44.08 she crossed the line. The smoke was pouring from her funnels, and the foam flying from her bows as she dashed on through the slight swell. It was a beautiful sight, and it aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the spectators.

The Minneapolis crossed the finish line at 1.51.40 p. m., having covered tee course at an estimated speed of 23¼ knots an hour.

MASON & MANOLA.

Defendants in a Charge of Obtaining Money on Jewelry.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, July 14.—A complaint was issued against Jack Mason and his wife Marion Manola, the well known theatrical people, today, by Isaac Weinberg of New York, who alleged that they failed to pay him back money he lent them on jewelry.

SLAUGHTERING BEGINS.

All of Chicago's Beef Houses Are Shedding Innocent Blood.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 14.—All the beef concerns are killing today, the employes returning to work as usual. The stock yards handled 5000 cattle, 20,000 hogs and 15,000 sheep.

37 switchmen, 13 engineers and plenty of unskilled help returned to work and all the trains made up were handled.

A Self Confessed Incendiary.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

AMESBURY, July 14.—J. W. Taylor confessed to setting fire to the Taylor homestead, Thursday morning. He is probably insane.

Woburn Strike Settled.

The strikers on the North Woburn street railway have gone back to work, and the difficulties will be arranged by the state board of arbitration.

The parties had a conference in Boston yesterday, and agreed upon arbitration. The cars commenced to run at 2.45 p. m., and regular trips were made forthwith, as far as Winchester.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER.

Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

WANTED—A first class millinery sales girl; local party preferred. All communications confidential. Address P. O. box 156.

MAN KILLED

James Hurd of Bellevue Street the Victim.

DID HE FALL OR JUMP OFF THE TRAIN?

This Point Does Not Seem to be Cleared Up.

James Hurd of Bellevue street, Ward Four, was the victim of a railroad accident at the Gorham street overhead railroad bridge about 9 o'clock this morning.

What led to his death is not known any more than he either fell or jumped from the Salem train just after it passed the Bleachery station, coming into the city and was struck by a train going in the opposite direction.

Up till noontime the facts were not clearly known, some people who said they knew the family hinted that it was a case of suicide, but indications point more strongly to an accidental death.

Death must have been instantaneous, the skull being fractured and the head lacerated. The body was removed to Undertaker Brooks' rooms.

Mr Hurd had charge of the Linwood hotel at Pegeon Cove, and it is said he was expected home last night. He may have missed his train and came up on the first train from Salem this morning.

Some people think that he was out on the platform to get off at the Bleachery station, but why he wanted to get off here is not clearly explained as the Northern station is nearer Bellevue street.

Mr. Hurd was about 60 years old and leaves a wife and daughter. Chief Engineer Hosmer and Mrs. Hosmer boarded with the family, and Mr. Hosmer on hearing of the fatality made the preliminary arrangements for the care of the body.

LOCAL NOTES.

Look out for sneak thieves.

Keep cool in this warm weather and you'll be happy.

Fruit dealers report more variety of fruit at lower prices.

Get your shaving and hair cutting done at Glidden's, SUN building.

The committee on streets will meet at 2 and 7.30 o'clock Monday.

A meeting of the water board is called for 8 o'clock, Monday evening.

Rev. Fr. Colbert formerly of St. Peter's church is spending a few days here.

Democrats of Ward Six are expected to elect Thomas E. O'Day next Tuesday.

People stayed on the street later than usual last night to get a "breath of air."

A party of school ma'ams went to Kennebunkport, Me., for a two weeks' stay, today.

Miss Mary Long has returned from her vacation which was spent at the New England beaches.

Remember the special election in Ward Six Tuesday next. The polls will be open from 7 a. m. to 4 p. m.

A gang of workmen and a steam roller are at work macadamizing Wilder street, from Broadway to Fletcher street.

Manager Gilbert is talking of putting "The Living Pictures" on the Lakeview theatre stage, next week in addition to "The Mascot."

What are those curbstones for, that are lying on the Common street side of the North common? They have been there about six weeks now, and besides being an obstruction are getting to be an eyesore to the residents on the street.

A CRUEL HOAX.

Rumored Drowning of Three Well Known Young Men.

A rumor was current yesterday to the effect that a party of well known young men who had left this city for a fishing trip to Gloucester had been drowned. THE SUN communicated with the Gloucester Times by telephone and found that the editor of that paper had heard nothing of such an occurrence. His reporters had been around the beach all day and if anything of the kind had happened they would know of it. He promised to investigate, however, and to notify THE SUN if any drowning accident occurred anywhere along the shore in the vicinity of Gloucester but THE SUN has not heard from him since.

Salem was also communicated with but no accident was heard of there so that it is safe to say that the rumor was a complete hoax.

It is not known how it started but if it was for a joke the originator of such a story should be ashamed of himself.

The families of those said to have been drowned spent the night in the greatest anxiety and had no means of ascertaining whether the rumor was true.

The boys are off shore fishing and are probably having an excellent time. The names of the alleged victims are Thomas F. Lennon, James O'Brien, and John Buchanan. Joe Farrell and T. P. Sullivan of city hall were also of the party.

A Quiet Court Session.

Thomas F. Savage, the man who escaped from the farm, was tried in court this morning and held in $300 to the superior court.

There were four drunks, and a number of continued cases.

The continued case of Ellen Twohey, charged with keeping liquor, was further continued till Aug. 14.

Do You Know Him?

Chief of Police Davis has received a letter from the mayor of Pacific Junction, Iowa, saying that Charles Dacey, aged 22, died there Tuesday of pneumonia. The young man said his father was Martin Dacey of Lowell.

Sign of the Beer.

The Consumers' Brewing company is distributing some very fine advertising signs among the liquor dealers of the city.

An Engineer in Luck.

Mr. Edward H. Kearney, formerly a resident of North Billerica, now engineer for Jordan, Marsh & Co. of Boston, has been chosen by the Massachusetts Association of Stationary Engineers as a delegate to the national convention to be held at Baltimore, Md., from Sept 9th to the 15th.

Kept His Chair Warm.

Despite the fact that a torrid wave has struck us, the liquor dealers are not overburdened with business. Yesterday one dealer who is generally kept busy, spent the greater part of the day, sitting on a chair near the entrance to his store.

J. G. Buttrick and family have gone to Old Orchard.

NO ICE CREAM SUNDAYS.

CAMBRIDGE FAMILIES MUST GET IT SATURDAY NIGHT.

Not Only Have They Got to Order It Then But Have It Delivered—Another Chapter in the Sunday Laws Enforcement in the University City.

Another chapter of the new novel, "Cambridge and the Sunday Laws," is out.

It came out yesterday and deals with more enforcement of the laws. It is now the ice cream dealers, instead of the druggists, that are being dealt with. The order contained copies of the Sunday law. The ice cream dealers who received them are those who deliver the ices on Sunday. The whole business is to the effect that they are forbidden to deliver their goods on Sunday.

Just how this state of things will be received is uncertain. It will be interesting news to some, at all events. During the heated season, as well as the cool, very many residents are wont to have ice cream served on their tables on Sunday. They don't want the trouble of making the delicacy, so they order it on Saturday, and it is delivered, cold and well frozen, at whatever hour it is wanted. But, according to the law and the order, the dealer can do so no more, and unless the man, woman or child who wants the dish gets down into the cellar or in the back yard and makes it, they must go without it.

Some dealers said last night that no order had been received by them, so they did not know what would be done until it was received.

Others had received the notice, and naturally are not over and above pleased with the state of affairs. There is no association, so that the possibility of concerted action on the part of the dealers is not very likely. They all want the law tested, and it is possible that a test case may result.

Those citizens of Cambridge who want ice cream for their dinner tomorrow must make it themselves or get it on Saturday, and trust to luck and the refrigerator to have it retain any of those characteristics of ice cream the next morning. To those who want their cream on Sunday this fact must be an unpleasant matter to contemplate on a day like yesterday, for instance.

The next chapter will probably come out next week, if there is anything else done in Cambridge contrary to the Sunday laws.

HER LEG CUT OFF.

Distressing Accident to Little Edith Robertshaw Yesterday.

The accident which befell Edith Robertshaw on the railroad tracks under Hale street bridge yesterday afternoon, was a most distressing affair. The little girl—she is only seven years old—was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Willman of Hale street, her home being in Watertown.

She was with a little girl two years younger than herself and had passed through Horne's coal yard to get on to the tracks. She passed behind a flat car which was side tracked just as a freight train which was being made up backed on the same siding and jolted into the car in question. The younger child got out of the way of the car but Edith was caught and thrown across the track, her left leg being crushed frightfully below the knee.

The accident seems especially distressing to so young a girl but if ever an instance of real "grit" "spunk" or whatever courage may be called in a familiar way was seen this one is not exceeded. When she was picked up she did not shed a tear, or utter a cry of pain, and when a gentleman who was near by was asked to run across the street to tell her friends she told him not to as it would worry and distress them.

Edith was taken by Dr. Ricker in the ambulance to the General hospital where tender hands cared for the young patient. It was found necessary to amputate the leg just above the knee. By this time Edith had succumbed to the shock, but there was every hope after the operation that she would pull out all right.

Edith Robertshaw is reported as resting quite comfortably this morning and is almost sure of a speedy recovery.

FOR THE COUNTRY.

A Considerable Amount Already Contributed For This Worthy Charity.

The following contributions have been received for the Country Week fund up to date:

Mrs. T. P. Joy	$ 5.00
Miss Mary Nesmith	5.00
A Friend	1.00
Miss Kitson	10.00
Shattuck St. S. S. Primary Dep't	3.00
F. A. Fisher	5.00
Mrs. Richard Kitson	10.00
P. Dempsey	10.00
A. G	1.00
Theatricals held at Mr. Fred Faulkner's stable by the children	13.00
Edmund D. Fletcher	3.00
Friends	6.80
Roy F. Lovejoy, tr. Scotch Reel club	58.38
A Friend	6.00
Phineas Whiting	3.00
Mrs. Sarah S. Reed	2.00
A Friend	1.00
A Friend	10.00
C.A.R. Dimon	3.00
Mrs Catherine I. Bowers	3.00
A Friend	5.00
A Friend	5.00
E H. Scribner	3.00
B	5.00
Mrs. Francis Green	6.00
Mrs. S. C. Davis	5.00
Jocob Rogers	25.00
Mrs. E M. Tucks	10.00
M. A. P.	25.00
Joseph A. Patten	3.00
A Friend	2.00
Mrs. Tappan Wentworth	10.00
Party, by Prof. Lester's Children Class	8.60
H. M. I.	5.00
Penny Collection at Unitarian S. S	12.00
A Friend	5.00
Josiah Butler	6.00
Unknown	3.00
Contributed by High street church: S. A. Chase, $4; D. L. Page Co, $10; Mrs. H. White, $25; H. H. Wilder, $10; A P. Sawyer, $3; Sunday School $45, Minnie A Robertson, $2.15; High street Y. P S. C. E., $5; Whatsoever Circle, Kings Daughters, $3; total	106.15
Grand total	$408.11

EDWARD ELLINGWOOD, Treasurer.

The Lowell House Burned.

The Lowell house, a well known beach hotel at Crescent beach, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The fire was discovered about 7.30 o'clock, and a smart response was made by the fire department, but all their efforts were of no avail, and only the front walls were left to show where the big hotel had stood. The loss will amount to some $1500, and the building was uninsured. This house was burnt last fall, and has only just been renovated. While the firemen were at work yesterday, they discovered large quantities of beer and spirits.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

Every democrat in Ward Six should vote next Tuesday at the special election for councilman.

LATEST

NO SURRENDER

Labor Leaders Still Talking More Fight.

STRIKE NOT DECLARED OFF BY DEBS.

This Report, the Work of An Enemy, He Says.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The result of the proposals to the general managers yesterday was a decided disappointment to the A. R. U. men. They were confident early in the day that something definite would be the outcome, and hoped for an agreement which would lead to their being reinstated in their old places.

Pres. Debs and Vice Pres Howard evidently thought the reception of their proposition was not what it should have been, and after paying a flying visit to Uhlich's hall they went to the conference of the federation of labor at the Briggs house, and used the failure of their pacific overtures as an argument to induce Gompers and other leaders to join forces with them in carrying the fight to the bitter end.

There was no talk at any time yesterday of the A. R. U. ordering the strike off, and when the latter leaders learned that a story to that effect had been sent out and that newspaper extras had been published in other cities they were highly indignant.

One of the leaders said to a reporter yesterday:

"Debs would no more thing of declaring the strike off than he would of taking Prendergast's place and being hanged. The strike is on stronger than ever in this city, and in other cities too. It is an outrage to publish, in other cities, statements that the strike here is off. If may affect the action of men who are out in those cities."

UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

IT IS PROCLAIMED BY THE GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

Bitter Feeling Between the Strikers and the Regulars—Railroad Traffic is Being Resumed.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SACRAMENTO, July 14.—Martial law has been proclaimed here. An attack of maddened strikers upon U. S. regulars and continued rioting induced Gen. Ruger to declare a state of war.

Last night when martial law was proclaimed the excitement was intense, but it is expected that violence is at an end.

The strikers are beaten, and the railroad is opened to traffic.

Gov. Markham was here all day. Last evening he said that he deeply regretted the bloodshed that had occurred, but the strikers had only themselves to blame.

"They ought to understand that they cannot defy the United States and state authorities and attempt to disrupt society without punishment.

"As long as the civil authorities thought they could maintain order unaided, I was perfectly willing to let them do it, but the minute the sheriff made up his mind that soldiers were needed and informed me that he wanted them, I immediately gave orders that his request should be complied with.

"I shall hold another consultation with the U. S. marshal and the military authorities, and perhaps some plan may be arranged that will tend to a settlement of the troubles. I sincerely hope so, at least."

ENEMIES AT WORK.

Says the Strike Leader Out in Sacramento.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SACRAMENTO, July 14.—Strike leader Knox stated yesterday that he had received no official notification from Debs that the strike had been declared off.

He sent dispatches all over the state informing the strikers that the report was the work of an enemy, and to pay no attention to it.

He exhibited a dispatch received from Debs, in which the latter assured him that the situation was never better, and that the strikers would be sure to win.

Switchmen Take Action.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The switchmen took decided action at a meeting held this morning by passing resolutions commending the action of Miles W. Barrett, master workman of the Switchmen's union, in discountenancing the Sovereign plan of strike. As the switchmen have been the backbone of the strike it is now evident that the railroad men will go into work.

General Managers' Meeting.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 14.—John M. Egan, chairman of the general managers' association, today stated that the action in returning to Mayor Hopkins the proposition of Pres. Debs for a compromise is final. It was given out that the association adjourned at 12.30 not to meet again unless something special turns up.

Directors are Wavering.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Pres. Debs' executive board was called together this morning but many of the directors failed to show up. A joint meeting of the executive board and President Gompers board opened this afternoon.

Cocheco Mills to Close.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

DOVER, July 14.—A notice was posted in the Cocheco mills this morning, announcing that the mill will shut down on August. 1st to the 18th, on account of dull times.

May Come to Lowell.

It is rumored that one of the largest liquor dealers in Boston, who lived in Lowell in his younger days and who has made a fortune in business at the Hub, contemplates spending the remainder of his days in Lowell. He has been looking over several fine mansions and it is quite certain that fall will see him and his family among us. Many of his relatives live in Lowell.

CHATS ABOUT PEOPLE

Some of Them Have Already Enjoyed Room and Board for Their Summer Vacation.

Miss Norcross of Sherman street, is taking in a delightful trip on Lake George and through Ausable chasm and the Chateaugay region.

Mrs. Leonard Huntress and children are at Ogonquit, and Dr. Huntress will join them later.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest G. Dumas started yesterday on a carriage trip to Temple, N. H.

Shep. Shaw and C. F. Parsons have gone to the Miramachi river, in the Provinces.

Mrs. Richard Bray and her daughter, Nellie, will leave on Tuesday next for a brief stay in New Hampshire. Afterwards they will go to Narraganset bay to stay until September. Supt. "Dick" Bray will be unable to leave his work, and he will swelter in town with the rest of us.

Thomas Riley, Thomas Dunn, the Misses Desmond and Miss Cook drove up from Lawrence last evening to enjoy the hospitality of Lowell friends.

Lawyer Dan Donohoe has a business trip to the Provinces next week, and in going he will inhale all the vigor possible from the salt, sea air and try to get his sea legs on before crossing the Bay of Fundy.

Miss Lottie Brown and Miss Alma Perley have gone to Deer's Isle, Me.

Miss Rosalie Roach and Miss Mary Roach have gone to Lynn to visit relatives for a month.

Mr. B. F. Henry formerly with A. W. Stearns & Co., of Lawrence and late of O'Donnell & Gilbride's of this city, left yesterday for Atlanta, Ga., where he will take charge of the J. N. Winslow Co.'s large establishment.

Mr. James Howard has been elected a member of the Mass. Pharmaceutical association.

Solon W. Stevens, Esq., and family will spend the month of August at Mt. Vernon.

The engagement of Miss Lucy G. Downs of the Bon Marche and Mr. Charles H. Holgate, is announced.

Arthur Hatch and Perry Thompson have passed the entrance "exam" to Harvard.

Mrs. Warren R. Stone and daughter May, and Mrs. E. M. Davenport are at Higgins beach, Me., until September.

Miss Eva J. Wilson has gone to her home in Nova Scotia, for a couple of months.

Mrs. E. B. Symonds and Miss Sylvia Symonds are enjoying themselves among the New Hampshire hills.

Rev. F. O. Hall and his party have reached old England's shores after a delightful passage.

Miss Jane Ireson of Boston is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Pillsbury in Tewksbury.

Mrs. T. W. Thompson of Bridge street gave a whist party Thursday evening in honor of her guest Miss Hoxie of Watertown.

Miss Flora Armstrong of Methuen street has gone to Somerville and Nantasket beach.

Edward Teague, son of Patrick Teague of Pawtucketville, and formerly of Phillips-Andover, has successfully passed the examination for admission to Harvard medical school.

The name of Edward J. Shannahan appears among the list of matriculates of the college of physicians and surgeons printed in the catalogue.

Harry A. Keep, wife and two children have gone to their cottage at Milton, N. H., for the summer.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Margaret Moran, died yesterday at her home, 420 Fletcher street. Deceased was the widow of the late Patrick Moran, and has been ill for several weeks. She was very well known, and her many charitable acts endeared her to the ones she favored. She leaves four sisters one of whom is Mrs. James Marren.

Sarah McNulty died yesterday morning at St. John's hospital.

Rev. Henry Mathews, of North Andover, a Methodist minister, who was first located over a Lowell parish, died at his home yesterday, aged 57 years.

Miss Mary Maher, aged 59 years, died yesterday at the home of her sister Mrs. James Carmichael, 48 Whipple street. Deceased was, until three months ago a resident of Boston, when her health began to fail and she came to Lowell to spend her declining days with her sister. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Thomas A. Haworth, aged 11, son of Eli and Susie Howarth, died last night at 112 Fayette street. Funeral took place this afternoon at the Edson cemetery, with C. M. Young in charge.

Charles S. McKenzie, aged 6 months, died this morning at 12 Short street.

Wilbram Leo Duplessis, aged 10 months, died this noon at his parents' home, No. 7 Chase street.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

Money Order Office Hours.

After July 21st the money order office of the post office will close on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 p. m., on other nights at 8. These are the nights when the accounts have to be balanced, requiring extra time for the clerks to work.

Want to Buy Real Estate?

The sale of property on which taxes have not been paid, by the city treasurer will take place at the city treasurer's office Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

Evangelistic Tent Meetings.

John Martin and William Mathews, evangelists, have opened tent services between Anderson and Weed streets, on Gorham street. Preaching every evening at 7.45 and Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Look it Up Mr. Sullivan.

What advantage is it to a lady passenger sitting in the front seat of a trailer on the Lakeview route to have smokers in the two rear seats of the electric car ahead? The breeze carries back the smoke, ashes and debris from cabbage filled Havannas into the trailer.

The Sunday Concerts.

The following excellent bill will be presented at the Lakeview theatre tomorrow afternoon and evening: Nero, the world's marvel in magic; Samuel Cutter, the silver-voiced tenor, in popular songs; Joe Hardman, premier monologuist, from Koster & Bial's New York city; Miss Mae Emmons, soprano, of the Gilbert Opera Co; Morton and Eckhoff, monarchs of musical comedy; Harry Clark, Swiss yodler, introducing his original "Talking Hand;" the American orchestra in choice overtures.

AGENTS WANTED—To take orders. Our stock has been extensively advertised 54 years. Beginners and experienced agents make big money. Position permanent; pay weekly. Write Ellwanger & Barry, Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

THE CONVENTION

At Cleveland of the Christian Endeavor Workers.

A STRONG APPEAL TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

To Consecrate Themselves to Religious Work.

CLEVELAND, July 14.—In the afternoon 14 conferences of Christian Endeavor officers in different departments of endeavor work were held, and they proved to be the most interesting features of the convention thus far. At Saengerfest hall in the evening Rev. William J. Tucker D.D., of Hanover, N. H., spoke upon "The Claims of an Educated Life," and Rev. Dr. John Potts, D.D., of Toronto delivered an address upon "Christ, the Worker, a Model for All Endeavorers." In the tent Rev. Joseph K. Dixon, D.D., of Philadelphia spoke upon the "Common Sense in Church Life and Work."

The committee of '94 was introduced to the convention and presented with a handsome banner by the United Society for faithful service. The treasurer announced that all legitimate expenses of the convention had been met, and a balance of $1000 would be turned over to the United Society to assist in paying the expenses of speakers, etc.

Dr. Potts' Address.

Dr. Potts is one of the most eloquent Methodist preachers in Canada. He said:

It seems fitting that at a convention of the Christian Endeavor society the example of Christ as the model worker for all disciples should be made prominent, and especially as the Sunday school world has begun a year of study of the life of Christ. This July should begin a great year in the study of the life of our blessed Lord. The study of the life of Christ should enlarge our knowledge of Christ, our faith in Christ and our resemblance to Christ. The gospel of work must be preached. Christ and his disciples lived it and preached it.

How many there are who call Christ master, and yet do little or no work for him in the church, and yet living selfish lives—professing to believe the word of God, and yet doing nothing to save men from impending ruin.

How refreshing to contemplate Christ, the worker, as a model for all Christian workers. An inspired apostle afterward gave that brief but beautiful description of Christ: "Who went about doing good." That was the very description of the man Christ Jesus.

It is something worth remembering that Christian work can be done anywhere, everywhere and always. If we would imitate Christ, the worker, we must have his spirit of prayerfulness, and of zeal for the glory of God.

Jesus Our Example.

Jesus was found in the temple. Many have found Jesus in the temple since then. What a picture—Jesus in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. It would be good for the teaching doctors now to have Jesus in their midst—Jesus in the midst of our theological schools, Sunday schools, Endeavor societies and in the midst of all church work.

Young people learn the lesson of early consecration to the work of God from the childhood consecration of Jesus. Begin early and be about your business until the end shall come. Let parents and teachers give all diligence to win the children for the service of the Lord.

Work is the law of success. This is true in all departments of life—in professional and commercial life. Take the eminently successful men, and in every instance work has been the royal road to success. Great lawyers are great workers; great doctors are great workers; great merchants are great workers.

Christian work is the law of spiritual life, and it is the law of spiritual prosperity. Christian work is the law of Christian character, and Christian work shall be the test of the judgment day.

The Fox Will Case Again.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 14.—In the superior court Judge Shumway ordered that no judgment be entered in Anderson's appeal from probate in the Fox will case. The court having previously set aside that part of the verdict which found that undue influence had been exerted in three clauses of the will, the order of the court means that the case must be tried again on the issue of undue influence alone. The appellants can take no appeal until after a new trial is had.

William Wier's Bad Record.

BOSTON, July 14.—William Wier is not a noted criminal, but is, generally speaking, a harmless individual, who persists in getting drunk unless he is behind the bars. Up to yesterday Wier had a record of fifty-two times in prison, and now it is fifty-three, for he was drunk again, and yesterday he was sentenced to one year.

Constantinople In a Panic.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 14.—Earthquake shocks continue at irregular intervails. The inhabitants of the city have been driven to a condition of abject fear by the repeated disturbances, and in all the places which have felt the earthquakes a state of panic exists.

Through a Bridge.

ENID, O. T., July 14.—A northern freight train went through a small bridge near South Enid. The bents and braces in the bridge had been sawed and left hanging together. Thirteen loaded cars were piled up in a heap. Two men were injured slightly.

Indicates a Drowning Accident.

HAGUE, N. Y., July 14.—A cedar boat marked W. M. D. was found adrift off this place. In the boat were found two satchels, two coats and a bathing suit. In the clothes were found a gold watch, a ring, a wallet containing $23, and other articles.

Not Guilty.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Leon B. Smith, general agent of the Tropical Cocoanut company of Boston, who was charged with larceny, was found not guilty.

Rumor About Agent Thomas.

Rumor has it that Agent Thomas is to become manager of a syndicate of 35 Rhode Island cotton mills.

Paid $3000 Insurance.

H. C. Church & Son have adjusted the loss on the mill of the U. S. Cord company in Lawrence street, recently burned, for $3000.

Dividend Declared.

The Lowell Hosiery company has declared a semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent. payable Aug. 1.

Our Store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings through July and August.

If we should send a special messenger to every young man in town it would be to inform him that eight or ten good styles of Summer suits are down to $7 and $8.

These Suits will fit young men 15 to 18 years of age; are all wool, neat patterns, marked at these prices, because lots are broken.

Regular prices have been eight to fourteen dollars. Now $6 to $8.

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

CARPET MILL LOOMS

WILL SOON BE RUNNING AS MERRILY AS EVER.

Brussels Weavers Met Last Night and Decided to Accept the Terms Made by the Company—Ingrain Weavers Expected to Take Like Action.

It looks now as though the looms in the Carpet mills, which have been idle for eight weeks will start up again one week from Monday.

The brussels weavers decided upon such action at a meeting held last evening and the decision of the ingrain weavers will be given out after their meeting, Monday evening.

Last night's meeting was a hot one and lasted three hours. From the expression of opinion it was quite evident that many of the strikers were anxious to return to work. The subcommittee appointed to confer with Agent Lyon reported the result of their audience with him. So far as can be learned Mr. Lyon proposed that the weavers return to work at the wages they were receiving when they left work, and as soon as the tariff bill passed they will receive an increase of 10 per cent.

The hall was crowded during the evening and the discussion of the proposition was very general. There were some who objected to accepting the company's terms and urged upon the others to stand fast. After debating the question for two hours a vote was ordered. It resulted in the acceptance of the company's terms by a vote 63 to 33.

Some one then raised the point that a two-thirds vote is necessary to carry such a motion, but the chair decided in the negative. An appeal was taken and the debate following lasted for one hour. Finally when a vote was taken the decision of the chair was sustained.

The majority endeavored to have the action of the society on the question of returning to work made unanimous, but in this they failed.

Some time today a committee from the brussels weavers will wait on Agent Lyon and inform him of the action taken.

CARPET WEAVERS.

Have Some Corrections and Contradictions to Make.

The press committee of the brussels weavers called at THE SUN office today to correct a statement made by a morning paper to the effect that the promised increase of wages was made conditional upon the passage of the tariff bill. If the tariff bill should fail to pass it would be made as promised.

The prices given by the same paper are also pronounced incorrect. They were all right before the cut down.

The ingrain weavers wish it to be distinctly understood that they have made no agreement to concur in the action of the brussels weavers. They will meet Monday evening to decide upon what they will do and this will depend upon the agent's offer, not upon what the brussels weavers may have done or failed to do. They are entirely independent of the brussels weavers but of course both bodies are in full sympathy with each other in efforts to secure better terms from their employers.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

Mary Curran, aged 1 year, child of Patrick J. and Mary Curran, died yesterday at their home, 30 Lagrange street. The funeral took place this afternoon and interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Wm. Winn took place this afternoon from his parents' home, 82 West Third street. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

Alice H. Muchrie was buried this afternoon from her parents' home, 314 Fletcher street. Interment was in the Edson cemetery.

The funeral of William, child of Bartholemew and Delia McGrath, occurred this afternoon from their home, 102 Common street and was well attended. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

A high mass of requiem was offered up at St. Peter's church this morning for the repose of the soul of Patrick Sheridan. The regular choir of the church assisted at the service. The funeral was largely attended. Interment took place in the Catholic cemetery.

Marcellus Has Returned.

Marcellus Fletcher, the old war horse, struck into town yesterday morning, and he looked as though he had just returned from a haying expedition.

Marcellus has spent several weeks down in the camp of his conqueror, "Dick" Carter. He owns considerable property in Lawrence, and has been superintending the work of making repairs.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 37. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only paper in Lowell receiving The Associated Press, cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

OCEAN QUEEN

Is the Bran New Cruiser Minneapolis.

SHE MADE A TRIAL SPEED OF OVER 23 KNOTS.

Magnificent Sight Off the Coast Today.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

ROCKPORT, Mass., July 14.—The new cruiser Minneapolis was officially tried over the course from Cape Ann to Cape Elizabeth today, and the event was even of greater importance than the trials of the cruisers New York and Columbia.

The Minneapolis was predicted by her builders as the fastest cruiser in the world. For every quarter knot over 21 knots an hour the makers will receive from the government a bonus of $50,000; this bonus, of course, will be added to the regular price to be paid according to the contract for the boat.

About the starting point early this morning many towboats and pleasure craft were collected, all waiting for the first glimpse of the new cruiser as she appeared from the mist which now hangs about the entrance to Boston harbor. The fleet of boats which mark the course got under way early, and, steaming out of Gloucester harbor, started for their stations along the course.

At 9.20 the Minneapolis was seen coming down Boston bay, just emerging from the fog. She came down toward Thatcher's island at a rapid rate of speed, with scarcely any perceptible fuss.

She cut the water as clean as a knife and the bone in her teeth could be plainly seen almost before the boat itself.

After circling about for some time the big cruiser came to a stop about three miles from Thatcher's.

At 9.40 the cruiser was opposite Thatcher's. A moment later she was speeding up for the line, and at 9.44.08 she crossed the line. The smoke was pouring from her funnels, and the foam flying from her bows as she dashed on through the slight swell. It was a beautiful sight, and it aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the spectators.

The Minneapolis crossed the finish line at 1.51.40 p. m., having covered the course at an estimated speed of 23¼ knots an hour.

MASON & MANOLA.

Defendants in a Charge of Obtaining Money on Jewelry.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

BOSTON, July 14.—A complaint was issued against Jack Mason and his wife Marion Manola, the well known theatrical people, today, by Isaac Weinberg of New York, who alleged that they failed to pay him back money he lent them on jewelry.

SLAUGHTERING BEGINS.

All of Chicago's Beef Houses Are Shedding Innocent Blood.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 14.—All the beef concerns are killing today, the employes returning to work as usual. The stock yards handled 5000 cattle, 20,000 hogs and 15,000 sheep.

37 switchmen, 13 engineers and plenty of unskilled help returned to work and all the trains made up were handled.

A Self Confessed Incendiary.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

AMESBURY, July 14.—J. W. Taylor confessed to setting fire to the Taylor homestead, Thursday morning. He is probably insane.

Woburn Strike Settled.

The strikers on the North Woburn street railway have gone back to work, and the difficulties will be arranged by the state board of arbitration.

The parties had a conference in Boston yesterday, and agreed upon arbitration. The cars commenced to run at 2.45 p. m., and regular trips were made forthwith, as far as Winchester.

James F. O'Donnell,
PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,

Always on Time.
Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

WANTED—A first class millinery sales girl; local party preferred. All communications confidential. Address P. O. box 160.

MAN KILLED

James Hurd of Bellevue Street the Victim.

DID HE FALL OR JUMP OFF THE TRAIN?

This Point Does Not Seem to be Cleared Up.

James Hurd of Bellevue street, Ward Four, was the victim of a railroad accident at the Gorham street overhead railroad bridge about 8 o'clock this morning.

What led to his death is not known any more than he either fell or jumped from the Salem train just after it passed the Bleachery station, coming into the city and was struck by a train going in the opposite direction.

Up till noontime the facts were not clearly known, some people who said they knew the family hinted that it was a case of suicide, but indications point more strongly to an accidental death.

Death must have been instantaneous, the skull being fractured and the head lacerated. The body was removed to Undertaker Brooks' rooms.

Mr. Hurd had charge of the Linwood hotel at Pegeon Cove, and it is said he was expected home last night. He may have missed his train and came up on the first train from Salem this morning.

Some people think that he was out on the platform to get off at the Bleachery station, but why he wanted to get off here is not clearly explained as the Northern station is nearer Bellevue street.

Mr. Hurd was about 60 years old and leaves a wife and daughter. Chief Engineer Hosmer and Mrs. Hosmer boarded with the family, and Mr. Hosmer on hearing of the fatality made the preliminary arrangements for the care of the body.

LOCAL NOTES.

Look out for sneak thieves.

Keep cool in this warm weather and you'll be happy.

Fruit dealers report more variety of fruit at lower prices.

Get your shaving and hair cutting done at Glidden's, SUN building.

The committee on streets will meet at 2 and 7.30 o'clock Monday.

A meeting of the water board is called for 8 o'clock, Monday evening.

Rev. Fr. Colbert formerly of St. Peter's church is spending a few days here.

Democrats of Ward Six are expected to elect Thomas E. O'Day next Tuesday.

People stayed on the street later than usual last night to get a "breath of air."

A party of school ma'ams went to Kennebunkport, Me., for a two weeks' stay, today.

Miss Mary Long has returned from her vacation which was spent at the New England beaches.

Remember the special election in Ward Six Tuesday next. The polls will be open from 7 a. m. to 4 p. m.

A gang of workmen and a steam roller are at work macadamizing Wilder street, from Broadway to Fletcher street.

Manager Gilbert is talking of putting "The Living Pictures" on the Lakeview theatre stage, next week in addition to "The Mascot."

What are those curbstones for, that are lying on the Common street side of the North common? They have been there about six weeks now, and besides being an obstruction are getting to be an eyesore to the residents on the street.

A CRUEL HOAX.

Rumored Drowning of Three Well Known Young Men.

A rumor was current yesterday to the effect that a party of well known young men who had left this city for a fishing trip to Gloucester had been drowned. THE SUN communicated with the Gloucester Times by telephone and found that the editor of that paper had heard nothing of such an occurrence. His reporters had been around the beach all day and if anything of the kind had happened they would know of it. He promised to investigate, however, and to notify THE SUN if any drowning accident occurred anywhere along the shore in the vicinity of Gloucester but THE SUN has not heard from him since.

Salem was also communicated with but no accident was heard of there so that it is safe to say that the rumor was a complete hoax.

It is not known how it started but if it was for a joke the originator of such a story should be ashamed of himself.

The families of those said to have been drowned spent the night in the greatest anxiety and had no means of ascertaining whether the rumor was true.

The boys are off shore fishing and are probably having an excellent time. The names of the alleged victims are Thomas F. Lennon, James O'Brien, and John Buchanan. Joe Farrell and T. P. Sullivan of city hall were also of the party.

A Quiet Court Session.

Thomas F. Savage, the man who escaped from the farm, was tried in court this morning and held in $300 to the superior court.

There were four drunks, and a number of continued cases.

The continued case of Ellen Twohey, charged with keeping liquor, was further continued till Aug. 14.

Do You Know Him?

Chief of Police Davis has received a letter from the mayor of Pacific Junction, Iowa, saying that Charles Dacey, aged 22, died there Tuesday of pneumonia. The young man said his father was Martin Dacey of Lowell.

Sign of the Beer.

The Consumers' Brewing company is distributing some very fine advertising signs among the liquor dealers of the city.

An Engineer in Luck.

Mr. Edward H. Kearney, formerly a resident of North Billerica, now engineer for Jordan, Marsh & Co. of Boston, has been chosen by the Massachusetts Association of Stationary Engineers as a delegate to the national convention to be held at Baltimore, Md., from Sept 9th to the 15th.

Kept His Chair Warm.

Despite the fact that a torrid wave has struck us, the liquor dealers are not overburdened with business. Yesterday one dealer who is generally kept busy, spent the greater part of the day, sitting on a chair near the entrance to his store.

J. G. Buttrick and family have gone to Old Orchard.

NO ICE CREAM SUNDAYS.

CAMBRIDGE FAMILIES MUST GET IT SATURDAY NIGHT.

Not Only Have They Got to Order It Then But Have It Delivered—Another Chapter in the Sunday Laws Enforcement in the University City.

Another chapter of the new novel, "Cambridge and the Sunday Laws," is out.

It came out yesterday and deals with more enforcement of the laws. It is now the ice cream dealers, instead of the druggists, that are being dealt with. The order contained copies of the Sunday law. The ice cream dealers who received them are those who deliver the ices on Sunday. The whole business is to the effect that they are forbidden to deliver their goods on Sunday.

Just how this state of things will be received is uncertain. It will be interesting news to some, at all events. During the heated season, as well as the cool, very many residents are wont to have ice cream served on their tables on Sunday. They don't want the trouble of making the delicacy, so they order it on Saturday, and it is delivered, cold and well frozen, at whatever hour it is wanted. But, according to the law and the order, the dealer can do so no more, and unless the man, woman or child who wants the dish gets down into the cellar or in the back yard and makes it, they must go without it.

Some dealers said last night that no order had been received by them, so they did not know what would be done until it was received.

Others had received the notice, and naturally are not over and above pleased with the state of affairs. There is no association, so that the possibility of concerted action on the part of the dealers is not very likely. They all want the law tested, and it is possible that a test case may result.

Those citizens of Cambridge who want ice cream for their dinner tomorrow must make it themselves or get it on Saturday, and trust to luck and the refrigerator to have it retain any of those characteristics of ice cream the next morning. To those who want their cream on Sunday this fact must be an unpleasant matter to contemplate on a day like yesterday, for instance.

The next chapter will probably come out next week, if there is anything else done in Cambridge contrary to the Sunday laws.

HER LEG CUT OFF.

Distressing Accident to Little Edith Robertshaw Yesterday.

The accident which befell Edith Robertshaw on the railroad tracks under Hale street bridge yesterday afternoon, was a most distressing affair. The little girl—she is only seven years old—was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Willman of Hale street, her home being in Watertown.

She was with a little girl two years younger than herself and had passed through Horne's coal yard to get on to the tracks. She passed behind a flat car which was side tracked just as a freight train which was being made up backed on the same siding and jolted into the car in question. The younger child got out of the way of the car but Edith was caught and thrown across the track, her left leg being crushed frightfully below the knee.

The accident seems especially distressing to so young a girl but if ever an instance of real "grit" "spunk" or whatever courage may be called in a familiar way was seen this one is not exceeded. When she was picked up she did not shed a tear, or utter a cry of pain, and when a gentleman who was near by was asked to run across the street to tell her friends she told him not to as it would worry and distress them.

Edith was taken by Dr. Ricker in the ambulance to the General hospital where tender hands cared for the young patient. It was found necessary to amputate the leg just above the knee. By this time Edith had succumbed to the shock, but there was every hope after the operation that she would pull out all right.

Edith Robertshaw is reported as resting quite comfortably this morning and is almost sure of a speedy recovery.

FOR THE COUNTRY.

A Considerable Amount Already Contributed For This Worthy Charity.

The following contributions have been received for the Country Week fund up to date:

Mrs. T. P. Joy	$ 5.00
Miss Mary Nesmith	5.00
A Friend	1.00
Miss Kitson	10.00
Shattuck St. S. S. Primary Dep't	3.00
F. A. Fisher	5.00
Mrs. Richard Kitson	10.00
P. Dempsey	10.00
A. G.	1.00
Theatricals held at Mr. Fred Faulkner's stable by the children	13.00
Edmund D. Fletcher	5.00
Friends	6.00
Roy F. Lovejoy, tr. Scotch Reel club	63.38
A Friend	6.00
Phineas Whiting	3.00
Mrs. Sarah S. Reed	2.00
A Friend	1.00
A Friend	10.00
G.A.R. Dimon	3.00
Mrs. Catherine I. Bowers	3.00
A Friend	5.00
A Friend	5.00
E. H. Seribner	3.00
B	5.00
Mrs. Francis Green	0.00
Mrs. S. C. Davis	5.00
Jacob Rogers	25.00
Mrs. E. M. Tucke	10.00
M. A. P.	25.00
Joseph A. Patten	3.00
A Friend	2.00
Mrs. Tappan Wentworth	10.00
Partyby Prof. Lester's Children Class	5.50
H. M. I.	5.00
Penny Collection at Unitarian S. S	12.00
A Friend	5.00
Josiah Butler	5.00
Unknown	3.00
Contributed by High street church: S. A. Chase, $4; D. L. Page Co., $10; Mrs. H. White, $25; H. H. Wilder, $10; A. P. Sawyer, $8; Sunday School, $45; Minnie A. Robertson, $2.15; High street Y. P. S. C. E., $5; Whatsoever Circle, Kings Daughters, $3; total	106.15
Grand total	$408.11

EDWARD ELDERKIN, Treasurer.

The Lowell House Burned.

The Lowell house, a well known beach hotel at Crescent beach, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The fire was discovered about 7.30 o'clock, and a smart response was made by the fire department, but all their efforts were of no avail, and only the front walls were left to show where the big hotel had stood. The loss will amount to some $1500, and the building was uninsured. This house was burnt last fall, and has only just been renovated. While the firemen were at work yesterday, they discovered large quantities of beer and spirits.

Water Sets.

We have a very fine display of water sets in one of our show windows this week. They range in price from 50c. to $2.50 a set. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

Every democrat in Ward Six should vote next Tuesday at the special election for councilman.

LATEST

NO SURRENDER

Labor Leaders Still Talking More Fight.

STRIKE NOT DECLARED OFF BY DEBS.

This Report, the Work of An Enemy, He Says.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The result of the proposals to the general managers yesterday was a decided disappointment to the A. R. U. men. They were confident early in the day that something definite would be the outcome, and hoped for an agreement which would lead to their being reinstated in their old places.

Pres. Debs and Vice Pres Howard evidently thought the reception of their proposition was not what it should have been, and after paying a flying visit to Uhlich's hall they went to the conference of the federation of labor at the Briggs house, and used the failure of their pacific overtures as an argument to induce Gompers and other leaders to join forces with them in carrying the fight to the bitter end.

There was no talk at any time yesterday of the A. R. U. ordering the strike off, and when the latter leaders learned that a story to that effect had been sent out and that newspaper extras had been published in other cities they were highly indignant.

One of the leaders said to a reporter yesterday:

"Debs would no more thing of declaring the strike off than he would of taking Prendergast's place and being hanged. The strike is on stronger than ever in this city, and in other cities too. It is an outrage to publish, in other cities, statements that the strike here is off. If may affect the action of men who are out in those cities."

UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

IT IS PROCLAIMED BY THE GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

Bitter Feeling Between the Strikers and the Regulars—Railroad Traffic is Being Resumed.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SACRAMENTO, July 14.—Martial law has been proclaimed here. An attack of maddened strikers upon U. S. regulars and continued rioting induced Gen. Ruger to declare a state of war.

Last night when martial law was proclaimed the excitement was intense, but it is expected that violence is at an end.

The strikers are beaten, and the railroad is opened to traffic.

Gov. Markham was here all day. Last evening he said that he deeply regretted the bloodshed that had occurred, but the strikers had only themselves to blame.

"They ought to understand that they cannot defy the United States and state authorities and attempt to disrupt society without punishment.

"As long as the civil authorities thought they could maintain order unaided, I was perfectly willing to let them do it, but the minute the sheriff made up his mind that soldiers were needed and informed me that he wanted them, I immediately gave orders that his request should be complied with.

"I shall hold another consultation with the U. S. marshal and the military authorities, and perhaps some plan may be arranged that will tend to a settlement of the troubles. I sincerely hope so, at least."

ENEMIES AT WORK.

Says the Strike Leader Out in Sacramento.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SACRAMENTO, July 14.—Strike leader Knox stated yesterday that he had received no official notification from Debs that the strike had been declared off.

He sent dispatches all over the state informing the strikers that the report was the work of an enemy, and to pay no attention to it.

He exhibited a dispatch received from Debs, in which the latter assured him that the situation was never better, and that the strikers would be sure to win.

Switchmen Take Action.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The switchmen took decided action at a meeting held this morning by passing resolutions commending the action of Miles W. Barrett, master workman of the Switchmen's union, in discountenancing the Sovereign plan of strike. As the switchmen have been the backbone of the strike it is now evident that the railroad men will go into work.

General Managers' Meeting.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 14.—John M. Egan, chairman of the general managers' association, today stated that the action in returning to Mayor Hopkins the proposition of Pres. Debs for a compromise is final. It was given out that the association adjourned at 12.30 not to meet again unless something special turns up.

Directors are Wavering.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Pres. Debs' executive board was called together this morning but many of the directors failed to show up. A joint meeting of the executive board and President Gompers board opened this afternoon.

Cochecco Mills to Close.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

DOVER, July 14.—A notice was posted in the Cocheco mills this morning, announcing that the mill will shut down on August 1st to the 18th, on account of dull times.

May Come to Lowell.

It is rumored that one of the largest liquor dealers in Boston, who lived in Lowell in his younger days and who has made a fortune in business at the Hub, contemplates spending the remainder of his days in Lowell. He has been looking over several fine mansions and it is quite certain that fall will see him and his family among us. Many of his relatives live in Lowell.

CHATS ABOUT PEOPLE.

Some of Them Have Already Enjoyed Room and Board for Their Summer Vacation.

Miss Norcross of Sherman street, is taking in a delightful trip on Lake George and through Ausable chasm and the Chateaugay region.

Mrs. Leonard Huntress and children are at Ogonquit, and Dr. Huntress will join them later.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest G. Dumas started yesterday on a carriage trip to Temple, N. H.

Shop. Shaw and C. F. Parsons have gone to the Miramachi river, in the Provinces.

Mrs. Richard Bray and her daughter, Nellie, will leave on Tuesday next for a brief stay in New Hampshire. Afterwards they will go to Narragansett bay to stay until September. Supt. "Dick" Bray will be unable to leave his work, and he will swelter in town with the rest of us.

Thomas Riley, Thomas Dunn, the Misses Desmond and Miss Cook drove up from Lawrence last evening to enjoy the hospitality of Lowell friends.

Lawyer Dan Donohoe has a business trip to the Provinces next week, and in going he will inhale all the vigor possible from the salt, sea air and try to get his sea legs on before crossing the Bay of Fundy.

Miss Lottie Brown and Miss Alma Perley have gone to Deer's Isle, Me.

Miss Rosalie Roach and Miss Mary Roach have gone to Lynn to visit relatives for a month.

Mr. B. F. Henry formerly with A. W. Stearns & Co., of Lawrence and late of O'Donnell & Gilbride's of this city, left yesterday for Atlanta, Ga., where he will take charge of the J. N. Winslow Co.'s large establishment.

Mr. James Howard has been elected a member of the Mass. Pharmaceutical association.

Solon W. Stevens, Esq., and family will spend the month of August at Mt. Vernon.

The engagement of Miss Lucy G. Downs of the Don Marche and Mr. Charles H. Holgate, is announced.

Arthur Hatch and Perry Thompson have passed the entrance "exam" to Harvard.

Mrs. Warren R. Stone and daughter May, and Mrs. E. M. Davenport are at Higgins beach, Me., until September.

Miss Eva J. Wilson has gone to her home in Nova Scotia, for a couple of months.

Mrs. E. B. Symonds and Miss Sylvia Symonds are enjoying themselves among the New Hampshire hills.

Rev. F. O. Hall and his party have reached old England's shores after a delightful passage.

Miss Jane Ireson of Boston is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Pillsbury in Tewksbury.

Mrs. T. W. Thompson of Bridge street gave a whist party Thursday evening in honor of her guest Miss Hoxie of Watertown.

Miss Flora Armstrong of Methuen street has gone to Somerville and Nantasket beach.

Edward Teague, son of Patrick Teague of Pawtucketville, and formerly of Phillips-Andover, has successfully passed the examination for admission to Harvard medical school.

The name of Edward J. Shannahan appears among the list of matriculates of the college of physicians and surgeons printed in the catalogue.

Harry A. Keep, wife and two children have gone to their cottage at Milton, N. H., for the summer.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Margaret Moran, died yesterday at her home, 420 Fletcher street. Deceased was the widow of the late Patrick Moran, and has been ill for several weeks. She was very well known, and her many charitable acts endeared her to the ones she favored. She leaves four sisters one of whom is Mrs. James Marren.

Sarah McNulty died yesterday morning at St. John's hospital.

Rev. Henry Mathews, of North Andover, a Methodist minister, who was first located over a Lowell parish, died at his home yesterday, aged 57 years.

Miss Mary Maher, aged 50 years, died yesterday at the home of her sister Mrs. James Carmichael, 46 Whipple street. Deceased was, until three months ago a resident of Boston, when her health began to fail and she came to Lowell to spend her declining days with her sister. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Thomas A. Haworth, aged 11, son of Eli and Susie Howarth, died last night at 112 Fayette street. Funeral took place this afternoon at the Edson cemetery, with C. M. Young in charge.

Charles S. McKenzie, aged 6 months, died this morning at 12 Short street.

Wilbram Leo Duplessis, aged 10 months, died this noon at his parents' home, No. 7 Chase street.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

Money Order Office Hours.

After July 21st the money order office of the post office will close on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 p. m., on other nights at 8. These are the nights when the accounts have to be balanced, requiring extra time for the clerks to work.

Want to Buy Real Estate?

The sale of property on which taxes have not been paid, by the city treasurer will take place at the city treasurer's office Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

Evangelistic Tent Meetings.

John Martin and William Mathews, evangelists, have opened tent services between Anderson and Weed streets, on Gorham street. Preaching every evening at 7.45 and Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Look It Up Mr. Sullivan.

What advantage is it to a lady passenger sitting in the front seat of a trailer on the Lakeview route to have smokers in the two rear seats of the electric car ahead? The breeze carries back the smoke, ashes and debris from cabbage filled Havannas into the trailer.

The Sunday Concerts.

The following excellent bill will be presented at the Lakeview theatre tomorrow afternoon and evening: Nero, the world's marvel in magic; Samuel Cutter, the silver-voiced tenor, in popular songs; Joe Hardman, premier monologuist, from Koster & Bial's New York city; Miss Mae Simmons, soprano, of the Gilbert Opera Co; Morton and Eckhoff, monarchs of musical comedy; Harry Clark, Swiss yodler, introducing his original "Talking Hand;" the American orchestra in choice overtures.

AGENTS WANTED—To take orders. Our stock has been extensively advertised 54 years. Beginners and experienced agents make big money. Position permanent; pay weekly. Write Ellwanger & Barry, Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

THE CONVENTION

At Cleveland of the Christian Endeavor Workers.

A STRONG APPEAL TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

To Consecrate Themselves to Religious Work.

CLEVELAND, July 14.—In the afternoon 14 conferences of Christian Endeavor officers in different departments of endeavor work were held, and they proved to be the most interesting features of the convention thus far. At Saengerfest hall in the evening Rev. William J. Tucker, D.D., of Hanover, N. H., spoke upon "The Claims of an Educated Life," and Rev. Dr. John Potts, D.D., of Toronto delivered an address upon "Christ, the Worker, a Model for All Endeavorers." In the tent Rev. Joseph K. Dixon, D.D., of Philadelphia spoke upon the "Common Sense in Church Life and Work."

The committee of '94 was introduced to the convention and presented with a handsome banner by the United Society for faithful service. The treasurer announced that all legitimate expenses of the convention had been met, and a balance of $1000 would be turned over to the United Society to assist in paying the expenses of speakers, etc.

Dr. Potts' Address.

Dr. Potts is one of the most eloquent Methodist preachers in Canada. He said:

It seems fitting that at a convention of the Christian Endeavor society the example of Christ as the model worker for all disciples should be made prominent, and especially as the Sunday school world has begun a year of study of the life of Christ. This July should begin a great year in the study of the life of our blessed Lord. The study of the life of Christ should enlarge our knowledge of Christ, our faith in Christ and our resemblance to Christ. The gospel of work must be preached. Christ and his disciples lived it and preached it.

How many there are who call Christ master, and yet do little or no work for him in the church, and yet living selfish lives—professing to believe the word of God, and yet doing nothing to save men from impending ruin.

How refreshing to contemplate Christ, the worker, as a model for all Christian workers. An inspired apostle afterward gave that brief but beautiful description of Christ: "Who went about doing good." That was the very description of the man Christ Jesus.

It is something worth remembering that Christian work can be done anywhere, everywhere and always. If we would imitate Christ, the worker, we must have his spirit of prayerfulness, and of zeal for the glory of God.

Jesus Our Example.

Jesus was found in the temple. Many have found Jesus in the temple since then. What a picture—Jesus in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. It would be good for the teaching doctors now to have Jesus in their midst—Jesus in the midst of our theological schools, Sunday schools, Endeavor societies and in the midst of all church work.

Young people learn the lesson of early consecration to the work of God from the childhood consecration of Jesus. Begin early and be about your business until the end shall come. Let parents and teachers give all diligence to win the children for the service of the Lord.

Work is the law of success. This is true in all departments of life—in professional and commercial life. Take the eminently successful men, and in every instance work has been the royal road to success. Great lawyers are great workers; great doctors are great workers; great merchants are great workers.

Christian work is the law of spiritual life, and it is the law of spiritual prosperity. Christian work is the law of Christian character, and Christian work shall be the test of the judgment day.

The Fox Will Case Again.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 14.—In the superior court Judge Shumway ordered that no judgment be entered in Anderson's appeal from probate in the Fox will case. The court having previously set aside that part of the verdict which found that undue influence had been exerted in three clauses of the will, the order of the court means that the case must be tried again on the issue of undue influence alone. The appellants can take no appeal until after a new trial is had.

William Wier's Bad Record.

BOSTON, July 14.—William Wier is not a noted criminal, but is, generally speaking, a harmless individual, who persists in getting drunk unless he is behind the bars. Up to yesterday Wier had a record of fifty-two times in prison, and now it is fifty-three, for he was drunk again, and yesterday he was sentenced to one year.

Constantinople In a Panic.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 14.—Earthquake shocks continue at irregular intervals. The inhabitants of the city have been driven to a condition of abject fear by the repeated disturbances, and in all the places which have felt the earthquakes a state of panic exists.

Through a Bridge.

ENID, O. T., July 14.—A northern freight train went through a small bridge near South Enid. The beats and braces in the bridge had been sawed and left hanging together. Thirteen loaded cars were piled up in a heap. Two men were injured slightly.

Indicates a Drowning Accident.

HAGUE, N. Y., July 14.—A cedar boat marked W. M. D. was found adrift off this place. In the boat were found two satchels, two coats and a bathing suit. In the clothes were found a gold watch, a ring, a wallet containing $23, and other articles.

Not Guilty.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Leon B. Smith, general agent of the Tropical Cocoanut company of Boston, who was charged with larceny, was found not guilty.

Rumor About Agent Thomas.

Rumor has it that Agent Thomas is to become manager of a syndicate of 35 Rhode Island cotton mills.

Paid $8000 Insurance.

H. C. Church & Son have adjusted the loss on the mill of the U. S. Cord company in Lawrence street, recently burned, for $8000.

Dividend Declared.

The Lowell Hosiery company has declared a semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent, payable Aug. 1.

Our Store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings through July and August.

If we should send a special messenger to every young man in town it would be to inform him that eight or ten good styles of Summer suits are down to $7 and $8.

These Suits will fit young men 15 to 18 years of age; are all wool; neat patterns, marked at these prices, because lots are broken.

Regular prices have been eight to fourteen dollars. Now $6 to $8.

PUTNAM & SON,
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,
Central Street, Cor. Warren.

CARPET MILL LOOMS

WILL SOON BE RUNNING AS MERRILY AS EVER.

Brussels Weavers Met Last Night and Decided to Accept the Terms Made by the Company—Ingrain Weavers Expected to Take Like Action.

It looks now as though the looms in the Carpet mills, which have been idle for eight weeks will start up again one week from Monday.

The brussels weavers decided upon such action at a meeting held last evening and the decision of the ingrain weavers will be given out after their meeting, Monday evening.

Last night's meeting was a hot one and lasted three hours. From the expression of opinion it was quite evident that many of the strikers were anxious to return to work. The subcommittee appointed to confer with Agent Lyon reported the result of their audience with him. So far as can be learned Mr. Lyon proposed that the weavers return to work at the wages they were receiving when they left work, and as soon as the tariff bill passed they will receive an increase of 10 per cent.

The hall was crowded during the evening and the discussion of the proposition was very general. There were some who objected to accepting the company's terms and urged upon the others to stand fast. After debating the question for two hours a vote was ordered. It resulted in the acceptance of the company's terms by a vote 63 to 33.

Some one then raised the point that a two-thirds vote is necessary to carry such a motion, but the chair decided in the negative. An appeal was taken and the debate following lasted for one hour. Finally when a vote was taken the decision of the chair was sustained.

The majority endeavored to have the action of the society on the question of returning to work made unanimous, but in this they failed.

Some time today a committee from the brussels weavers will wait on Agent Lyon and inform him of the action taken.

CARPET WEAVERS.

Have Some Corrections and Contradictions to Make.

The press committee of the brussels weavers called at THE SUN office today to correct a statement made by a morning paper to the effect that the promised increase of wages was made conditional upon the passage of the tariff bill. If the tariff bill should fail to pass it would be made as promised.

The prices given by the same paper are also pronounced incorrect. They were all right before the cut down.

The ingrain weavers wish it to be distinctly understood that they have made no agreement to concur in the action of the brussels weavers. They will meet Monday evening to decide upon what they will do and this will depend upon the agent's offer, not upon what the brussels weavers may have done or failed to do. They are entirely independent of the brussels weavers but of course both bodies are in full sympathy with each other in efforts to secure better terms from their employers.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

Mary Curran, aged 1 year, child of Patrick J. and Mary Curran, died yesterday at their home, 30 Lagrange street. The funeral took place this afternoon and interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Wm. Winn took place this afternoon from his parents' home, 82 West Third street. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

Alice H. Muchrie was buried this afternoon from her parents' home, 314 Fletcher street. Interment was in the Edson cemetery.

The funeral of William, child of Bartholemew and Delia McGrath, occurred this afternoon from their home, 102 Common street and was well attended. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

A high mass of requiem was offered up at St. Peter's church this morning for the repose of the soul of Patrick Sheridan. The regular choir of the church assisted at the service. The funeral was largely attended. Interment took place in the Catholic cemetery.

Marcellus Has Returned.

Marcellus Fletcher, the old war horse, struck into town yesterday morning, and he looked as though he had just returned from a hoying expedition.

Marcellus has spent several weeks down in the camp of his conqueror, "Dick" Cotter. He owns considerable property in Lawrence, and has been superintending the work of making repairs.

WHERE NOW IS UNITY?

Recent Important Conferences of Organized Labor.

The Philadelphia and St. Louis Meetings—Sound Base of Trade Organization—The American Railway Union—A Shady Transaction by Labor Officials.

What of the unity movement? What has been done since the Philadelphia conference to accomplish the consolidation of organized labor? How stands the case now, and what of the future? These are some of the questions which are being asked of me—and no doubt of many others—by earnest men of the rank and file. I doubt my ability to make satisfactory replies, and in my judgment I admit I am somewhat short of infallibility, but I have opinions, and I give them for what they are worth, assuring my readers that anything I may say upon this subject is inspired solely by a desire to see the labor movement of America solidified upon a plan for practical work under a compact and system which will embody the correct principles of industrial organization and insure the power to enforce just and wise measures. I do not hope any more to see the burial of all prejudice, but I am sure that it may be made harmless so far as any save those who hold it are concerned.

What has been done so far in the line of unity? First, a conference was held in Philadelphia April 28-29, composed of over 50 representative labor men, at which the sentiment was for complete harmony, and the consensus of opinion favored a readjustment of economic organization upon the practical lines of special interests and the unification of all for general work and the good of the whole as well as each of its parts. Second, representatives of the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, several of the railway brotherhoods and the Farmers' Alliance met in St. Louis on June 11 and adopted a set of resolutions which provide for semiannual conferences of representatives of organized labor "for the purpose of considering questions and devising plans for the protection and advancement of the toiling masses." A resolution to which I shall refer later was also adopted. Third, the American Railway union at its convention in Chicago received overtures from the general executive board of the Knights of Labor and effected a friendly alliance. The extent of the compact I do not fully know at this writing.

Taking these three important events in their order, let us first consider the Philadelphia conference. There was no authority behind that meeting, it is true, but that fact was its strongest recommendation to favor. It was composed of men, many of them officials of labor organizations, who came together because they love the labor movement and not because of a duty placed upon them by a superior authority. They were not, with slight exception, sent there to "protect the interests" of any organization, but came of their own will to contribute out of their experience to the advancement of the cause of labor, and they paid their own expenses. Men who had never before met as friends to co-operate in the movement joined hands at that conference and pledged their efforts as individuals to the improvement of the toilers' condition. Such a gathering was never had under "authority." If the Philadelphia conference had done nothing more than establish friendship and confidence where there had before been enmity and distrust, it would have earned a prominent place in the history of labor, but it did that and more.

It gave the keynote for a harmony movement; publicly enunciated the principle upon which unity will be established at some time in the future. Upon no other principle can it be established. The principle is that there shall not be two distinct organizations in the same trade. There cannot be harmony where the members of a calling are divided into two or more organizations, owing allegiance some to one and some to another authority, and such a thing as permanent success for either of such organizations is out of the question. Dual organization means conflicting authority and—well, for 10 years we have seen what that means. The Philadelphia conference is given credit for accomplishing something else. It is said that if that body had not adopted resolutions setting forth that if the conference provided for by the general assembly of the Knights of Labor was not held before a certain date a congress of labor should be called upon the authority of the Philadelphia conference the K. of L. conference would never have been held. Whether this is true or not I cannot say, but everybody knows that on the day following the close of the Philadelphia conference the general executive board of the Knights of Labor called its conference and named a time inside the limit set by the Philadelphia resolution.

On June 11 three of the general officers of the Knights of Labor, three from the American Federation of Labor, two from the Farmers' Alliance, one from the Bottle Blowers and one or more from each of the railway organizations, excepting the Telegraphers and the American Railway union, met in St. Louis pursuant to the call of the first named. I have already referred to the agreement adopted at this meeting to hold semiannual conferences. The paragraph referring to representation in these future conferences reads: "The representation in the conferences shall be from the general assembly of the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, the various brotherhoods and orders of railway men and such national and international organizations of wage workers and farmers as are not affiliated with any of the before mentioned organizations, provided that any such national or international labor organization is not organized to antagonize or undermine any existing bona fide national or international union of the same trade or calling." Bear in mind that the American Railway union was not represented in the conference and take into consideration the fact that some of the brotherhood men declared that they would not sit with A. R. U. men, and you will appreciate the force of the "provided" part of the resolution quoted. The proviso should have been left out of the resolution.

The Knights of Labor representatives introduced a proposition for the interchange of working cards between their organization and the unions affiliated with the American federation. This was defeated and the following adopted: "For the purpose of preventing strife and antagonism between labor organizations we declare that there should not be a dual organization or authority in any trade or calling, and that in matters of trade conflicts, boycotts and trade labels the union particularly in interest should have absolute authority and autonomy." This contains the principle laid down at Philadelphia. It was opposed by the representative of the general executive board then, and the general officers of the order voted against it at St. Louis. They favored, as has been stated, an interchange of working cards and joint authority in conflicts with employers. I should like every reader to decide for himself between these two propositions, but I have no wish to evade the question myself, and I say that there cannot be harmony and peace in a trade where some of the workers owe allegiance to one authority and some to another, where there may be a wide difference in the financial obligations in the two organizations, and while men are human beings and the wish to excel—in combination as well as individually—is a human characteristic. Labor organizations, to be successful, must be conducted on business principles.

There were 24 Knights of Labor in the Philadelphia conference, the majority being among the oldest members of the order and all of more or less prominence. So far as I know, the one organization to each trade principle was indorsed by every Knight present excepting Schonfarber, who represented the general executive board. I firmly believe that a majority of the members of the order today favor that plan, and that if the question was fairly explained to them the whole rank and file of the order would agree to it, for its adoption would settle the controversies which have depleted the organization during the past eight years, and it would soon grow to its former magnificent position in the industrial movement. I say this as one member of the Knights of Labor who contributed to some extent toward building up the organization prior to 1887, and who is now in the ranks ready to help do the work over again upon a more lasting basis.

At the close of the St. Louis conference the general officers of the Knights went to Chicago, where the American Railway union was in session, and that organization, after listening to an address from the general master workman, adopted a resolution declaring its willingness to co-operate with the Knights of Labor. Subsequently, I understand, a close alliance was effected between the two organizations. Now we begin to get into the stumps in trying to steer the craft to harmony shore. We find by looking at our notes that the general officers of the Knights of Labor make an agreement to meet semiannually in a labor conference from which the American Railway union is barred, and within a few hours of that agreement they are making overtures for and effecting an offensive and defensive alliance with that same American Railway union. What are our general officers driving at? Have they repudiated the action of the St. Louis conference?

Now a word about the American Railway union. In the first place, I want to say that that organization has never had a warmer sympathizer than myself, and I esteem no man in the labor movement above its projector and present president. The birth of the idea of the union was an inspiration. For the great majority of railway employees organization had been a complete failure. Aristocracy and exclusiveness were the curses of the railway brotherhoods, and as a general thing the greater number of the railway men were ignored and left to the tender mercies of the corporations. In one year the American Railway union has changed all this, and now, where it has the power to secure it, every man in the service has a show. But, says Mr. Critic, is not the A. R. U. built upon the plan which you oppose in the Knights of Labor, and will not the conflicts it must necessarily have with the brotherhoods interfere with your unity scheme? No, emphatically, to the first part of the query, and no, with a proviso, to the second portion. I do not mean that the situation could not be better, but the difficulties in the way are not insurmountable.

The American Railway union restricts its membership to railway service, each man on a road has the same employer, and interests are as nearly identical as it is possible for the interests of two individuals to be. The Knights of Labor try to direct the trade interests of a thousand and one callings at one and the same time, and if the policy of the past few years is followed they will gobble up as many railroad men as they can when they can. There was a time when I thought the whole labor movement might be combined in the Knights through the trades district system, but the shortsighted men who had control of the order thought they could drive the trade organization out of existence and organize all the workers into mixed assemblies. They opened the war upon that line, and the trade unions grew in power as they had never grown before, while the Knights lost heavily. Thus the order lost its chance to become the great central body of organized labor. I firmly believe the same spirit of antagonism to the trade organization principle dominates those now in control of the order, and that they give support to the trade districts solely for the purpose of fighting the trade unions.

As to the antagonisms between the Railway union and the brotherhoods standing in the way of the unity movement, I freely confess that they do, but they can be cleared away if the men at the front want harmony or if the rank and file can be made to see where the stumbling blocks are. There are two plans, either one of which will accomplish the desired end, but I have not the time or space to discuss them here. But in the first place there must be a hatchet burying, and the true men on all sides must lay aside personal grievances and meet together as conscientious and intelligent representatives of labor. And now I want to say that it was neither manly nor wise for the St. Louis conference to yield to the prejudice which was shown by certain brotherhood men toward the A. R. U. The Railway union was not represented in the Philadelphia conference, but the absence of Mr. Debs and others of the organization was due to the Great Northern strike, and they would have been warmly welcomed had they been able to accept the urgent invitations extended. There was some difference between the "unity" meetings at Philadelphia and St. Louis.

This brings to my mind the fact that certain brothers connected with the general office of the Knights of Labor have seemed to take delight in relating that a resolution indorsing the Great Northern strike was introduced at the Philadelphia conference and afterward withdrawn without action. The resolution was thoughtlessly introduced, but when it was explained that there was a controversy in that strike between the A. R. U. and one of the brotherhoods which had representatives in the conference, and who, of course, under the circumstances, could not support the resolution, it was decided, as we were assembled to create harmony rather than aggravate the situation, and as the resolution would not receive every vote in the conference, that it be withdrawn and no record made of it. Not the slightest animus was displayed by the brotherhood men, and the discussion of the subject was among the quietest features of the conference. I leave my readers to judge of the motive which dictated the use that has been made of information obtained by the representative of the general executive board who had a seat among the honorable gentlemen of that conference.

I am not going to quarrel with anybody. I am for peace at almost any price, but I hate treachery, and I cannot close this letter without exposing a cowardly, traitorous action which followed the Philadelphia conference, and at the same time if the reader has been deceived by that action he will be set straight. The Philadelphia Times, which has always been an enemy of the labor movement and for several years the implacable, unprincipled foe of T. V. Powderly and most of his associate general officers, printed what purported to be a report of the proceedings of the conference. The article was a foul lie from beginning to finish. It was directly opposite in its statements and tone to the reports which appeared in all the other Philadelphia papers. The intention of the writer of the article was to heap insult upon the head of Mr. Powderly and to kill the influence of the conference at one and the same time. I feel pretty sure that I could name the two members of the order who concocted the blasphemy, but I probably would have difficulty in proving them guilty, so will not name them. Some days after the conference adjourned a delivery wagon carried to the general office of the Knights of Labor a load of the Philadelphia Times of the issue containing that infamous article. The papers were taken into the office, and a heavy pencil mark was drawn around the article in each copy. The papers were then mailed to the local secretaries of the order throughout the whole country. Remember that one of the men who holds an important and responsible place in the general office was present during every minute of the conference's sessions and knew that The Times article was an outrageous lie. He probably knew what use was to be made of it, too, which would account for the ability of The Times to supply the extra copies. Well, you see I understand that there are some things that stand in the way of unity. Some of these days I'll tell you how to get rid of those things. You know now, did you say? Good!

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

Out of Work In New York.

At a recent meeting of New York Central Labor union reports were made by several organizations as to the numbers belonging to their organizations who are out of work.

The Tin and Sheet Iron Workers' union reported 30 per cent out of work; Reliance Association of Marble Cutters, 15 per cent; Progress Association of Steam Fitters' Helpers, 80 per cent; Granite Cutters' union, 20 per cent; Woodcarvers' union, 55 per cent; Gilders' union, 80 per cent; Plumbers and Gas Fitters' union, 10 per cent; Progressive Painters' union No. 1, 50 per cent; Terra Cotta Workers' union, 15 per cent; Varnishers' union, 50 per cent; Machine Stone Workers, 50 per cent; Plasterers' Laborers' union, 10 per cent.

Remember these are skilled trades, and that the statistics deal with organized labor, which in New York always has more than its proportions of the situations. The figures indicate that "the depression" still holds on in New York.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

DIRECTIONS FOR LAUNDERING HANDKERCHIEFS TO LOOK NEW.

Substitute for Putty—A Simple Filter—Chasing Water Bugs—Roll up an Umbrella.

After they have been washed and brought in dried from the line, instead of sprinkling them for ironing, as you do the other clothes, put 2 quarts of water in a bowl and squeeze 6 drops of bluing into it from the bluebag; then take a piece of raw starch the size of a pigeon's egg and dissolve it in the water, being careful that it does not settle in the bottom of the bowl

Take each handkerchief separately, dip it up and down in this water two or three times, squeeze it as dry as possible with the hands; then, when they have all been dipped in, lay them out smoothly in a towel and place them in the clothesbasket.

To iron them lay them out flat on the ironing table and smooth them on both sides. After this make a fold 2 inches deep across the handkerchief and press it in lightly with the iron; then make a fold the other way across the handkerchief just as they are folded in the boxes when you buy them. By laundering them in this way handkerchiefs will look quite new as long as they last.

How to Make a Substitute For Putty.

A cheap and effective substitute for putty to stop cracks in woodwork is made by soaking newspapers in a paste made by boiling a pound of flour in three quarts of water and adding a teaspoonful of alum. The mixture should be of about the same consistency as putty and should be forced into the cracks with a caseknife. It will harden like papier mache, and when dry may be painted or stained to match its surroundings, when it will be almost imperceptible.

How to Make a Simple Filter.

A very cheap and effective filter may be made by means of a common flowerpot. Fill the hole with a piece of sponge and then place in the pot alternate layers of sand, charcoal and small pebbles. This may then be placed in a jar or other convenient vessel, into which the water as it passes through may be received. The effectiveness of this filter may be enhanced by having several flowerpots and letting the water pass from one to the other into a receiver beneath.

Another filter is made by placing in a tank of impure water a vessel so arranged that a sponge which it contains shall lap over the edge and dip into the water of the tank The sponge gradually sucks up and purifies the water in the reservoir and allows it to drop into the smaller vessel, from which it may be drawn off by a tube. By placing a few lumps of charcoal at the bottom of the receiver filtration of the most perfect kind is effected.

How to Drive Away Water Bugs.

The persistent use of borax will keep premises free from roaches or water bugs, but everything must be kept scrupulously clean. Dust the borax in their haunts, particularly around the sink, water pipes and boiler. Leave it there until the next day's sweeping; then put around fresh borax, using it plentifully. Have no paper on the closet shelves. Wash the tops of doors and windows with boiling suds and rub when dry with a cloth saturated with kerosene. The bundle kindling wood is a prolific source of water bugs in the house. Each bundle before it is carried in should be knocked violently down on the cellar floor or yard stones, while some one stands ready with a kettle of boiling water to prevent the escape of the bugs that run from it, but by far the better way is not to use it at all.

How to Clean Soiled Black.

Soiled black garments may be cleaned by sponging with clear black coffee, with an equal quantity of water added and a teaspoonful each of ammonia and alcohol for each pint.

How to Roll Up Umbrellas.

The right way to roll your umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twirled around with the other hand. Then your umbrella will be as nicely closed as when you bought it, and the only wear and tear will be on the cloth. It is twisting the ribs out of shape around the stick and fastening them there that spoils most of the umbrellas. Never hold the umbrella by the handle alone when you roll it up, and you will find it will last longer and cost less for repairs.

How to Mend Torn Books.

You can mend the torn pages of your books with tissue paper and white of an egg and not make them unsightly or keep you from reading right through the paper.

How to Make Kidney Omelet.

Get a veal kidney for the best results, although sheep's or lamb's kidney may be used. Trim off all the fat and cut it in small dice. Put a teaspoonful of butter over the fire in a small stewpan, and when very hot fry in it a half teaspoonful of finely chopped onions until of a golden color. This must not be allowed to scorch. Put in the minced kidney and a little chopped parsley and stew for about eight minutes, stirring and shaking occasionally. Meantime make an omelet, and when just ready to fold place the above mixture in the center.

How to Brush a Silk Dress.

A silk dress should always be brushed with a very soft camel's hair brush. Whisk brooms are too harsh and cut the silk.

Laudable.

Witherby—You are not going to take the twins to church today, are you?

Mrs. Witherby—Yes, I thought I would. It is Easter, you know. What objection have you?

Witherby—I thought I would like to get a little sleep.—Truth.

Her Idea.

Mistress (at a dinner party)—But, Mary, how often must I tell you always to serve on the left?

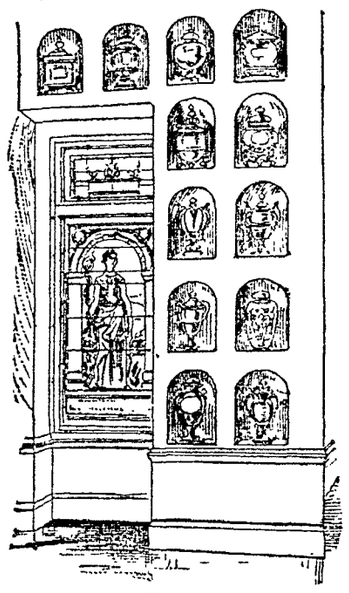
Mary (from the country)—Oh, madam, but isn't that merely a superstition?—Fliegende Blatter.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THE COLUMBARIUM FOR KEEPING CINERARY URNS.

Various Designs of Urns and the Purposes for Which Used—Historical Sketch of Them.

With the growth of modern theory that cremation affords a desirable sanitary method of disposing of the dead, there has been a revival of crematories and of the manufacture of cinerary urns. Every public crematory has a chapel attached for the performance of religious rites over the ashes, and there is in the crematory ceme-



A PIER OF THE COLUMBARIUM.

teries what are called columbariums, vast vaults of romanesque designs, where the urns are ranged in orderly design and where the surviving friends of the dead visit with the same interest and solemnity with which one visits any ordinary burial spot. On Decoration day, for instance, according to the New York Sun, authority for the following, nearly 1,000 persons visited the columbarium at Fresh Pond and decorated the urns there contained. This building is an example of all used by cremationists for such purposes. It has walls of pure white and a varnished floor and is lighted by a stained glass window ornamented after the manner of cathedral windows. All around the walls, ranged in rows and tiers, are Roman niches for the cinerary urns. These niches are built 22 inches in height, with an arched dome, and are nearly 2 feet deep and contain urns of an almost uniform height of 18 inches. These urns when unused are all pure white, but when filled are decorated with appropriate frescoes.

These decorations reflect the varied tastes of their owners, for all are owned, just as burial vaults in a cemetery are owned, in perpetuity, and they are bought in groups for families.

The cremationists insist that in the Roman niches they have solved the problem of a becoming repository for incinerated remains that secures sanitary safety without burying the remains from the sight of the living.

Cinerary urns are made nowadays of various materials, ranging from hard metal that is practically indestructible if

SERPENTINE STONE URN. CHEAP METAL URN.

properly cared for, to sculptured stone and enduring bronze. The designs and ornamentations of the urns are multitudinous in their variety. The cheapest style of cinerary urn, made of metal, costs from $6 to $8. For $10 the advocate of cremation can secure an urn of oxidized silver or barbedienne bronze that is both substantial in construction and chaste in design.

All these urns are made of cast metal. The next style, costing $20, is made of Japanese bronze or oxidized silver. A third style is made of copper with bronze trimmings, and a fourth of serpentine stone China is sometimes used, but its use is rare. The latter costs $50. Urns costing above this figure are only manufactured to order in this country. The ashes are usually first placed in a metal canister, which is hermetically sealed and then locked. This canister fits snugly in the body of the urn. The cover of the urn is made with a screw thread and is screwed down tightly upon the body of the urn and then sealed with white lead. It is impossible for air to enter the urn after this treatment, which insures the preservation of the ashes.

The American Spiders.

"The astronomers of the naval observatory at Washington have sought all over the world for spiders' webs, utilized in telescopes for cross lines. Threads of cobwebs are employed for the purpose because they are wonderfully strong for their exceeding fineness and are not affected by moisture or temperature. According to The Optician, specimens were obtained from China by the directors of the observatory, because it was imagined that the large spider of that country would perhaps produce a particularly excellent quality of web. However, it was found that the best web is spun by spiders of the United States, such as are found in the neighborhood of Washington. This is another case in which manufacturing in this country excels that of all others. Even the spiders of this great and glorious land are a credit to it, says Railway Engineering.

Stars Visible to the Naked Eye.

In the army of stars there exist various degrees; they are divided in stars of the first magnitude, of the second magnitude, etc. The stars which any normal eye can yet see without the aid of an optical instrument belong about to the sixth magnitude. According to Honzeau's computation, there are on the firmament 20 stars of the first, 51 of the second, 200 of the third, 595 of the fourth, 1,213 of the fifth and 3,640 of the sixth magnitude, hence, altogether, 5,719 stars which can be seen with the naked eye. But, as in our longitudes only three-fourths of all the stars rise above the horizon, we see, during the whole life, no more than 4,300 stars unless we increase our sight by the aid of the telescope, according to an exchange.

A Valuable Acquisition.

"I'll have you arrested for obtaining goods under false pretenses," she exclaimed when they had a row, and she told him she had only fooled him into marrying her anyhow.

"Do," she responded scornfully, "and when the goods are shown in court the case will be dismissed. There is nothing of value."—Detroit Free Press.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

VALUE OF THE PLAIN SIMPLE WHISK BROOM.

Something Nice for a Light Sunday Supper—Recipes of Various Kinds to Suit all Tastes.

"Nothing makes a better dishcloth than no cloth at all, but a whisk broom."

This was said, according to Golden Days, by a woman of household skill and experience and with a knowledge of sanitation. And then she continued:

"The practice of using any old rag, an old stocking cut open or any similar thing in sinks is foolish. Bits wear off and become clogs to the drain pipes. If cloths must be had, those of coarse mesh, loosely knitted from a tightly woven cord, are best. A broom, however, is very much better. Select a short, stubby one. To scrape the bottom of saucepans and pots there is nothing so good.

"The wire cloth is not so cleanly; bits of food will get in its interstices and will not easily get out, but nothing clings long to a whisk. Hold it under the faucet for a moment after using, and it is quickly and thoroughly cleansed.

"Hanging over the sink in my kitchen are always two of these brooms—one kept for plates and any pottery dishes, the other for metal ware."

Another housekeeper said: "I can get an immense and varied amount of service out of whisk brooms. I always buy them by the half dozen and get a fair quality. There is positively no limitation to their uses.

"I begin by hanging one in every sleeping room in the house and in the hall as well. Always provide a broom holder of some kind, and you will save much family friction and nervous waste. Then, as these brooms pass their period of usefulness in the matter of brushing clothes, their real work in life begins. One is placed in the bathroom, where, on account of its handle, it is infinitely better and easier to use than a scrubbing brush. Another is relegated to the kitchen sink, where it will outlast a dozen sink brooms. Another is kept for the stairs.

"It is about half the labor to sweep a flight of stairs with a whisk broom that it is with the usual stairbrush. Besides the broom really takes out the dirt. Still another—and this must be one that is not at all soiled—is kept with the parlor cleaning utensils and used for brushing out upholstered furniture, brushing off portieres and curtains, and for corners generally."

Nice For a Light Sunday Supper.

Potato salad is a nice dish for a light Sunday supper. It may be made in a hurry by boiling the potatoes in salted water, letting them stand till almost cool, cutting them into dice, adding a generous portion of butter, half an onion shredded fine, 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, all mixed well together and served cold. But when it is desirable for the salad to look nice as well as to taste good mix the potatoes and onions, put them in a salad dish and pour over them a French dressing made with 2 tablespoonfuls of salad oil or butter, the yolk of an egg and 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mixing carefully the egg and butter and adding vinegar carefully. The dish is then garnished with slices of hard boiled egg and sprigs of parsley.

Raspberry Shortcake.

Four cups flour; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 2 cups milk; an egg; half teaspoonful salt; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; half cup sugar; a quart berries. Mix the salt and baking powder with the flour, rub in the butter and add the milk and beaten egg. Roll this dough into a sheet half an inch thick and spread with it the bottom of a greased baking tin. Cover it with the berries, sugar them liberally and lay over these another sheet of dough a little thinner than the lower crust. Bake in a steady oven, cut in squares and eat hot, with butter and sugar.

Dried Beef Creamed.

Chip the beef in small, thin slices, or, if bought already cut, pick it apart in small pieces and carefully remove all fat and stringy pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a small saucepan. When hot, add the beef and frizzle for four or five minutes, stirring constantly. Then add a cup of milk into which has been stirred a level tablespoonful of cornstarch. Let it boil up until it thickens sufficiently and serve.

Rococo Design For Doilies.

The pretty rococo design illustrated by Modern Priscilla is to be worked on fine

DOILY IN ROCOCO DESIGN.

linen with filo floss. The daisies could be worked in pale blues, pinks or yellows.

The baskets should be worked in outline. The ribbons will be pretty worked solidly or in outline with white or the lightest shade used in the flowers, and the same coloring may be used in the buttonholed edges.

Household Notes.

New potatoes should be boiled in their jackets, skinned while hot, and put at once into a warm cloth. Serve them on a hot vegetable dish, in which a lump of butter has been melted. Sprinkle over them some finely minced parsley, a dash of pepper and some salt.

Chamois leathers, after being used, should be thoroughly rinsed, then wrung nearly dry and placed in bags, each by itself in a cupboard out of the way. The common practice of allowing sponges and chamois leathers to lie around is a very wasteful one.

The chimney of a lamp is less liable to break if never touched with water. A few drops of alcohol, or even paraffin oil, will remove the dimmed, smoky effect and make the chimney bright when it is polished with soft flannel or chamois skin.

Fruit stains on table linen can be taken out by pouring boiling water through them before they have been put in the boiling suds. Ink spots on white goods, if submerged immediately in new milk, will come out, but if allowed to stand till dry an acid of some kind will have to be used.

Kept Busy.

"Does that lazy boy of Jimson's do any thing for himself now?"

"Oh, yes. He does all his own breathing."—Harper's Bazar.

Better Still.

First Boy—My pa is making his mark in the world.

Second Boy—That's nothing; my pa can write.—Life.

Special Bargains In Puddings

may seem queer, but when you realize what a variety of toothsome, and nutritious dishes can be made from

SEA MOSS FARINE,

such as puddings, blanc mange, ice cream, custard, etc., at a cost of only

A CENT AND A HALF

for the Farine used, it does not seem so queer. Don't think because the package looks small you do not get enough for your money. Corn starch, farina, etc., retailing for 10c. makes only 4 quarts of blanc mange, while Sea Moss Farine, retailing for 25c. makes full 16 quarts.

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House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger,
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Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

Great Removal Sale.
We are about to remove to more commodious quarters and find it necessary to close out our present stock of Harnesses of every description. The greatly reduced prices will place our stock within reach of everybody in need of Harnesses. Have leased for a term of years the "Old Brabrook Stand," established in 1827
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57 Market street.

NEW LUMBER YARD,
No. 255 HILDRETH STREET.
Best Quality. Lowest Prices. Cedar Posts a Specialty.
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Every evening at 5 o'clock Hot Tea Rolls and Cream Bread, also all kinds of Cake and Pastry. Only the best stock used in the manufacture of our goods. Parties supplied at short notice at
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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

WHERE NOW IS UNITY?

Recent Important Conferences of Organized Labor.

The Philadelphia and St. Louis Meetings—Sound Base of Trade Organization—The American Railway Union—A Shady Transaction by Labor Officials.

What of the unity movement? What has been done since the Philadelphia conference to accomplish the consolidation of organized labor? How stands the case now, and what of the future? These are some of the questions which are being asked of me—and no doubt of many others—by earnest men of the rank and file. I doubt my ability to make satisfactory replies, and in my judgment I admit I am somewhat short of infallibility, but I have opinions, and I give them for what they are worth, assuring my readers that anything I may say upon this subject is inspired solely by a desire to see the labor movement of America solidified upon a plan for practical work under a compact and system which will embody the correct principles of industrial organization and insure the power to enforce just and wise measures. I do not hope any more to see the burial of all prejudice, but I am sure that it may be made harmless so far as any save those who hold it are concerned.

What has been done so far in the line of unity? First, a conference was held in Philadelphia April 28-29, composed of over 50 representative labor men, at which the sentiment was for complete harmony, and the consensus of opinion favored a readjustment of economic organization upon the practical lines of special interests and the unification of all for general work and the good of the whole as well as each of its parts. Second, representatives of the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, several of the railway brotherhoods and the Farmers' Alliance met in St. Louis on June 11 and adopted a set of resolutions which provide for semiannual conferences of representatives of organized labor "for the purpose of considering questions and devising plans for the protection and advancement of the toiling masses." A resolution to which I shall refer later was also adopted. Third, the American Railway union at its convention in Chicago received overtures from the general executive board of the Knights of Labor and effected a friendly alliance. The extent of the compact I do not fully know at this writing.

Taking these three important events in their order, let us first consider the Philadelphia conference. There was no authority behind that meeting, it is true, but that fact was its strongest recommendation to favor. It was composed of men, many of them officials of labor organizations, who came together because they love the labor movement and not because of a duty placed upon them by a superior authority. They were not, with slight exception, sent there to "protect the interests" of any organization, but came of their own will to contribute out of their experience to the advancement of the cause of labor, and they paid their own expenses. Men who had never before met as friends to co-operate in the movement joined hands at that conference and pledged their efforts as individuals to the improvement of the toilers' condition. Such a gathering was never had under "authority." If the Philadelphia conference had done nothing more than establish friendship and confidence where there had before been enmity and distrust, it would have earned a prominent place in the history of labor, but it did that and more.

It gave the keynote for a harmony movement; publicly enunciated the principle upon which unity will be established at some time in the future. Upon no other principle can it be established. The principle is that there shall not be two distinct organizations in the same trade. There cannot be harmony where the members of a calling are divided into two or more organizations, owing allegiance some to one and some to another authority, and such a thing as permanent success for either of such organizations is out of the question. Dual organization means conflicting authority and—well, for 10 years we have seen what that means. The Philadelphia conference is given credit for accomplishing something else. It is said that if that body had not adopted resolutions setting forth that if the conference provided for by the general assembly of the Knights of Labor was not held before a certain date a congress of labor should be called upon the authority of the Philadelphia conference the K. of L. conference would never have been held. Whether this is true or not I cannot say, but everybody knows that on the day following the close of the Philadelphia conference the general executive board of the Knights of Labor called its conference and named a time inside the limit set by the Philadelphia resolution.

On June 11 three of the general officers of the Knights of Labor, three from the American Federation of Labor, two from the Farmers' Alliance, one from the Bottle Blowers and one or more from each of the railway organizations, excepting the Telegraphers and the American Railway union, met in St. Louis pursuant to the call of the first named. I have already referred to the agreement adopted at this meeting to hold semiannual conferences. The paragraph referring to representation in these future conferences reads: "The representation in the conferences shall be from the general assembly of the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, the various brotherhoods and orders of railway men and such national and international organizations of wage workers and farmers as are not affiliated with any of the before mentioned organizations, provided that any such national or international labor organization is not organized to antagonize or undermine any existing bona fide national or international union of the same trade or calling." Bear in mind that the American Railway union was not represented in the conference and take into consideration the fact that some of the brotherhood men declared that they would not sit with A. R. U. men, and you will appreciate the force of the "provided" part of the resolution quoted. The proviso should have been left out of the resolution.

The Knights of Labor representatives introduced a proposition for the interchange of working cards between their organization and the unions affiliated with the American federation. This was defeated and the following adopted: "For the purpose of preventing strife and antagonism between labor organizations we declare that there should not be a dual organization or authority in any trade or calling, and that in matters of trade conflicts, boycotts and trade labels the union particularly in interest should have absolute authority and autonomy." This contains the principle laid down at Philadelphia. It was opposed by the representative of the general executive board then, and the general officers of the order voted against it at St. Louis. They favored, as has been stated, an interchange of working cards and joint authority in conflicts with employers. I should like every reader to decide for himself between these two propositions, but I have no wish to evade the question myself, and I say that there cannot be harmony and peace in a trade where some of the workers owe allegiance to one authority and some to another, where there may be a wide difference in the financial obligations in the two organizations, and while men are human beings and the wish to excel—in combination as well as individually—is a human characteristic. Labor organizations, to be successful, must be conducted on business principles.

There were 24 Knights of Labor in the Philadelphia conference, the majority being among the oldest members of the order and all of more or less prominence. So far as I know, the one organization to each trade principle was indorsed by every Knight present excepting Schonfarber, who represented the general executive board. I firmly believe that a majority of the members of the order today favor that plan, and that if the question was fairly explained to them the whole rank and file of the order would agree to it, for its adoption would settle the controversies which have depleted the organization during the past eight years, and it would soon grow to its former magnificent position in the industrial movement. I say this as one member of the Knights of Labor who contributed to some extent toward building up the organization prior to 1887, and who is now in the ranks ready to help do the work over again upon a more lasting basis.

At the close of the St. Louis conference the general officers of the Knights went to Chicago, where the American Railway union was in session, and that organization, after listening to an address from the general master workman, adopted a resolution declaring its willingness to co-operate with the Knights of Labor. Subsequently, I understand, a close alliance was effected between the two organizations. Now we begin to get into the stumps in trying to steer the craft to harmony shore. We find by looking at our notes that the general officers of the Knights of Labor make an agreement to meet semiannually in a labor conference from which the American Railway union is barred, and within a few hours of that agreement they are making overtures for and effecting an offensive and defensive alliance with that same American Railway union. What are our general officers driving at? Have they repudiated the action of the St. Louis conference?

Now a word about the American Railway union. In the first place, I want to say that that organization has never had a warmer sympathizer than myself, and I esteem no man in the labor movement above its projector and present president. The birth of the idea of the union was an inspiration. For the great majority of railway employees organization had been a complete failure. Aristocracy and exclusiveness were the curses of the railway brotherhoods, and as a general thing the greater number of the railway men were ignored and left to the tender mercies of the corporations. In one year the American Railway union has changed all this, and now, where it has the power to secure it, every man in the service has a show. But, says Mr. Critic, is not the A. R. U. built upon the plan which you oppose in the Knights of Labor, and will not the conflicts it must necessarily have with the brotherhoods interfere with your unity scheme? No, emphatically, to the first part of the query, and no, with a proviso, to the second portion. I do not mean that the situation could not be better, but the difficulties in the way are not insurmountable.

The American Railway union restricts its membership to railway service, each man on a road has the same employer, and interests are as nearly identical as it is possible for the interests of two individuals to be. The Knights of Labor try to direct the trade interests of a thousand and one callings at one and the same time, and if the policy of the past few years is followed they will gobble up as many railroad men as they can when they can. There was a time when I thought the whole labor movement might be combined in the Knights through the trades district system, but the shortsighted men who had control of the order thought they could drive the trade organization out of existence and organize all the workers into mixed assemblies. They opened the war upon that line, and the trade unions grew in power as they had never grown before, while the Knights lost heavily. Thus the order lost its chance to become the great central body of organized labor. I firmly believe the same spirit of antagonism to the trade organization principle dominates those now in control of the order, and that they give support to the trade districts solely for the purpose of fighting the trade unions.

As to the antagonisms between the Railway union and the brotherhoods standing in the way of the unity movement, I freely confess that they do, but they can be cleared away if the men at the front want harmony or if the rank and file can be made to see where the stumbling blocks are. There are two plans, either one of which will accomplish the desired end, but I have not the time or space to discuss them here. But in the first place there must be a hatchet burying, and the true men on all sides must lay aside personal grievances and meet together as conscientious and intelligent representatives of labor. And now I want to say that it was neither manly nor wise for the St. Louis conference to yield to the prejudice which was shown by certain brotherhood men toward the A. R. U. The Railway union was not represented in the Philadelphia conference, but the absence of Mr. Debs and others of the organization was due to the Great Northern strike, and they would have been warmly welcomed had they been able to accept the urgent invitations extended. There was some difference between the "unity" meetings at Philadelphia and St. Louis.

This brings to my mind the fact that certain brothers connected with the general office of the Knights of Labor have seemed to take delight in relating that a resolution indorsing the Great Northern strike was introduced at the Philadelphia conference and afterward withdrawn without action. The resolution was thoughtlessly introduced, but when it was explained that there was a controversy in that strike between the A. R. U. and one of the brotherhoods which had representatives in the conference, and who, of course, under the circumstances, could not support the resolution, it was decided, as we were assembled to create harmony rather than aggravate the situation, and as the resolution would not receive every vote in the conference, that it be withdrawn and no record made of it. Not the slightest animus was displayed by the brotherhood men, and the discussion of the subject was among the quietest features of the conference. I leave my readers to judge of the motive which dictated the use that has been made of information obtained by the representative of the general executive board who had a seat among the honorable gentlemen of that conference.

I am not going to quarrel with anybody. I am for peace at almost any price, but I hate treachery, and I cannot close this letter without exposing a cowardly, traitorous action which followed the Philadelphia conference, and at the same time if the reader has been deceived by that action he will be set straight. The Philadelphia Times, which has always been an enemy of the labor movement and for several years the implacable, unprincipled foe of T. V. Powderly and most of his associate general officers, printed what purported to be a report of the proceedings of the conference. The article was a foul lie from beginning to finish. It was directly opposite in its statements and tone to the reports which appeared in all the other Philadelphia papers. The intention of the writer of the article was to heap insult upon the head of Mr. Powderly and to kill the influence of the conference at one and the same time. I feel pretty sure that I could name the two members of the order who concocted the blasphemy, but I probably would have difficulty in proving them guilty, so will not name them. Some days after the conference adjourned a delivery wagon carried to the general office of the Knights of Labor a load of the Philadelphia Times of the issue containing that infamous article. The papers were taken into the office, and a heavy pencil mark was drawn around the article in each copy. The papers were then mailed to the local secretaries of the order throughout the whole country. Remember that one of the men who holds an important and responsible place in the general office was present during every minute of the conference's sessions and knew that The Times article was an outrageous lie. He probably knew what use was to be made of it, too, which would account for the ability of The Times to supply the extra copies. Well, you see I understand that there are some things that stand in the way of unity. Some of these days I'll tell you how to get rid of these things. You know now, did you say? Good!

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

Out of Work In New York.

At a recent meeting of New York Central Labor union reports were made by several organizations as to the numbers belonging to their organizations who are out of work.

The Tin and Sheet Iron Workers' union reported 30 per cent out of work; Reliance Association of Marble Cutters, 35 per cent; Progress Association of Steam Fitters' Helpers, 80 per cent; Granite Cutters' union, 20 per cent; Woodcarvers' union, 55 per cent; Gilders' union, 80 per cent; Plumbers and Gas Fitters' union, 10 per cent; Progressive Painters' union No. 1, 50 per cent; Terra Cotta Workers' union, 15 per cent; Varnishers' union, 50 per cent; Machine Stone Workers, 50 per cent; Plasterers' Laborers' union, 10 per cent.

Remember these are skilled trades, and that the statistics deal with organized labor, which in New York always has more than its proportions of the situations. The figures indicate that "the depression" still holds on in New York.

PRACTICAL "HOWS."

DIRECTIONS FOR LAUNDERING HANDKERCHIEFS TO LOOK NEW.

Substitute for Putty—A Simple Filter—Chasing Water Bugs—Roll up an Umbrella.

After they have been washed and brought in dried from the line, instead of sprinkling them for ironing, as you do the other clothes, put 2 quarts of water in a bowl and squeeze 6 drops of bluing into it from the bluebag; then take a piece of raw starch the size of a pigeon's egg and dissolve it in the water, being careful that it does not settle in the bottom of the bowl.

Take each handkerchief separately, dip it up and down in this water two or three times, squeeze it as dry as possible with the hands; then, when they have all been dipped in, lay them out smoothly in a towel and place them in the clothesbasket.

To iron them lay them out flat on the ironing table and smooth them on both sides. After this make a fold 2 inches deep across the handkerchief and press it in lightly with the iron; then make a fold the other way across the handkerchief just as they are folded in the boxes when you buy them. By laundering them in this way handkerchiefs will look quite new as long as they last.

How to Make a Substitute For Putty.

A cheap and effective substitute for putty to stop cracks in woodwork is made by soaking newspapers in a paste made by boiling a pound of flour in three quarts of water and adding a teaspoonful of alum. The mixture should be of about the same consistency as putty and should be forced into the cracks with a caseknife. It will harden like papier mache, and when dry may be painted or stained to match its surroundings, when it will be almost imperceptible.

How to Make a Simple Filter.

A very cheap and effective filter may be made by means of a common flowerpot. Fill the hole with a piece of sponge and then place in the pot alternate layers of sand, charcoal and small pebbles. This may then be placed in a jar or other convenient vessel, into which the water as it passes through may be received. The effectiveness of this filter may be enhanced by having several flowerpots and letting the water pass from one to the other into a receiver beneath.

Another filter is made by placing in a tank of impure water a vessel so arranged that a sponge which it contains shall lap over the edge and dip into the water of the tank. The sponge gradually sucks up and purifies the water in the reservoir and allows it to drop into the smaller vessel, from which it may be drawn off by a tube. By placing a few lumps of charcoal at the bottom of the receiver filtration of the most perfect kind is effected.

How to Drive Away Water Bugs.

The persistent use of borax will keep premises free from roaches or water bugs, but everything must be kept scrupulously clean. Dust the borax in their haunts, particularly around the sink, water pipes and boiler. Leave it there until the next day's sweeping; then put around fresh borax, using it plentifully. Have no paper on the closet shelves. Wash the tops of doors and windows with boiling suds and rub when dry with a cloth saturated with kerosene. The bundle kindling wood is a prolific source of water bugs in the house. Each bundle before it is carried in should be knocked violently down on the cellar floor or yard stones, while some one stands ready with a kettle of boiling water to prevent the escape of the bugs that run from it, but by far the better way is not to use it at all.

How to Clean Soiled Black.

Soiled black garments may be cleaned by sponging with clear black coffee, with an equal quantity of water added and a teaspoonful each of ammonia and alcohol for each pint.

How to Roll Up Umbrellas.

The right way to roll your umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twirled around with the other hand. Then your umbrella will be as nicely closed as when you bought it, and the only wear and tear will be on the cloth. It is twisting the ribs out of shape around the stick and fastening them there that spoils most of the umbrellas. Never hold the umbrella by the handle alone when you roll it up, and you will find it will last longer and cost less for repairs.

How to Mend Torn Books.

You can mend the torn pages of your books with tissue paper and white of an egg and not make them unsightly or keep you from reading right through the paper.

How to Make Kidney Omelet.

Get a veal kidney for the best results, although sheep's or lamb's kidney may be used. Trim off all the fat and cut it in small dice. Put a teaspoonful of butter over the fire in a small stewpan, and when very hot fry in it a half teaspoonful of finely chopped onions until of a golden color. This must not be allowed to scorch. Put in the minced kidney and a little chopped parsley and stew for about eight minutes, stirring and shaking occasionally. Meantime make an omelet, and when just ready to fold place the above mixture in the center.

How to Brush a Silk Dress.

A silk dress should always be brushed with a very soft camel's hair brush. Whisk brooms are too harsh and cut the silk.

Laudable.

Witherby—You are not going to take the twins to church today, are you?

Mrs. Witherby—Yes, I thought I would. It is Easter, you know. What objection have you?

Witherby—I thought I would like to get a little sleep.—Truth.

Her Idea.

Mistress (at a dinner party)—But, Mary, how often must I tell you always to serve on the left?

Mary (from the country)—Oh, ma'am, but isn't that merely a superstition?—Ellen Malle Butler.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

THE COLUMBARIUM FOR KEEPING CINERARY URNS.

Various Designs of Urns and the Purposes for Which Used—Historical Sketch of Them.

With the growth of modern theory that cremation affords a desirable sanitary method of disposing of the dead, there has been a revival of crematories and of the manufacture of cinerary urns. Every public crematory has a chapel attached for the performance of religious rites over the ashes, and there is in the crematory cemetories what are called columbariums, vast vaults of romanesque designs, where the urns are ranged in orderly design and where the surviving friends of the dead visit with the same interest and solemnity with which one visits any ordinary burial spot. On Decoration day, for instance, according to the New York Sun, authority for the following, nearly 1,000 persons visited the columbarium at Fresh Pond and decorated the urns there contained. This building is an example of all used by cremationists for such purposes. It has walls of pure white and a varnished floor and is lighted by a stained glass window ornamented after the manner of cathedral windows. All around the walls, ranged in rows and tiers, are Roman niches for the cinerary urns. These niches are built 22 inches in height, with an arched dome, and are nearly 2 feet deep and contain urns of an almost uniform height of 18 inches. These urns when unused are all pure white, but when filled are decorated with appropriate frescoes.

A PIER OF THE COLUMBARIUM.

These decorations reflect the varied tastes of their owners, for all are owned, just as burial vaults in a cemetery are owned, in perpetuity, and they are bought in groups for families.

The cremationists insist that in the Roman niches they have solved the problem of a becoming repository for incinerated remains that secures sanitary safety without burying the remains from the sight of the living.

Cinerary urns are made nowadays of various materials, ranging from hard metal that is practically indestructible if properly cared for, to sculptured stone and enduring bronze. The designs and ornamentations of the urns are multitudinous in their variety. The cheapest style of cinerary urn, made of metal, costs from $6 to $8. For $10 the advocate of cremation can secure an urn of oxidized silver or barbedienne bronze that is both substantial in construction and chaste in design.

SERPENTINE STONE URN. CHEAP METAL URN.

All these urns are made of cast metal. The next style, costing $20, is made of Japanese bronze or oxidized silver. A third style is made of copper with bronze trimmings, and a fourth of serpentine stone. China is sometimes used, but its use is rare. The latter costs $50. Urns costing above this figure are only manufactured to order in this country. The ashes are usually first placed in a metal canister, which is hermetically sealed and then locked. This canister fits snugly in the body of the urn. The cover of the urn is made with a screw thread and is screwed down tightly upon the body of the urn and then sealed with white lead. It is impossible for air to enter the urn after this treatment, which insures the preservation of the ashes.

The American Spiders.

"The astronomers of the naval observatory at Washington have sought all over the world for spiders' webs, utilized in telescopes for cross lines. Threads of cobwebs are employed for the purpose because they are wonderfully strong for their exceeding fineness and are not affected by moisture or temperature. According to The Optician, specimens were obtained from China by the directors of the observatory, because it was imagined that the large spider of that country would perhaps produce a particularly excellent quality of web. However, it was found that the best web is spun by spiders of the United States, such as are found in the neighborhood of Washington. This is another case in which manufacturing in this country excels that of all others. Even the spiders of this great and glorious land are a credit to it, says Railway Engineering.

Stars Visible to the Naked Eye.

In the army of stars there exist various degrees; they are divided in stars of the first magnitude, of the second magnitude, etc. The stars which any normal eye can yet see without the aid of an optical instrument belong about to the sixth magnitude. According to Houzeau's computation, there are on the firmament 20 stars of the first, 51 of the second, 200 of the third, 505 of the fourth, 1,213 of the fifth and 3,640 of the sixth magnitude, hence, altogether, 5,719 stars which can be seen with the naked eye. But, as in our longitudes only three-fourths of all the stars rise above the horizon, we see, during the whole life, no more than 4,800 stars unless we increase our sight by the aid of the telescope, according to an exchange.

A Valuable Acquisition.

"I'll have you arrested for obtaining goods under false pretenses," she exclaimed when they had a row, and she told him she had only fooled him into marrying her anyhow.

"Do," she responded scornfully, "and when the goods are shown in court the case will be dismissed. There is nothing of value."—Detroit Free Press.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

VALUE OF THE PLAIN SIMPLE WHISK BROOM.

Something Nice for a Light Sunday Supper—Recipes of Various Kinds to Suit all Tastes.

"Nothing makes a better dishcloth than no cloth at all, but a whisk broom."

This was said, according to Golden Days, by a woman of household skill and experience and with a knowledge of sanitation. And then she continued:

"The practice of using any old rag, an old stocking cut open or any similar thing in sinks is foolish. Bits wear off and become clogs to the drain pipes. If cloths must be had, those of coarse mesh, loosely knitted from a tightly woven cord, are best. A broom, however, is very much better. Select a short, stubby one. To scrape the bottom of saucepans and pots there is nothing so good.

"The wire cloth is not so cleanly; bits of food will get in its interstices and will not easily get out, but nothing clings long to a whisk. Hold it under the faucet for a moment after using, and it is quickly and thoroughly cleansed.

"Hanging over the sink in my kitchen are always two of these brooms—one kept for plates and any pottery dishes, the other for metal ware."

Another housekeeper said: "I can get an immense and varied amount of service out of whisk brooms. I always buy them by the half dozen and get a fair quality. There is positively no limitation to their uses.

"I begin by hanging one in every sleeping room in the house and in the hall as well. Always provide a broom holder of some kind, and you will save much family friction and nervous waste. Then, as those brooms pass their period of usefulness in the matter of brushing clothes, their real work in life begins. One is placed in the bathroom, where, on account of its handle, it is infinitely better and easier to use than a scrubbing brush. Another is relegated to the kitchen sink, where it will outlast a dozen sink brooms. Another is kept for the stairs.

"It is about half the labor to sweep a flight of stairs with a whisk broom that it is with the usual stairbrush. Besides the broom really takes out the dirt. Still another—and this must be one that is not at all soiled—is kept with the parlor cleaning utensils and used for brushing out upholstered furniture, brushing off portieres and curtains, and for corners generally."

Nice For a Light Sunday Supper.

Potato salad is a nice dish for a light Sunday supper. It may be made in a hurry by boiling the potatoes in salted water, letting them stand till almost cool, cutting them into dice, adding a generous portion of butter, half an onion shredded fine, 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, all mixed well together and served cold. But when it is desirable for the salad to look nice as well as to taste good mix the potatoes and onions, put them in a salad dish and pour over them a French dressing made with 2 tablespoonfuls of salad oil or butter, the yolk of an egg and 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mixing carefully the egg and butter and adding vinegar carefully. The dish is then garnished with slices of hard boiled egg and sprigs of parsley.

Raspberry Shortcake.

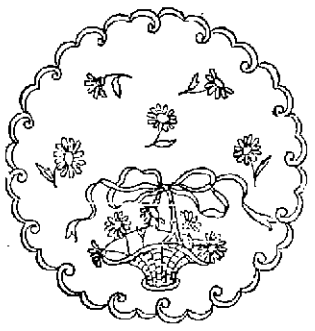
Four cups flour; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 2 cups milk; an egg; half teaspoonful salt; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; half cup sugar; a quart berries. Mix the salt and baking powder with the flour, rub in the butter and add the milk and beaten egg. Roll this dough into a sheet half an inch thick and spread with it the bottom of a greased baking tin. Cover it with the berries, sugar them liberally and lay over these another sheet of dough a little thinner than the lower crust. Bake in a steady oven, cut in squares and eat hot, with butter and sugar.

Dried Beef Creamed.

Chip the beef in small, thin slices, or, if bought already cut, pick it apart in small pieces and carefully remove all fat and stringy pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a small saucepan. When hot, add the beef and frizzle for four or five minutes, stirring constantly. Then add a cup of milk into which has been stirred a level tablespoonful of cornstarch. Let it boil up until it thickens sufficiently and serve.

Rococo Design For Doilies.

The pretty rococo design illustrated by Modern Priscilla is to be worked on fine linen with filo floss. The daisies could be worked in pale blues, pinks or yellows.



DOILY IN ROCOCO DESIGN.

The baskets should be worked in outline. The ribbons will be pretty worked solidly or in outline with white or the lightest shade used in the flowers, and the same coloring may be used in the buttonhole edges.

Household Notes.

New potatoes should be boiled in their jackets, skinned while hot, and put at once into a warm cloth. Serve them on a hot vegetable dish, in which a lump of butter has been melted. Sprinkle over them some finely minced parsley, a dash of pepper and some salt.

Chamois leathers, after being used, should be thoroughly rinsed, then wrung nearly dry and placed in bags, each by itself in a cupboard out of the way. The common practice of allowing sponges and chamois leathers to lie around is a very wasteful one.

The chimney of a lamp is less liable to break if never touched with water. A few drops of alcohol, or even paraffin oil, will remove the dimmed, smoky effect and make the chimney bright when it is polished with soft flannel or chamois skin.

Fruit stains on table linen can be taken out by pouring boiling water through them before they have been put in the boiling suds. Ink spots on white goods, if submerged immediately in new milk, will come out, but if allowed to stand till dry an acid of some kind will have to be used.

Kept Busy.

"Does that lazy boy of Jimson's do any thing for himself now?"

"Oh, yes. He does all his own breathing."—Harper's Bazar.

Better Still.

First Boy—My pa is making his mark in the world.

Second Boy—That's nothing; my pa can write.—Life.

Special Bargains In Puddings

may seem queer, but when you realize what a variety of toothsome, and nutritious dishes can be made from

SEA MOSS FARINE,

such as puddings, blanc mange, ice cream, custard, etc., at a cost of only

A CENT AND A HALF

for the Farine used, it does not seem so queer. Don't think because the package looks small you do not get enough for your money. Corn starch, farina, etc., retailing for 10c. makes only 4 quarts of blanc mange, while Sea Moss Farine, retailing for 25c. makes full 16 quarts.

— See the BARGAIN?

PETER J. BRADY,
GROCER.
448 Gorham Street.
Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour, the best in the city.

JAMES MEEK,
HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD.
Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St.
LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 55-3.

MULLIN & WINSLOW,
Dealers in
COAL
At Summer Prices
1018 Gorham Street.
Telephone 21-6.

SCOTT & O'DAY,
Plumbers and Sanitary Engineers.
Steam, Gas and Water Piping.
JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
11 SOUTH STREET,
Near Middlesex.

Are You Ready for Hot Weather?
Prepare by buying a good Oil Stove or Refrigerator. Perhaps you need a Baby Carriage. These can be had at bargain prices at
VICTOR PHIL'S,
CORNER CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.

M. W. MILLER,
House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger,
85 WILLIE STREET.
Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

Great Removal Sale.
We are about to remove to more commodious quarters and find it necessary to close out our present stock of Harnesses of every description. The greatly reduced prices will place our stock within reach of everybody in need of Harnesses. Have leased for a term of years the "Old Trabrook Stand," established in 1827.
J. C. DONOVAN,
57 Market street.

NEW LUMBER YARD,
No. 255 HILDRETH STREET.
Best Quality. Lowest Prices. Cedar Posts a Specialty.
P. V. Allen & Co.,
Telephone 558-5.

WATSON BAKERY
Every evening at 5 o'clock Hot Tea Rolls and Cream Bread, also all kinds of Cake and Pastry. Only the best stock used in the manufacture of our goods. Parties supplied at short notice at
Nos. 24 to 30 CHARLES STREET.
Peter Watson, Prop.

WM. E. LIVINGSTON,
DEALER IN
Coal, Wood, Lime,
CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL,
HAIR, KAOLIN, PLASTER,
BRICKS, FERTILIZERS.
Straw, Hay Grain, Flour
&c., &c.
NO. 15 THORNDIKE STREET.
Branch office, 49 Merrimack street.—Calderwood's cigar store.

THE STRIKE

Not Endorsed by Federation of Labor.

Pullman Is Set Down as a Public Enemy in Refusing to Arbitrate.

Sympathetic Strikers Are Advised to Return to Work if the Opportunity is Given Them.

Debs Is Willing to Declare the Strike Off, Provided the Men Who Went Out Are Reinstated—Railroad Officials Are Considering the Matter—Bloody Battle Between Strikers and Regulars In Sacramento.

CHICAGO, July 14 —Following is the text of the proposition made by President Debs to the railway managers:

CHICAGO, July 12.

To the Railway Managers:

GENTLEMEN—The existing troubles growing out of the Pullman strike having assumed continental proportions, and there being no indication of relief from the widespread business demoralization and distress incident thereto, the railway employes, through the board of directors of the American Railway union, respectfully make the following proposition as a basis of settlement:

They agree to return to work in a body at once, provided they shall be restored to their former positions without prejudice, except in cases, if any there be, where they have been convicted of crime. This proposition, looking to an immediate settlement of the existing strike on all lines of railway, is inspired by a purpose to subserve the public good. The strike, small and comparatively unimportant in its inception, has extended in every direction, until now it involves or threatens not only every public interest, but the peace, security and prosperity of our common country.

The contest has waged fiercely. It has extended far beyond the limits of interests originally involved, and has laid hold of a vast number of industries and enterprises in nowise responsible for the differences and disagreements that led to the trouble. Factory, mill, mine and shop have been silenced; widespread demoralization has sway. The interests of multiplied thousands of innocent people are suffering. The common welfare is seriously menaced. The public peace and tranquility are in peril. Grave apprehensions of the future prevail. This being true, and the statement will not be controverted, we conceive it to be our duty as citizens and as men to make extraordinary efforts to end existing strife, and avert approaching calamity, whose shadows are even now upon us.

If ended now, the contest, however serious in its consequences, will not have been in vain. Sacrifices have been made, but they will have their compensations. Indeed, if lessons shall be taught by experience, the troubles, now so widely deplored, will prove a blessing of inestimable value in the months and years to come. The difference that led up to the present complications need not now be discussed.

At this supreme juncture every consideration of duty and patriotism demands that a remedy for existing trouble be found and applied. The employes propose to do their part by meeting their employers half way. Let it be stated that they do not impose any condition of settlement, except that they be returned to their former positions. They do not ask the recognition of the organization or of any organization.

Believing this proposition to be fair, reasonable and just, it is respectfully submitted, with the belief that its acceptance will result in the prompt resumption of traffic, the revival of industries and the restoration of peace and order. Respectfully,

EUGENE V. DEBS, President.
GEORGE H. HOWARD, Vice President.
SYLVESTER KELIHER, Secretary, American Railway Union.

The Federation's Views.

The conference committee of the Federation of Labor presented for adoption an address to the public.

President Gompers read it. P. H. Morrissey, vice grand master of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and T. W. Arnold, secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, made stirring speeches in opposition to the endorsement of Debs and the course pursued by the A. R. U.

P. J. McGuire, first vice president of the Federation of Labor, urged that the Pullman strike was purely local and should be dealt with by the people of Chicago. A resolution was adopted condemning both the Republican and Democratic parties and pledging support to the Populists. The address was finally adopted, as follows:

The great industrial upheaval now agitating the country, has been carefully, calmly and fully considered in a conference of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, and the executive officers and representatives of the national and international unions, and brotherhoods of railway men, called to meet in the city of Chicago on July 12, 1894.

In the light of all the evidence obtainable, and in view of the peculiar complications now enveloping the situation, we are forced to the conclusion that the best interests of the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor demand that they refrain from participating in any general and local strike which may be proposed in connection with the present railroad troubles.

In making this declaration, we do not wish it understood that we are in any way antagonistic to any labor organization now struggling for right or justice, but rather to the fact that the present contest has become surrounded and beset with complications so grave in their nature that we cannot consistently advise a course which would but add to the general confusion.

The trades union movement is one of reason, one of deliberation, and, depending entirely upon the voluntary and sovereign action of its membership, it is democratic in principles and actions, conservative in its demands and consistent in its efforts to secure them. Industrial contests cannot be entered into at the behest of any individual officer of this conference, regardless of the position he may occupy in our organization.

While we may not have the power to order a strike of the working people of our country, we are fully aware that a recommendation from this conference to them to lay down their tools of labor would largely influence the members of our affiliated organizations, and appreciating the responsibility resting upon us, and the duty we owe to all, we declare it to be the sense of this conference that a general strike at this time is inexpedient, unwise and contrary to the best interests of the working people.

We further recommend that all connected with the American Federation of Labor now out on sympathetic strike should return to work, and those who contemplate going out on sympathetic strike are advised to remain at their usual vocations.

In the strike of the American Railway union we recognize an impulsive, vigorous protest against the gathering, growing forces of plutocratic power and corporation rule. In the sympathetic movement of that order to help the Pullman employes they have demonstrated the hollow sham of Pullman's paradise. Mr. Pullman, in his persistent repulses of arbitration, and his heartless autocratic treatment of his employes, has proven himself a public enemy.

Against an array of armed force and brutal moneyed autocracy, would it not be worse than folly to call them out on general or local strike in these days of stagnant trade and commercial depression?

No. Better let us organize more generally, combine more closely with other forces, educate and prepare ourselves to protect our interests, and that we may go to the ballot box and cast our votes as American free men, united and determined to redeem this country from its present political and industrial misrule, to take it from the hands of plutocratic wreckers and place it in the hands of the common people.

The committee voted to appropriate $1000 to assist Debs in procuring counsel. The conference then adjourned.

Bloody Work at Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, July 14.—Yesterday was one of the most exciting days in the history of the strike. As a result two men are in the hospital, while several others are reported dead or injured. Shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning, a switch engine was proceeding along Front street to clear the track. A company of regulars under command of Captain Roberts accompanied the engine.

As they reached I street, it is claimed, a gang of strikers fired on the troops. The soldiers returned the fire, and several men were seen to fall. Two of them were picked up by the police and removed to the receiving hospital. Their names are John Stuart and Frank Buckley.

The former was a marine of the U. S. S. Alliance, and he was attracted to the scene of the conflict by a large crowd. He was shot through the body. Buckley lives in Butte county, and was here on a visit. He was shot through the right shoulder. Both men deny that they are in any way connected with the strikers. Stuart has made an ante-mortem statement, in which he says he was shot down because he refused to halt when ordered to do so by the regulars.

The shooting was heard at the depot, and Colonel Graham, who is in command, ordered the First Corps of Marines, under Captain Berryman, and the Third United States marine corps, under Lieutenant Draper, to start from the depot with fixed bayonets. They divided into charging squads and extended the dead line to Second street.

Shortly afterward troop I, Fourth United States cavalry, made a flying dash down Second street to J, and thence to Front, sweeping everything before them. United States Marshal Bald was in the lead, and proclaimed martial law. He called upon the people in the name of the United States to go to their homes and remain there until the trouble is over. A few obeyed, but the majority remained on the streets in defiance of the marshal's order.

The streets are now comparatively deserted, and few cars to be seen, and they are being watched.

The railroad succeeded in getting a train to Rocklin. The train was accompanied by two companies of regulars.

Later another train left for the east. It consisted of two coaches, two flat cars and several fruit cars. Two gatling guns were placed on the flat cars, to be used if occasion demanded. The railroad officials fear that more trouble will occur at Truckee.

The Managers' Position.

Mayor Hopkins and Alderman McGillen had a short and harmonious conference with Chairman St. John and Strike Manager Egan of the General Managers' association. Chairman St. John spoke somewhat disparagingly of Mr. Debs and his associates and declared that the general managers of the various roads running into Chicago did not recognize the president of the American Railway union or his conferees.

Mr. Egan said he would call a meeting of the General Managers' association as soon as possible, but that he did not think they would take any action. So far as the roads were concerned, Mr. Egan declared, the strike was already at an end. If the men wished to stay out of work, that was none of the business of the general managers.

Considered at an End.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Whatever may be the future course of Debs, the fact that he has sought to make overtures to the railway managers for the termination of the great strike is taken in official circles here as indicating that he admits, as others have seen, that the insurrection is practically at end. General Schofield, the commander of the United States army, believes that the president's promise to appoint a commission to investigate the causes of the strike and all of the issues involved, when the reign of lawlessness had ceased, has has induced the leaders to clear the way for the appointment of the commission by removing all pretext for disorder.

Praise From England.

LONDON, July 14.—The Daily News, commenting on President Cleveland's promise to appoint a commission to investigate the railroad strikes, says: Mr. Cleveland is neither brilliant nor dazzling, but he is clear-headed, cool and sensible, and may be credited with the honor of having done the best he could at the earliest favorable moment. He is apparently trying to do for the United States what Lord Rosebery has already done for England.

Pullman's Side.

NEW YORK, July 14.—George M. Pullman gave out a statement last evening in reference to the strike situation. He quoted figures, which he claimed were conclusive, showing that business at Pullman had been recently conducted at a loss to keep his employes at work. The charges of watered stock were denied, and he claimed that the demand for arbitration was unreasonable and unfair.

Corkonians Favor Rossa.

CORK, July 14.—The municipal council, after a heated discussion last night, adopted, by a vote of 28 to 24, a resolution urging the Dublin corporation to elect O'Donovan Rossa a city marshal, as a reward for his services to Ireland.

Incendiaries at Work.

LONDON, July 14.—A fire occurred in the Devenport dockyard last night and caused much damage. Another fire occurred there recently, and it is supposed that both were started by incendiaries.

KNAPP'S
Rootbeer Extract is the best.
KNAPP'S
was the favorite last year.
KNAPP'S
One bottle makes 6 gallons.
KNAPP'S
None so good, none goes so far.

BUSINESS

The Prospect Brightening on All Sides.

SIGNS OF ACTUAL PROGRESS NOW VISIBLE.

The Recovery From the Great Depression Assured.

When circumstances are duly weighed, the strength and soundness of business in this country during the past two weeks are amazing. With the second city in the country in the hands of a lawless and murderous mob, besides many other cities and towns, with railway traffic almost entirely stopped over the vast area between Toledo and the Pacific, with presidential proclamations declaring the existence of an insurrection and the passionate answer ordering half a million men to stop work, with a prolonged strike of coal miners not fully ended in many states, and with differences between the house and senate on the tariff question so wide that duties affecting mining and manufactures cannot be anticipated, industries and trade have nevertheless gone on with sublime confidence that the people and their government would soon restore order.

The shrinkage of business and the depression of values have been unexpectedly small, the failures relatively few and unimportant, and there are even signs in some industries of actual progress toward recovery from previous troubles.

Wheat is slightly lower, in profound disregard of the government report indicating a yield of less than 400,000,000 bushels, and as the official estimate of yield in 1893 was more than 100,000,000 bushels short of actual exports and consumption, it is readily assumed that another discrepancy as large may spring from similar causes. Receipts and exports in the present disturbed condition of business are not significant.

Corn has advanced a little, though accounts indicate a good yield.

The Industrial Situation.

Cotton has declined an eighth, with more favorable information as to conditions, and the year's records have so discredited official and other estimates that little attention is now paid to them. With stocks of American abroad about as large as a year ago and the demand for cotton goods visibly narrowing, weakness is natural. Cotton manufacture has reduced productions somewhat, though most of the mills continue to pile up goods, and the stock of print cloths is 180,000 pieces. Dullness is commonly ascribed and partly due to disturbed conditions at the west and south.

The same cause affects woolen manufactures, but less directly, and the clothiers have postponed orders so long that their efforts to get merely the goods they must have now give a better tone. Orders are small, but in number such that fewer mills have closed since July 10 than was expected, and sales of wool for the week have been 3,385,000 pounds, against 3,643,700 last year, and 6,118,950 in 1892.

The shoe factories in this quarter are closed, but at the east have generally resumed earlier than was expected, and numerous, though small orders, mainly for medium or low priced goods, make up a fair aggregate of business. Shipments from the east for two weeks of July have been 152,298 cases, against 148,755 last year.

The output of pig iron, which dropped from 10,210 tons to 62,517 weekly in May, because of the miners' strike, had only recovered to 85,950 tons July 1, and it is uncertain whether it is larger now, for numerous western works have been stopped by the railroad blockade.

The decrease in the failures exhibited last week is followed by good returns for July thus far. Reported liabilities in the first five days were only $811,657, though mail delay kept back some western returns. The number of failures during the past week has been 237 in the United States, against 374 last week, and in Canada 49, against 25 last year.

Newsboys on Strike.

BOSTON, July 14.—The newsboys of the city resolved to boycott the Herald and Globe because they charged higher rates than other 2-cent papers. As a result these papers were not handled last night, and boys seen with a Herald or Globe were promptly set upon and their stock in trade torn to fragments. A mass meeting of boys was held last night and at its close the boys marched to the Herald and Globe offices in a body and created a small riot, which the police finally quelled.

A Good Capture.

BRUSSELS, July 14.—A man was arrested here yesterday upon suspicion of having been concerned in a plot which resulted in the destruction by fire of the Palais d'Ete theater. An anarchistic letter was found in his pocket, signed by an anarchistic group, assigning him as the person to blow up La Scala theater.

No Proof of Guilt.

ANTWERP, July 14.—The analysts who examined the bodies of the three persons whom Mme. Joniaux was charged with poisoning have reported that in the bodies of two no poison has been found, but in the body of the third a doubtful quantity has been discovered.

A Rear-End Collision.

BALTIMORE, July 14.—Just beyond the Lake Roland station an express train crashed into the rear of a way train, derailing the locomotive of the express and seriously injuring five persons, two of whom are perhaps fatally hurt.

Kentucky Treasury In a Hole.

FRANKFORT, Ky., July 14.—The state treasury, which has been short of cash for two months past, exhausted its funds and suspended payments yesterday on all of the state's obligations. The suspension is for an indefinite period.

Under Light Bonds

AMESBURY, Mass., July 14.—The Vanier $5500 forgery case came to an end in the district court yesterday. Ovella Vanier, the defendant, was held in $800 for the grand jury. Bonds were given.

Potatoes Will Be Short.

AMESBURY, Mass., July 14.—Reports from 12 neighboring farming towns show big damage to crops from want of rain. The potato crop is ruined in several towns.

Mysterious Sickness In Prison.

LONDON, July 14.—A suspicious case of sickness has been reported from Wormwood Scrubbs prison. The patient has been isolated, but the statement is made that it is not a case of Asiatic cholera.

Couldn't Convict Him.

AUGUSTA, Me., July 14.—George A Hanscomb was before United States Commissioner Choate for robbing the H[illegible]land postoffice. Evidence being insufficient, the prisoner was discharged.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Cholera is on the increase at St. Petersburg.

Twenty fishing boats are missing from Bilbao, Spain.

Anarchists set fire to the new French ironclad Carnot.

Sons of Temperance closed their session at Waterville, Me.

Governor Greenhalge visited Mrs. Cleveland at Gray Gables.

James E. Floyd was arrested at Boston on a charge of forgery.

The Jacob Emery homestead at Haverhill, Mass., was burned.

Sweeping and successful liquor raids were made at Derry, N. H.

All nickel-in-the-slot machines have been ordered removed in Bristol, Conn.

The Massachusetts naval brigade will have the San Francisco for their tour of duty.

A burglar and policeman at Biddeford, Me., exchanged shots, and the burglar escaped.

The Vigilant will be altered in order to avoid conceding time allowance to the Britannia.

Miss Mary Keenan, 24 years of age, committed suicide at New Haven by taking "rough on rats."

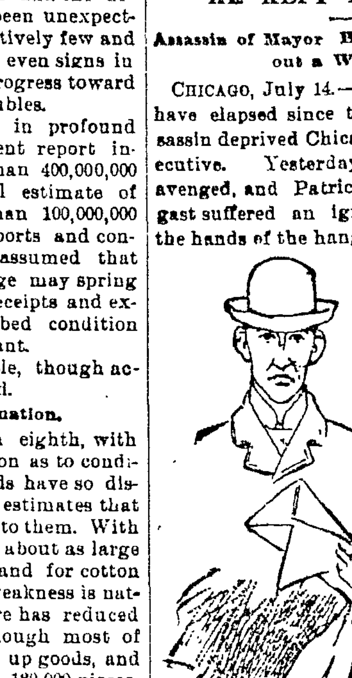
Mayor Bancroft of Cambridge, Mass., thinks that the delivery of ice cream on Sunday is unlawful.

The Central Trust company of New York was appointed trustee of the first mortgage 4 1-2 per cent mortgage bonds of the Denver, Leadville and Gunnison Railroad company in place of the New England Trust company.

HE KEPT HIS WORD.

Assassin of Mayor Harrison Died Without a Whimper.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Nearly nine months have elapsed since the bullet of an assassin deprived Chicago of her chief executive. Yesterday the crime was avenged, and Patrick Eugene Prendergast suffered an ignominious death at the hands of the hangman.



TWO SKETCHES OF PRENDERGAST.

The execution was devoid of incident, for the assassin went to his death like an ox going to the shambles. Up to the last moment the hope of interposition from some source or another did not desert him. When it came to the end he nerved himself for a supreme effort and paid the penalty of his crime without a whimper and without a word.

The drop fell at 11:48. The murderer had said he would "die game," and he kept his word. Prendergast's neck was broken apparently. At 11:57, nine minutes after the trigger was sprung, Prendergast was pronounced dead.

GRANITE STATE PROHIBS

Adopt a Platform and Nominate Dr. Knowles For Governor.

WEIRS, N. H., July 14.—The state convention of the New Hampshire Prohibitionists was held here. Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D., of Tilton was nominated for governor.

The platform adopted included a demand for the prohibition of the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic liquors as beverages, by both national and state legislation, and the exercise of the full powers of government to secure this result. A stand for the public school system, and against any appropriation of public moneys for sectarian schools. Denominational schools should be supported by private beneficence. A belief that the tariff, under a fair general law, should be entrusted to a commission of fair-minded business men, and that such a commission can deal more wisely and safely than congress with the complex questions that arise. An expression of sympathy with the desires of laboring men to better their conditions, and a favoring of wise systems of arbitration when disputes arise between employers and employes; a belief that no permanent improvement of the labor class is possible until the liquor power is overthrown.

Dr. Elgar L Carr of Pittsfield and David Heald of Milford were nominated for congress.

Lynn Shoe Factory Damaged.

LYNN, Mass., July 14.—The factory of Murphy Bros., shoe manufacturers, was damaged by fire to the extent of $10,000 last night. There is strong evidence that the fire was incendiary.

Forest Fires in Maine.

SACO, Me., July 14.—Several extensive forest fires are raging in this vicinity. At Old Orchard many acres were burned over, and the loss of timber will be considerable.

Refused Medical Aid.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 14.—Mrs. Isabel Kingman, 34, wife of Rev. E. Kingman of New York, died at Shiloh chapel, after an illness of five days. Mrs. Kingman was a firm believer in the healing power of prayer, and died without medical aid.

Death of Publisher Graha.

ORANGE, N. J., July 14.—George Rox Graha, the veteran publisher and journalist, died yesterday afternoon of disease of the heart at the Orange Memorial hospital.

A SET-BACK.

What Macallister Heard From the Liveried Servant.

The night was as balmy as Gilead, and Macallister McIlhenny had a dollar in his pocket. This was unusual, for what he ordinarily had in his pocket were a bunch of keys and a knife with three of the blades broken out.

And Macallister McIlhenny was happy. Any man ought to be happy with money in his pocket and hope in his heart, and Macallister McIlhenny was in that fix, for the girl he wanted to foreclose an emotional mortgage on had given him a gentle smile that very afternoon. He was now on his way to see her, and he crooned a love ditty as he walked.

At the door of her palatial mansion he was met by a liveried servant.

"Is Miss Montague at home?" he asked lightly.

"She is not, sir."

This reply set him back four pegs.

"Is her father at home?" he asked on a second attempt.

"He is not, sir."

"Is her mother?"

"She is not, sir."

"Is anybody at home?" he asked desperately.

"Nobody but the servants, sir."

What Macallister McIlhenny said about the servants need not be mentioned here.

"Where are they all?" was the next question, for he was not a man to throw up the sponge until the last armed foe had expired.

"They have gone to a boating party, sir."

"Oh, ah?"

"Yes, sir. It was quite unexpected, sir. The invitation came just after dinner, sir."

"Um! Was there a young man in the party?" inquired Mac, trying to appear very unconcerned.

"Yes, sir. He came for Miss Montague, sir."

"Was she glad to see him?"

"Yes, sir; I should say so, sir."

"Was he glad to see her?"

"Very, sir."

A cloud settled heavily on the brow of Macallister McIlhenny.

"Did you hear her say anything about expecting me this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah!" And again the heart of Macallister McIlhenny beat high with hope. "What did she say?"

The face of the liveried servant was as fixed as fate, as expressionless as the sphinx, as immobile as the countenance of a mummy.

"She said, sir," he replied, "that they had better get away before you came, sir, because if they waited until you left, sir, they wouldn't get started until it was time for breakfast, sir."

Alas, alas! By breakfast time there was no dollar in Macallister McIlhenny's pocket, and he couldn't have put his head in any pocket less in size than a coffee sack.—Detroit Free Press.

By the Card.

A traveler found at Richmond castle a guide who was amusingly dependent on tradition and guidebook.

"What is the height of this fine old keep?" asked the traveler.

"According to histroy, it's 99 feet," was the answer.

The same reply was made to various other questions relating to the height and depth of the measurements, and finally the men reached a part of the battlements where the hill on which the castle stands descends abruptly to the river.

"A pretty steep descent this," remarked the traveler.

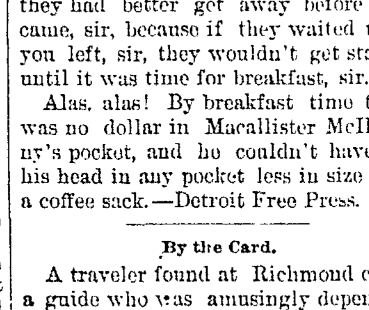
"Yes, sir," was the reply. "According to history, it's almost perpendicular."—Youth's Companion.

[illegible]

BOSTON, July 14.—Guy Cassella, charged with causing the death of Max Lewis July 4, was yesterday held in $5000 for the August term of the superior court. Cassella had discharged a revolver in such a way as to inflict a mortal wound on the scalp of Max Lewis, who died the following day.

A Thankful Mother's Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"Last winter I did not think my little ones would have a mother long. I suffered terribly with female troubles.



"I could keep nothing on my stomach, and got so 'poor' my friends hardly knew me. I suffered with severe headaches, dizziness, faintness, backache, and 'the blues.'

"Thanks to *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, I am now as fat as ever, and have no female troubles.

"If you use my letter I hope it may be the means of saving some other poor mother's life as it did mine."—Mrs. Ella Van Buren, St. David, Fulton Co., Ill. At all druggists.

SCALDS
and Burns are soothed at once with
Perry Davis'
PAIN KILLER.
It takes out the fire, reduces the inflammation, and prevents blistering. It is the quickest and most effectual remedy for pain that is known. Keep it by you.

Song of the Laundress

IVORINE never injures my clothes,
It saves lots of rubbing and time
They are whiter than snow in a jiffy,
And soon hanging out on the line.

Ivorine
WASHING POWDER

"Ivorine gives the greatest satisfaction. I have been using it for years. I find it requires only about one-half the time for my washing which it takes with other washing powders."
ANNIE WALKER,
Laundress, Marine Hospital, Portland, Me.

From April 1st, 1893, every package contains a splendid cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, July 14th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department.

Burke, Wm	Kimball, N G
Bartwell, James G	Kennedy, J E
Bernier, Joseph	Knapp, Geo F
Bett, J	Lapan, Folos
Bergeron, Henry	Lamy, Louis
Baker, Joseph	Lemire, Adolphe
Black, Wm H	Lege, Louis
Carroll, Michael	Leathaul, W
Courchains, J B	Maude, Frank
Clifford, Daniel	Marco, Germain
Charles, H E	Machado, Jose
Charles, H W	McCarr, J Dr
Clark, F D	McDermott, John
Charron, John	McDougall, Wm
Dauphinas, Joseph	Murphy, M J
Devine, Daniel	Mayo, A H
Dent, E F	Ommette, John
Dushane, Wm	Pantavila, Girolano
Eames, A M	Palermo, Bernadino
Evans, T E	Pakhura, Antoine
Enott, Dysor	Patman, Ed
Faber, G W	Piche, Narcisse
Ford, Wm	Pulon, Nicolin
Gaffield, Thomas	Prescott, Ross E
Green, Charles	Quinn, John J
Gervais, Willie	Rappaki, Gamella
Green, James	Retty, Arthur D
Golden, Michael	Richardson, John S
Hansen, Alfred	Richardson, David
Howarth, Fred	Stephenson, F M
Hyatt, E L	Stuart, E S
Hynes, James	Sturtevant, Geo H
Jardinas, Harlin	Steel, Adam
Jaron & Wohch	Tullock, George
Jackson, W I	Thanor, Jame
Jimerson, Robert	Worther, E B
Jackson, Thomas	

Ladies' List.

Averill, F O Mrs	Jubinville, Caroline
Barrett, Barbara L	Kelley, Maria
Barrett, Mary	King, Mary
Brownel, May	Lavery, Mary
Bushey, Pete Mrs	Lagace, Virginia
Campbell, A L Mrs	Lake, A Mrs
Carrigan, Annie Mrs	Langlois, Alice
Charters, Addie	Levasseur, Made
Claudel, Eugene	Lydon, Kate
Callahan, Kate	Mayberry, G Mrs
Coburn, Abbie J	Martin, Grace Mrs
Crooker, S H Mrs	Madden, Maggie
Culbertson, Helen A	McDuff, Maggie
Danielson, Dorothea	McGetten, A
Dempsey, Bridget	McColkey, Lilla
Ducharm, Matilda	McCabe, Mary
Dwyer, Mary A	Mellen, E B Mrs
Ellis, Elsie	Mears, Jennie
Fitzgerald, Hannah	McManus, Annie
French, Sarah J	O'Neil, Mary
Gordon, G Miss	Pillsbury, Ann O
Goddard, Mary	Pickering, M I Mrs
Geanther, Jennie	Ross, Annie
Grady, Mary A	Richett, Maxime Dell
Holdridge, Carrie	Shanaughy, Rose W
Hogan, Vallia	Schryer, Eva
Hill, N C Mrs	Snow, R E Mrs
Hamblett, G W Mrs	Scheidler, Lizzie C
Hazelton, L R Mrs 2	Tucker, A L Miss
Hartnett, W C	Walsh, Norah
Johnston, Katie E	Walton, Amenea

THIS WARM WEATHER
You need something to brace you up.
A Case of Wine
Or a Case of That Nice
L-A-G-E-R
--From--
The Golden Sheaf
55 MIDDLE ST.
Will Do It.

A Souvenir

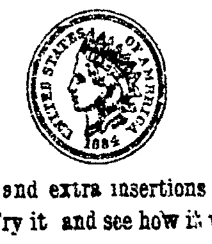
Worth having in every household is one of those tinted and gilt decorated Cups and Saucers, which we are selling for one week for 49 CENTS.

These cups and Saucers are worth $1, but as we got them at a bankrupt sale, and for spot cash, we can afford to give them to our customers for less than half their cost. They make a handsome set, and there ought to be a quick demand for them. There will only be one of them.

French & Puffer,
245 Central Street.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads. in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first



insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay

WANT COLUMN

☞ **Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.**

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

WANTED—Boys and girls who wish to make money when out of school, send name and we will tell you how. No money wanted. D. Stayner & Co., Providence, R. I.

TENEMENTS TO LET

TO LET—Tenement of five rooms in pleasant location. Inquire of John McOwen, house 4, rear 81 Chapel street.

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F.P. Lew, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6000 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $960 G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE. -A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house, would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

Do You Go To Lawrence?
If So, Call At
THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the co partnership formerly existing between J. W. Bennett, Geo. A Bennett and Fred W. Bennett under the firm name and style of J. W. Bennett & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, said George A. Bennett and Fred W. Bennett retiring from the firm. All persons having claims against the said firm are requested to present the same for adjustment and payment, and all persons indebted to the firm are requested to pay the same to J. W. Bennett, he alone being authorized to settle all bills and claims of the late firm.

J. W. BENNETT.
G. A. BENNETT.
F. W. BENNETT.

Lowell, Mass., July 6, 1894.

NOTICE.

The business heretofore carried on by J. W. Bennett & Co., will be continued by J. W. Bennett, at the stand where he established himself in 1860, corner of Grand and Middlesex streets, Lowell, Mass.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

NewspaperARCHIVE®

THE STRIKE

Not Endorsed by Federation of Labor.

Pullman Is Set Down as a Public Enemy in Refusing to Arbitrate.

Sympathetic Strikers Are Advised to Return to Work if the Opportunity is Given Them.

Debs Is Willing to Declare the Strike Off, Provided the Men Who Went Out Are Reinstated—Railroad Officials Are Considering the Matter—Bloody Battle Between Strikers and Regulars In Sacramento.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Following is the text of the proposition made by President Debs to the railway managers:

CHICAGO, July 12.

To the Railway Managers:

GENTLEMEN—The existing troubles growing out of the Pullman strike having assumed continental proportions, and there being no indication of relief from the widespread business demoralization and distress incident thereto, the railway employes, through the board of directors of the American Railway union, respectfully make the following proposition as a basis of settlement:

They agree to return to work in a body at once, provided they shall be restored to their former positions without prejudice, except in cases, if any there be, where they have been convicted of crime. This proposition, looking to an immediate settlement of the existing strike on all lines of railway, is inspired by a purpose to subserve the public good. The strike, small and comparatively unimportant in its inception, has extended in every direction, until now it involves or threatens not only every public interest, but the peace, security and prosperity of our common country.

The contest has waged fiercely. It has extended far beyond the limits of interests originally involved, and has laid hold of a vast number of industries and enterprises in nowise responsible for the differences and disagreements that led to the trouble. Factory, mill, mine and shop have been silenced; widespread demoralization has sway. The interests of multiplied thousands of innocent people are suffering. The common welfare is seriously menaced. The public peace and tranquility are in peril. Grave apprehensions of the future prevail. This being true, and the statement will not be controverted, we conceive it to be our duty as citizens and as men to make extraordinary efforts to end existing strife, and avert approaching calamity, whose shadows are even now upon us.

If ended now, the contest, however serious in its consequences, will not have been in vain. Sacrifices have been made, but they will have their compensations. Indeed, if lessons shall be taught by experience, the troubles, now so widely deplored, will prove a blessing of inestimable value in the months and years to come. The difference that led up to the present complications need not now be discussed.

At this supreme juncture every consideration of duty and patriotism demands that a remedy for existing trouble be found and applied. The employes propose to do their part by meeting their employers half way. Let it be stated that they do not impose any condition of settlement, except that they be returned to their former positions. They do not ask the recognition of the organization or of any organization.

Believing this proposition to be fair, reasonable and just, it is respectfully submitted, with the belief that its acceptance will result in the prompt resumption of traffic, the revival of industries and the restoration of peace and order. Respectfully,

EUGENE V. DEBS, President.
GEORGE H. HOWARD, Vice President.
SYLVESTER KELIHER, Secretary, American Railway Union.

The Federation's Views.

The conference committee of the Federation of Labor presented for adoption an address to the public.

President Gompers read it. P. H. Morrissey, vice grand master of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and T. W. Arnold, secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, made stirring speeches in opposition to the endorsement of Debs and the course pursued by the A. R. U.

P. J. McGuire, first vice president of the Federation of Labor, urged that the Pullman strike was purely local and should be dealt with by the people of Chicago. A resolution was adopted condemning both the Republican and Democratic parties and pledging support to the Populists. The address was finally adopted, as follows:

The great industrial upheaval now agitating the country, has been carefully, calmly and fully considered in a conference of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, and the executive officers and representatives of the national and international unions, and brotherhoods of railway men, called to meet in the city of Chicago on July 12, 1894.

In the light of all the evidence obtainable, and in view of the peculiar complications now enveloping the situation, we are forced to the conclusion that the best interests of the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor demand that they refrain from participating in any general and local strike which may be proposed in connection with the present railroad troubles.

In making this declaration, we do not wish it understood that we are in any way antagonistic to any labor organization now struggling for right or justice, but rather to the fact that the present contest has become surrounded and beset with complications so grave in their nature that we cannot consistently advise a course which would but add to the general confusion.

The trades union movement is one of reason, one of deliberation, and, depending entirely upon the voluntary and sovereign action of its membership, it is democratic in principles and actions, conservative in its demands and consistent in its efforts to secure them. Industrial contests cannot be entered into at the behest of any individual officer of this conference, regardless of the position he may occupy in our organization.

While we may not have the power to order a strike of the working people of our country, we are fully aware that a recommendation from this conference to them to lay down their tools of labor would largely influence the members of our affiliated organizations, and appreciating the responsibility resting upon us, and the duty we owe to all, we declare it to be the sense of this conference that a general strike at this time is inexpedient, unwise and contrary to the best interests of the working people.

We further recommend that all connected with the American Federation of Labor now out on sympathetic strike should return to work, and those who contemplate going out on sympathetic strike are advised to remain at their usual vocations.

In the strike of the American Railway union we recognize an impulsive, vigorous protest against the gathering, growing forces of plutocratic power and corporation rule. In the sympathetic movement of that order to help the Pullman employes they have demonstrated the hollow sham of Pullman's paradise. Mr. Pullman, in his persistent repulses of arbitration, and his heartless autocratic treatment of his employes, has proven himself a public enemy.

Against an array of armed force and brutal moneyed autocracy, would it not be worse than folly to call them out on general or local strike in these days of stagnant trade and commercial depression?

No. Better let us organize more generally, combine more closely with other forces, educate and prepare ourselves to protect our interests, and that we may go to the ballot box and cast our votes as American free men, united and determined to redeem this country from its present political and industrial misrule, to take it from the hands of plutocratic wreckers and place it in the hands of the common people.

The committee voted to appropriate $1000 to assist Debs in procuring counsel. The conference then adjourned.

Bloody Work at Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, July 14.—Yesterday was one of the most exciting days in the history of the strike. As a result two men are in the hospital, while several others are reported dead or injured. Shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning, a switch engine was proceeding along Front street to clear the track. A company of regulars under command of Captain Roberts accompanied the engine.

As they reached I street, it is claimed, a gang of strikers fired on the troops. The soldiers returned the fire, and several men were seen to fall. Two of them were picked up by the police and removed to the receiving hospital. Their names are John Stuart and Frank Buckley.

The former was a marine of the U. S. S. Alliance, and he was attracted to the scene of the conflict by a large crowd. He was shot through the body. Buckley lives in Butte county, and was here on a visit. He was shot through the right shoulder. Both men deny that they are in any way connected with the strikers. Stuart has made an ante-mortem statement, in which he says he was shot down because he refused to halt when ordered to do so by the regulars.

The shooting was heard at the depot, and Colonel Graham, who is in command, ordered the First Corps of Marines, under Captain Berryman, and the Third United States marine corps, under Lieutenant Draper, to start from the depot with fixed bayonets. They divided into charging squads and extended the dead line to Second street.

Shortly afterward troop I, Fourth United States cavalry, made a flying dash down Second street to J, and thence to Front, sweeping everything before them. United States Marshal Bald was in the lead, and proclaimed martial law. He called upon the people in the name of the United States to go to their homes and remain there until the trouble is over. A few obeyed, but the majority remained on the streets in defiance of the marshal's order.

The streets are now comparatively deserted, and few cars to be seen, and they are being watched.

The railroad succeeded in getting a train to Rocklin. The train was accompanied by two companies of regulars.

Later another train left for the east. It consisted of two coaches, two flat cars and several fruit cars. Two gatling guns were placed on the flat cars, to be used if occasion demanded. The railroad officials fear that more trouble will occur at Truckee.

The Managers' Position.

Mayor Hopkins and Alderman McGillen had a short and harmonious conference with Chairman St. John and Strike Manager Egan of the General Managers' association. Chairman St. John spoke somewhat disparagingly of Mr. Debs and his associates and declared that the general managers of the various roads running into Chicago did not recognize the president of the American Railway union or his conferrees.

Mr. Egan said he would call a meeting of the General Managers' association as soon as possible, but that he did not think they would take any action. So far as the roads were concerned, Mr. Egan declared, the strike was already at an end. If the men wished to stay out of work, that was none of the business of the general managers.

Considered at an End.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Whatever may be the future course of Debs, the fact that he has sought to make overtures to the railway managers for the termination of the great strike is taken in official circles here as indicating that he admits, as others have seen, that the insurrection is practically at end. General Schofield, the commander of the United States army, believes that the president's promise to appoint a commission to investigate the causes of the strike and all of the issues involved, when the reign of lawlessness had ceased, has has induced the leaders to clear the way for the appointment of the commission by removing all pretext for disorder.

Praise From England.

LONDON, July 14.—The Daily News, commenting on President Cleveland's promise to appoint a commission to investigate the railroad strikes, says: Mr. Cleveland is neither brilliant nor dazzling, but he is clear-headed, cool and sensible, and may be credited with the honor of having done the best he could at the earliest favorable moment. He is apparently trying to do for the United States what Lord Rosebery has already done for England.

Pullman's Side.

NEW YORK, July 14.—George M. Pullman gave out a statement last evening in reference to the strike situation. He quoted figures, which he claimed were conclusive, showing that business at Pullman had been recently conducted at a loss to keep his employes at work. The charges of watered stock were denied, and he claimed that the demand for arbitration was unreasonable and unfair.

Corkonians Favor Rossa.

CORK, July 14.—The municipal council, after a heated discussion last night, adopted, by a vote of 28 to 24, a resolution urging the Dublin corporation to elect O'Donovan Rossa a city mashal, as a reward for his services to Ireland.

Incendiaries at Work.

LONDON, July 14.—A fire occurred in the Devenport dockyard last night and caused much damage. Another fire occurred there recently, and it is supposed that both were started by incendiaries.

KNAPP'S
Rootbeer Extract is the best.
KNAPP'S
was the favorite last year.
KNAPP'S
One bottle makes 6 gallons.
KNAPP'S
None so good, none goes so far.

BUSINESS

The Prospect Brightening on All Sides.

SIGNS OF ACTUAL PROGRESS NOW VISIBLE.

The Recovery From the Great Depression Assured.

When circumstances are duly weighed, the strength and soundness of business in this country during the past two weeks are amazing. With the second city in the country in the hands of a lawless and murderous mob, besides many other cities and towns, with railway traffic almost entirely stopped over the vast area between Toledo and the Pacific, with presidential proclamations declaring the existence of an insurrection and the Associate answer ordering half a million men to stop work, with a prolonged strike of coal miners not fully ended in many states, and with differences between the house and senate on the tariff question so wide that duties affecting mining and manufactures cannot be anticipated, industries and trade have nevertheless gone on with sublime confidence that the people and their government would soon restore order.

The shrinkage of business and the depression of values have been unexpectedly small, the failures relatively few and unimportant, and there are even signs in some industries of actual progress toward recovery from previous troubles.

Wheat is slightly lower, in profound disregard of the government report indicating a yield of less than 400,000,000 bushels, and as the official estimate of yield in 1893 was more than 100,000,000 bushels short of actual exports and consumption, it is readily assumed that another discrepancy as large may spring from similar causes. Receipts and exports in the present disturbed condition of business are not significant.

Corn has advanced a little, though accounts indicate a good yield.

The Industrial Situation.

Cotton has declined an eighth, with more favorable information as to conditions, and the year's records have so discredited official and other estimates that little attention is now paid to them. With stocks of American abroad about as large as a year ago and the demand for cotton goods visibly narrowing, weakness is natural. Cotton manufacture has reduced productions somewhat, though most of the mills continue to pile up goods, and the stock of print cloths is 180,000 pieces. Dullness is commonly ascribed and partly due to disturbed conditions at the west and south.

The same cause affects woolen manufactures, but less directly, and the clothiers have postponed orders so long that their efforts to get merely the goods they must have now give a better tone. Orders are small, but in number such that fewer mills have closed since July 10 than was expected, and sales of wool for the week have been 3,385,000 pounds, against 3,643,700 last year, and 6,116,950 in 1892.

The shoe factories in this quarter are closed, but at the east have generally resumed earlier than was expected, and numerous, though small orders, mainly for medium or low priced goods, make up a fair aggregate of business. Shipments from the east for two weeks of July have been 153,398 cases, against 148,? 755 last year.

The output of pig iron, which dropped from 10,210 tons to 62,517 weekly in May, because of the miners' strike, had only recovered to 85,050 tons July 1, and it is uncertain whether it is larger now, for numerous western works have been stopped by the railroad blockade.

The decrease in the failures exhibited last week is followed by good returns for July thus far. Reported liabilities in the first five days were only $811,057, though mail delay kept back some western returns. The number of failures during the past week has been 237 in the United States, against 874 last week, and in Canada 49, against 25 last year.

Newsboys on Strike.

BOSTON, July 14.—The newsboys of the city resolved to boycott the Herald and Globe because they charged higher rates than other 2-cent papers. As a result these papers were not handled last night, and boys seen with a Herald or Globe were promptly set upon and their stock in trade torn to fragments. A mass meeting of boys was held last night and at its close the boys marched to the Herald and Globe offices in a body and created a small riot, which the police finally quelled.

A Good Capture.

BRUSSELS, July 14.—A man was arrested here yesterday upon suspicion of having been concerned in a plot which resulted in the destruction by fire of the Palais d'Ete theater. An anarchistic letter was found in his pocket, signed by an anarchistic group, assigning him as the person to blow up La Scala theater.

No Proof of Guilt.

ANTWERP, July 14.—The analysts who examined the bodies of the three persons whom Mme. Joniaux was charged with poisoning have reported that in the bodies of two no poison has been found, but in the body of the third a doubtful quantity has been discovered.

A Rear-End Collision.

BALTIMORE, July 14.—Just beyond the Lake Roland station an express train crashed into the rear of a way train, derailing the locomotive of the express and seriously injuring five persons, two of whom are perhaps fatally hurt.

Kentucky Treasury In a Hole.

FRANKFORT, Ky., July 14.—The state treasury, which has been short of cash for two months past, exhausted its funds and suspended payments yesterday on all of the state's obligations. The suspension is for an indefinite period.

Under Light Bonds.

AMESBURY, Mass., July 14.—The Vanier $5500 forgery case came to an end in the district court yesterday. Ovelia Vanier, the defendant, was held in $800 for the grand jury. Bonds were given.

Potatoes Will Be Short.

AMESBURY, Mass., July 14.—Reports from 12 neighboring farming towns show big damage to crops from want of rain. The potato crop is ruined in several towns.

Mysterious Sickness In Prison.

LONDON, July 14.—A suspicious case of sickness has been reported from Wormwood Scrubbs prison. The patient has been isolated, but the statement is made that it is not a case of Asiatic cholera.

Couldn't Convict Him.

AUGUSTA, Me., July 14.—George A. Hanscomb was before United States Commissioner Choate for robbing the Harland postoffice. Evidence being insufficient, the prisoner was discharged.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Cholera is on the increase at St. Petersburg.

Twenty fishing boats are missing from Bilbao, Spain.

Anarchists set fire to the new French ironclad Carnot.

Sons of Temperance closed their session at Waterville, Me.

Governor Greenhalge visited Mrs. Cleveland at Gray Gables.

James E. Floyd was arrested at Boston on a charge of forgery.

The Jacob Emery homestead at Haverhill, Mass., was burned.

Sweeping and successful liquor raids were made at Derry, N. H.

All nickel-in-the-slot machines have been ordered removed in Bristol, Conn.

The Massachusetts naval brigade will have the San Francisco for their tour of duty.

A burglar and policeman at Biddeford, Me., exchanged shots, and the burglar escaped.

The Vigilant will be altered in order to avoid conceding time allowance to the Britannia.

Miss Mary Keenan, 24 years of age, committed suicide at New Haven by taking "rough on rats."

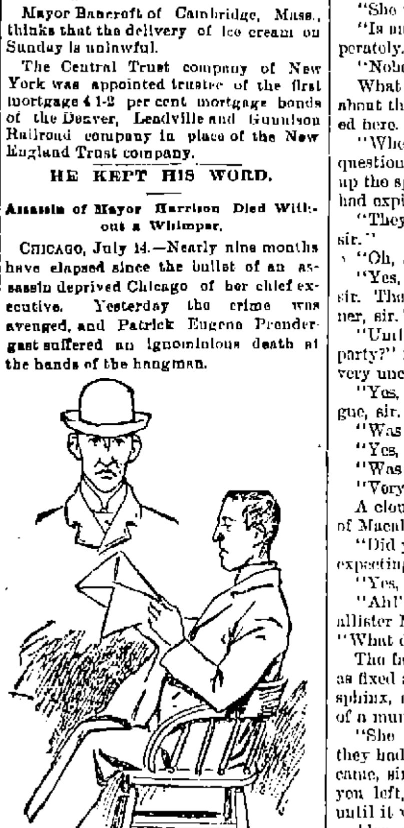
Mayor Bancroft of Cambridge, Mass., thinks that the delivery of ice cream on Sunday is unlawful.

The Central Trust company of New York was appointed trustee of the first mortgage 4 1-2 per cent mortgage bonds of the Denver, Leadville and Gunnison Railroad company in place of the New England Trust company.

HE KEPT HIS WORD.

Assassin of Mayor Harrison Died Without a Whimper.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Nearly nine months have elapsed since the bullet of an assassin deprived Chicago of her chief executive. Yesterday the crime was avenged, and Patrick Eugene Prendergast suffered an ignominious death at the hands of the hangman.



TWO SKETCHES OF PRENDERGAST.

The execution was devoid of incident, for the assassin went to his death like an ox going to the shambles. Up to the last moment the hope of interposition from some source or another did not desert him. When it came to the end he nerved himself for a supreme effort and paid the penalty of his crime without a whimper and without a word.

The drop fell at 11:48. The murderer had said he would "die game," and he kept his word. Prendergast's neck was broken apparently. At 11:57, nine minutes after the trigger was sprung, Prendergast was pronounced dead.

GRANITE STATE PROHIBS

Adopt a Platform and Nominate Dr. Knowles For Governor.

WEIRS, N. H., July 14. The state convention of the New Hampshire Prohibitionists was held here. Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D., of Tilton was nominated for governor.

The platform adopted included a demand for the prohibition of the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic liquors as beverages, by both national and state legislation, and the exercise of the full powers of government to secure this result. A stand for the public school system, and against any appropriation of public moneys for sectarian schools. Denominational schools should be supported by private beneficence. A belief that the tariff, under a fair general law, should be entrusted to a commission of fair-minded business men, and that such a commission can deal more wisely and safely than congress with the complex questions that arise. An expression of sympathy with the desires of laboring men to better their conditions, and a favoring of wise systems of arbitration when disputes arise between employers and employes; a belief that no permanent improvement of the labor class is possible until the liquor power is overthrown.

Dr. Edgar L. Carr of Pittsfield and David Heald of Milford were nominated for congress.

Lynn Shoe Factory Damaged.

LYNN, Mass., July 14.—The factory of Murphy Bros., shoe manufacturers, was damaged by fire to the extent of $10,000 last night. There is strong evidence that the fire was incendiary.

Forest Fires In Maine.

SACO, Me., July 14.—Several extensive forest fires are raging in this vicinity. At Old Orchard many acres were burned over, and the loss of timber will be considerable.

Refused Medical Aid.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 14.—Mrs. Isabel Kingman, 34, wife of Rev. E. Kingman of New York, died at Shiloh chapel, after an illness of five days. Mrs. Kingman was a firm believer in the healing power of prayer, and died without medical aid.

Death of Publisher Grahn.

ORANGE, N. J., July 14.—George Roy Grahn, the veteran publisher and journalist, died yesterday afternoon of disease of the heart at the Orange Memorial hospital.

A SET-BACK.

What Macallister Heard From the Liveried Servant.

The night was as balmy as Gilead, and Macallister McIlhenny had a dollar in his pocket. This was unusual, for what he ordinarily had in his pocket were a bunch of keys and a knife with three of the blades broken out.

And Macallister McIlhenny was happy. Any man ought to be happy with money in his pocket and hope in his heart, and Macallister McIlhenny was in that fix, for the girl he wanted to foreclose an emotional mortgage on had given him a gentle smile that very afternoon. He was now on his way to see her, and he crooned a love ditty as he walked.

At the door of her palatial mansion he was met by a liveried servant.

"Is Miss Montague at home?" he asked lightly.

"She is not, sir."

This reply set him back four pegs.

"Is her father at home?" he asked on a second attempt.

"He is not, sir."

"Is her mother?"

"She is not, sir."

"Is anybody at home?" he asked desperately.

"Nobody but the servants, sir."

What Macallister McIlhenny said about the servants need not be mentioned here.

"Where are they all?" was the next question, for he was not a man to throw up the sponge until the last armed foe had expired.

"They have gone to a boating party, sir."

"Oh, ah?"

"Yes, sir. It was quite unexpected, sir. The invitation came just after dinner, sir."

"Um! Was there a young man in the party?" inquired Mac, trying to appear very unconcerned.

"Yes, sir. He came for Miss Montague, sir."

"Was she glad to see him?"

"Yes, sir; I should say so, sir."

"Was he glad to see her?"

"Very, sir."

A cloud settled heavily on the brow of Macallister McIlhenny.

"Did you hear her say anything about expecting me this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah!" And again the heart of Macallister McIlhenny beat high with hope. "What did she say?"

The face of the liveried servant was as fixed as fate, as expressionless as the sphinx, as immobile as the countenance of a mummy.

"She said, sir," he replied, "that they had better get away before you came, sir, because if they waited until you left, sir, they wouldn't get started until it was time for breakfast, sir."

Alas, alas! By breakfast time there was no dollar in Macallister McIlhenny's pocket, and he couldn't have put his head in any pocket less in size than a coffee sack.—Detroit Free Press.

By the Card.

A traveler found at Richmond castle a guide who was amusingly dependent on tradition and guidebook.

"What is the height of this fine old keep?" asked the traveler.

"According to histroy, it's 99 feet," was the answer.

The same reply was made to various other questions relating to the height and depth of the measurements, and finally the men reached a part of the battlements where the hill on which the castle stands descends abruptly to the river.

"A pretty steep descent this," remarked the traveler.

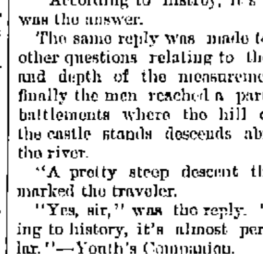
"Yes, sir," was the reply. "According to history, it's almost perpendicular."—Youth's Companion.

Held to Court.

BOSTON, July 14.—Guy Cassella, charged with causing the death of Max Lewis July 4, was yesterday held in $6000 for the August term of the superior court. Cassella had discharged a revolver in such a way as to inflict a mortal wound on the scalp of Max Lewis, who died the following day.

A Thankful Mother's Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

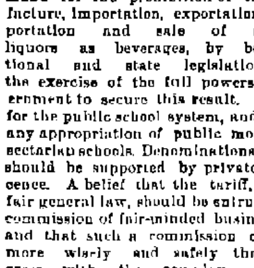
"Last winter I did not think my little ones would have a mother long. I suffered terribly with female troubles.



"I could keep nothing on my stomach, and got so 'poor' my friends hardly knew me. I suffered with severe headaches, dizziness, faintness, backache, and 'the blues.'

"Thanks to *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, I am now as fat as ever, and have no female troubles.

"If you use my letter I hope it may be the means of saving some other poor mother's life as it did mine."—Mrs. Ella Van Buren, St. David, Fulton Co., Ill. At all druggists.



SCALDS

and Burns are soothed at once with

Perry Davis'

PAIN KILLER.

It takes out the fire, reduces the inflammation, and prevents blistering. It is the quickest and most effectual remedy for pain that is known. Keep it by you.

Song of the Laundress

IVORINE never injures my clothes,
It saves lots of rubbing and time
They are whiter than snow in a jiffy,
And soon hanging out on the line.

Ivorine

WASHING POWDER

"Ivorine gives the greatest satisfaction. I have been using it for years. I find it requires only about one-half the time for my washing which it takes with other washing powders." ANNIE WALKER, Laundress, Marine Hospital, Portland, Me.

From April 1st, 1893, every package contains a splendid cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years the makers of Yankee Shaving Soap

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining Uncalled for at the Post Office at Lowell, Mass., for the Week Ending, July 14th, 1894. Publication in THE SUN authorized by Postoffice department.

Burke, Wm
Birtwell, James H
Bernier, Joseph
Belt, J
Bergeron, Henry
Baker, Joseph
Black, Wm H
Carroll, Michael
Courchaine, J B
Clifford, Daniel
Charles, H E
Charles, H W
Clark, F O
Chatron, John
Dauphinas, Joseph
Devine, Daniel
Dent, E F
Dushane, Wm
Eames, A M
Evans, T E
Ediott, Dyson
Faber, G W
Ford, Wm
Gatfield, Thomas
Green, Charles
Gervais, Willie
Green, James
Golden, Michael
Hansen, Alfred
Howarth, Fred
Hyatt, E L
Hynes, James
Jardinne, Bartin
Jaron & Welsch
Jackson, W I
Jimerson, Robert
Jackson, Thomas
Kimball, N G
Kennedy, J E
Knapp, Geo F
Lapont, Jules
Lamy, Louis
Lemire, Adolphe
Lege, Louis
Lenthaul, W
Maude, Frank
Marco, Germain
Machado, Jose
McCarr, J Dr
McDermott, John
McDougall, Wm
Murphy, M J
Mayo, A H
Ommette, John
Palavilla, Girolamo
Palermo, Bernadino
Palkburn, Antoine
Putman, Ed
Piche, Narcisse
Pinon, Nicolin
Prescott, Ross E
Quinn, John J
Rappaki, Gamelia
Reilly, Arthur H
Richardson, John S
Richardson, David
Stephenson, F M
Stuart, E S
Sturtevant, Geo H
Steel, Adam
Tulloch, George
Thomit, Jean
Worther, E D

Ladies' List.

Averill, F O Mrs
Barrett, Barbara L
Barrett, Mary
Brownel, May
Bushey, Pete Mrs
Campbell, A L Mrs
Carrigan, Annie Mrs
Charters, Addie
Claudel, Eugene
Callahan, Kate
Coburn, Abbie J
Crooker, S H Mrs
Culbertson, Helen A
Danielson, Dorothea
Dempsey, Bridget
Ducharm, Matilda
Dwyer, Mary A
Ellis, Elsia
Fitzgerald, Hannah
French, Sarah J
Gordon, G Miss
Goddard, Mary
Geanther Jennie
Grady, Mary A
Holdridge, Carrie
Hogan, Vallia
Hull, N C Mrs
Hembleit, G W Mrs
Hazelton, L B Mrs 2
Hartnett, W C
Johnston, Katie E
Jubinville, Caroline
Kelley, Maria
King, Mary
Lavery, Mary
Lapace, Virginia
Lake, A Mrs
Langlois, Alice
Levasseur, Made
Lydon, Kate
Mayberry, G Mrs
Martin, Grace Mrs
Madden, Maggie
McDuff, Maggie
McHeffin, A
McColkey, Ella
McCabe, Mary
Mehen, E B Mrs
Mears Jennie
McManus, Annie
O'Neil, Mary
Pillsbury, Ann O
Pickering, M I Mrs
Ross, Annie
Richell, Maxine Dell
Shaunaughy, Rose W
Schryer, Eva
Snow, E E Mrs
Scheutler, Lizzie G
Tucker, A L Miss
Walsh, Norah
Walton, Amenea

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

LOST—A lady's ring, set with garnet and four pearls, on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Suffolk street. Reward at this office.

WANTED—Boys and girls who wish to make money when out of school, send name and we will tell you how. No money wanted. D. Stayner & Co., Providence, R. I.

TENEMENTS TO LET

TO LET—Tenement of five rooms in pleasant location. Inquire of John McOwen, house 4, rear 81 Chapel street.

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F. P. Law, proprietor.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 404 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath room. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 6800 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 404 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE. —A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—300 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house, would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this piece. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

THIS WARM WEATHER

You need something to brace you up.

A Case of Wine

Or a Case of That Nice

L-A-G-E-R

—From—

The Golden Sheaf

55 MIDDLE ST.

Will Do It.

A Souvenir

Worth having in every household is one of those tinted and gilt decorated Cups and Saucers, which we are selling for one week for 49 CENTS.

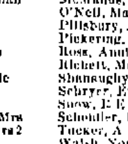
These cups and Saucers are worth $1, but as we got them at a bankrupt sale, and for spot cash, we can afford to give them to our customers for less than half their cost. They make a handsome set, and there ought to be a quick demand for them. There will only be one of them.

French & Puffer,

245 Central Street.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first



insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the co partnership formerly existing between J. W. Bennett, Geo. A. Bennett and Fred W. Bennett under the firm name and style of J. W. Bennett & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, said George A. Bennett and Fred W. Bennett retiring from the firm. All persons having claims against the said firm are requested to present the same for adjustment and payment, and all persons indebted to the firm are requested to pay the same to J. W. Bennett, he alone being authorized to settle all bills and claims of the late firm.

J. W. BENNETT.
G. A. BENNETT.
F. W. BENNETT.

Lowell, Mass., July 6, 1894.

NOTICE.

The business heretofore carried on by J. W. Bennett & Co., will be continued by J. W. Bennett, at the stand where he established himself in 1860, corner of Grand and Middlesex streets, Lowell, Mass.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily: Sundays excepted.

Per Year $3.00 - - - Per Month. 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division. To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.	Western Division. To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08	6 50	8 05	7 30	8 35
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39	8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
6 59	8 08	6 30	7 55	9 20	10 32	10 25	11 33
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11	10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11	12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42	12 45	2 00	3 15	4 23
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15	3 25	4 30	4 30	5 45
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13	4 10	5 27	5 00	6 16
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58	5 40	6 42	6 00	7 06
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09	6 35	8 00	6 35	7 45
11 00	12 06	1 00	1 35	9 25	10 35		
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04				
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46	Sunday Trains.			
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48				
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 33	8 15	9 20	8 00	9 19
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 44	12 05	1 26	11 45	12 56
§5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22	4 15	5 30	5 00	6 26
5 40	6 59	5 50	7 03	5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
§6 28	7 15	6 15	7 58	7 30	8 50		
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10				
		8 00	8 40	Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station. Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.			
		10 15	11 22				
		11 20	12 23				
Sunday Trains.							
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55				
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07				
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57				
9 10	10 10	3 00	3 58				
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10				
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40				
		9 00	10 02				

§From Middlesex St. station only.

THE ONLY ONE.

THE SUN is the only genuinely democratic daily published in a democratic city of eighty thousand inhabitants. Advertisers should bear this important fact in mind.

HACK DRIVERS should take warning from the accident to Elias Clark.

IT MAY increase the tremulo of Madame Nordica's voice to learn that her husband, Fred Gower, long supposed to be dead is still in the flesh.

THE OBSERVANCE of the weavers' particulars law will entail considerable trouble on the part of the officials but will be a boon to some weavers.

THE POLICEMEN chased the boys who were bathing in the Concord yesterday. The officers should not run the risk of drowning the boys by chasing them into deep water. A police officer drowned a boy in this manner last year.

AT LAST after a lot of legal dickering and after all the chicanery of the law has been exhausted, Pendergast has paid the death penalty for the murder of Carter Harrison. He should have died long ago. He was one of the worst types of the crank.

THE NEW check list is awaited with curiosity. The assessors of Worcester report that about 1100 voters left the city during the year. If the falling off in Lowell is equally great the democrats of the city will find their majority considerably reduced.

WHILE THE product of the driven wells is not sufficient to supply the entire city, it is a matter of public importance to prevent any unnecessary waste thereof. Those who do not get driven well water are obliged to take that drawn from the river through the filter gallery which is not nearly so good.

SELDOM DOES the Boston Journal approve of the acts of a democratic official but it emphatically endorses President Cleveland thus:

"Some of our democratic contemporaries are printing labored defenses of the course of President Cleveland in these labor troubles. It needs no defense. It has been firm, sagacious and patriotic, and should be commended without qualifications or apologies.

LAWRENCE HAS a summer resort corresponding to our Lakeview but nearer to the city. It is Glen Forest, a beautiful grove on the banks of the Merrimack, reached by the new line of electric cars. The real estate men are laying out the west end of Lawrence along the new railroad line in wide and beautiful avenues, which when built upon will probably be the most fashionable part of the city.

THAT REPORT regarding the arrest of Rep. Dan Murphy as a dynamiter is a good joke, just such as can be relished in hot weather like this. It will be in order now to hold a reception for Dan on his return and greet him as an escaped dynamite suspect. It seems that Dan believed the English people never read the Declaration of Independence since he arranged to have his boy read it to them on the Glorious Fourth.

EUGENE V. DEBS is assailed all over the country as a reformed drunkard on account of certain statements made public by a Dr. Robertson who claims to have treated Deb. Supposing Robertson did treat Debs for habits of intoxication what right has he now to make the matter public? By so doing he violates the principle of professional confidence which a doctor is supposed to preserve. By violating this principle Robertson shows himself to be only a quack seeking for a cheap advertisement and therefore unworthy of belief.

THE DEMOCRATS of Ward Six should rally to the support of Mr. O'Day because upon the result of this contest will be based an estimate of the strength of the democracy in that ward. It is supposed that quite a large number of voters has left the city on account of hard times. As the assessors have not yet completed the list it is difficult to determine the amount of the emigration. An estimate can be based upon the vote of Ward Six if the voters turn out in full numbers. It is, therefore, of important that the democrats of Ward Six should show their strength at the special election next Tuesday by voting solidly for Mr. O'Day. It is rumored that certain democrats who expected the nomination will work against Mr. O'Day but this would be a suicidal policy for them to follow. They claim that they will do so because Mr. O'Day, they believe, will vote for a candidate for superintendent of streets to whom they are opposed. They can safely rely on Mr. O'Day to vote for good democrats every time and that is all that should be expected of him. Should he be defeated a republican will be elected, wages of city laborers will be cut down, and the republicans will have all sewer work done by contract.

MONTGOMERY LET the cat out of the bag at the Orangemen's meeting when they were gloating over a military victory gained over 200 years ago. He wants Catholics turned out of public office and out of workshops and the mills and their places filled by members of the Orange lodges and A. P. A. Divested of its religious and patriotic disguises that is the gospel which Montgomery and other men of his stamp are disseminating over the country. The statement that "Last winter men with starving families could not get work unless backed by a priest," is a mere fabrication without the slightest foundation as everybody knows, who had had anything to do with the street department; but it is as true as hundreds of other statements made by the same authority.

DANGEROUS DEMONSTRATIONS.

It is reported that during Henry George's address in Cooper Union on the subject of the strike, his criticism of Pres. Cleveland's course, elicited cries of "Hang Him," "Kill Him." When cranks and anarchists become so bold as to use such expressions at a public meeting, it is high time to suppress such demonstrations and to adopt precautionary measures.

Two presidents of this country have been killed by hair-brained cranks and in times of excitement, such as that caused by the strike, and especially when the president is called upon to exercise his authority in suppressing lawlessness, these cranks are liable to aim a blow at the head of the nation.— Under such circumstances the friends of labor will endorse the most rigorous measures for the preservation of peace even at the risk of doing injustice to the strikers.

No strike can hold public sympathy on its side unless conducted on strictly legal lines. The labor organizations of the country will realize that in the future whenever a strike occurs anarchists and criminals of all kinds will take advantage of the occasion to strike the government, destroy property and establish a reign of terror.

MAYOR RUTTER gave Lawrence a good license commission. Col. Sweeney, Messrs. Parker and Donoghue will conduct the license business in a manner that will be a credit to themselves and the city of Lawrence.

THE DEMOCRATIC city committee will soon open headquarters for promoting registration. It will require active work to make up for the loss due to the number who left the city in search of work.

ON HOOPSKIRTS.

Kitty Launches Forth on Them In Her Own Original Way.

Say, wot's de use 'n kickin? Day tells me de main guys wot runs de fashions sez dat de hoopskoits will be de go, so dat does de biz, see? Dat 'minds me w'en I wuz er kid and I useter make picters on me slate.

Do youse tink dat dat old stile will be er go? I don't. De reason why is dis: In de foist place it's too costif—dat is, one of de hoopskoit. Skoits takes 'bout seven yards of stuff. De wons I wares now is onlie tree. See?

Den agin w'en I chase meself round de block de gang 'll get on ter de spre'd in me make up, an w'en I sits down up'll go de skoits, an if I walks wid two or tree of de goils—well, say, day'll hav' ter spre'd out de streets, for we'd take up de block.

Wot do youse tink of spielin at won of de Walle' Hallie' balls wid won of dem hoops on, will it be er go? Not on yer lif'! Me an me Teddy c'udn't spiel for er cent, de skoits 'd be trow't back, and me Teddy 'd get mixed in de wires.

If youse wants er corkin time, youse must be ded easy, an dat can't be don'd wid yer figger in er barrel wid hoops. See? Wussent I out ermongst de gang unbeknowenst ter dem, an didn't day all say wot I sed, dat dis spre'd skoit biz is a grate fashin fake. Dat's wot day sed. De hoopskoits is good nof for de wimmens of 50 years back, but for de goils of ter day—well, say, day are ded slow.

Awl of me own gang is at'letic, an we wants duds wot we kin get er move on. Gee! it's tuff nof now dat we can't ware men's blokies close. We doz as much woik as day doz, so why can't we do as day doz?

Eat no, dat don't go; cage is de stuff for de wimmens an goils. Dat's rite, er wire cage round youse an dat's callt hoopskoits.

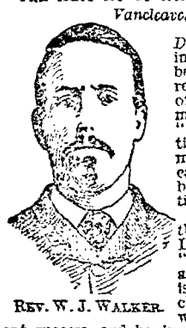
Lemme give yonse er sure winner pickt out of de bunch, as me Teddy sez, an dat is dat dis goil mug don't travel wid dat hoop skoit—de plain skoits an joisey sack is wot I like, an dat's de stile I'm pullin for. See!

KITTY TOOL.

—Texas Siftings.

THE REV. W. J. WALKER'S PRAYER.

Vancleave, Jackson Co., Miss.



REV. W. J. WALKER.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—I wish to inform you of the benefit my wife has received from the use of your medicines. I must say that your "Favorite Prescription" is the best female regulator on earth: my wife has been cured by the timely use of it.

I have been using the "*Golden Medical Discovery*" and "Pleasant Pellets," and I am fully satisfied they are all you claim them to be; so, wishing you abundant success, and hoping that the Almighty God will continue His blessings toward you in your noble work, I am,

Respectfully,
W. J. WALKER.

PIERCE GUARANTEES A CURE

OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 97 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

P. H. BEELON, 557 and 559 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office

SUNBEAMS.

Appropriate.

She—Why do they speak of some aristocrats as being blueblooded?

He—Probably because blue is a fast color. —Truth.

THE AUTHOR AT WORK.

A New York Publisher Beards Him In His Den.

A New York publisher climbed up five long flights of very narrow stairs and entered a small cage at the head of them. He was in pursuit of his author and was prepared to beard him in his den. The author was in. In fact, he was usually in, as his hair, clothes, gapping shoe and stubble bearded face, all combined, did not conserve to render him entirely presentable on the street. The book publisher greeted him with:

"Mornin, Grubberly! How yer coming on?"

"Fair," lied Grubberly, with a hungry look, and then he asked nervously:

"Did you bring those $2 along?"

"I brought a dollar for your last story, the 'Bucking Broncho of the Brazos.' Do you think I'm made of money? What are you working at now?"

"I'm just finishing the last chapter of 'Dan, the Dynamiter; or, the Skull of the Skulking Scoundrel.'"

"What kind of a yarn is it?"

"It's a story for boys—something in plot and detail like my 'Hurled to Hades; or, Hank, the Headless Helmsman.' That had a big run and was quite popular."

"When are you going to commmence on the corker?"

"Which one?"

"That red haired, jugular slashing, bloody old story of the plains; that gory old Indian yarn."

"Oh, you must mean 'Piute Pete, the Jibbering Jigger From Jim Jam Gulch.' That's all blocked out and will be in manuscript by Saturday. Today, you know, is only Thursday."

"Have you laid out anything for the summer trade?"

"Well, yes; I have got four or five starters now on the hook. Lemme see. There's 'Skulduggery Skippins, the Snorting Snoozer of the Sierras,' and 'Buffalo Brad, the Bantam Buccaneer,' and 'Creamy Crites, the Cringing Critter of the Creek,' and 'Wellington Wigfall, the Wild Eyed Wizard of the Wampum War,' and 'Big Foot Billy, the Boy Brigand.' These are all suitable for the summer trade, and besides that there are quite a number of children's tales."

"What are the titles of 'em?"

"Well, there's 'Big Nose Mike, the Terror of the Levee,' 'Rattlesnake Rob, the Boy Detective,' 'Hannibal Horton, the Hooter of the Himalayas,' and 'Rickerty Ralph; or, the Ghost of the Government Mule.' Let me read you the opening sentences of 'Rickerty Ralph.'"

"Is it up to date?"

"Oh, yes, it is right up to the demands of the times."

"Well, go ahead."

"As the drop fell with a dull, sickening thud, the black flag was run up over the prison walls. The hangman's work was done—well done—and another corpse swung to and fro in the morning fog; another victim had been offered up to the Moloch of English cruelty and rapacious lust, and another martyr had died for Ireland's cause. But hark! A low, sullen roar arises from the hoarse throats of the multitude. What does it mean? What evil does it portend?"

"Rickerty Ralph is among them?"

"He is distributing circulars."

"What do they read?"

"Use Coutant's plastic salve for corns. The secret of this wonderful preparation came over with William the Corn Curer. Ask you corn dentist for it and use no other.—Adv., e. o. w. t. f."

When Grubberly looked up, the publisher was gone. He had fled hastily, taking the dollar along with him.—Texas Siftings.

His Excuse.

Physicians are sometimes slightly put to their wits to find a suitable excuse for neglecting an office patient when wishing to devote a few minutes to something else, but a Philadelphia specialist quite distinguished himself in this line with one of his lady patients the other day. He was about to treat her foot with electricity, and she had just removed her stocking in preparation, when the mail arrived. Desirous of reading one of the letters immediately, this diplomat gracefully secured time by saying in his most professional tones, "Just expose your foot to the atmosphere for a little while."—Argonaut.

A Cruel Rebuff.

Tramp—Can you give me something to do?

Gentleman—What are you?

"A journeyman, sir."

"A journeyman what?"

"Just a journeyman, sir; that's my business."

"Then travel."—Texas Siftings.

One Kind of Fire.

Sweet Girl—The lovers of old used to go through fire for their loves.

Adoring Youth—Ah, my own, I have been through fire for you.

"Have you?"

"Yes. I was fired today for spending my time writing love letters instead of attending to business."—Good News.

A Poor Outlook.

Neighbor—Going to give your boy a trade?

Father—Wouldn't do. He's got a weak back.

"A profession, then?"

"No use. Weak head."

"Might do for politics."

"No. Weak stomach."—Good News.

HE HANDLED A CAT.

That Is, He Laid a Trap Which the Cat Fell Into.

The man who always has a cure for every ill and a remedy for every evil showed one of his strokes of genius the other day. His wife's cat had acquired a fondness for one of the bathtubs in the house. Of course this tub was in the room next to the dressing room of the master of the house. Of course the master of the house doesn't like cats.

"Fannie," he said, "I found that cat snoozing in my bathtub again today."

"I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I have tried to break her of that habit, but I don't seem to succeed."

"Well, we must have that cat drowned," he said fiercely.

His wife protested mildly.

"That is the only annoying trick she has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill her."

"Then," said the man of the house, "I'll take this thing into my own hands. Now, I'll just explain to you how I'll do it. You know how she gets into the tub. She takes a run, leaps to the edge and goes in without a stop. I'm going to run about three inches of water into the tub, let it stand there, and let her get a sousing. You know how a cat likes water," he added significantly.

He put his plan into operation at once. That afternoon pussie did her little hurdle race as usual over the side of the bathtub. The plan worked to perfection. There was a loud cry, a streak of cat through the dressing room, and a wet flash into the sewing room. Near the door of this room stood a perch, on which rested in peaceful sleepiness a dignified parrot. The cat tried this hurdle, but missed it, and the parrot, knocked to the floor, added to the force of the cyclone which went raging around the house. A table was knocked over, and a statue of the Venus of Milo, already short of arms, was made legless. The adored baby of the house was frightened into spasms; the parrot scolded and screamed herself into a fit, and afterward the dripping cat, having made a lightning tour of the house, was found, trembling and subdued, on her mistress' jacket, price $65.

"I hope," said the lord of the manor, when he had surveyed the scene of wreckage, "that this will teach your cat a lesson."

"I hope so," said his wife, soothing the baby and looking at her jacket with mournful eyes.

"There is only one way to go about such things," said the husband, with satisfaction. "I pride myself on being able to handle animals." And his wife discreetly said nothing.—New York Tribune.

All Would Be Different.

"But why do you object to Henry, father?"

"Because he has no prospects," replied the millionaire sternly.

"But you forget, father, what good prospects Henry would have if you didn't object."—Chicago Record.

Tolerated.

Jess—I regard Chappie much as the hen did the gosling she found among her chickens.

Bess—How was that?

Jess—I don't admire him, but I put up with him because he belongs to my set.—Vogue.

Encouraging.

Wallace—That is a very appropriate motto they have over there on that "nickel-in-the-slot" machine.

Roller—What is that?

Wallace—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—Truth.

HAMMOCKS.

All makes, colors, and sizes.

Ice Cream Freezers.

The celebrated "White Mountain," All sizes, from 1 to 15 quarts.

Lawn Swings and Mowers, Express Wagons, Base Balls and Bats, Bicycles, etc.

Bartlett & Dow.

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PHILIP J. FARLEY, Room 11 Barristers' Hall. Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JOHN A. McQUADE, Room 11, Manser Block, Central St., Constable and Collecting Agency, And Auctioneer.

JOSEPH W. LEACH, Room 12, Shedd's Block Soloist and Teacher of Singing.

P. J. HOAR, Merrimack, Cor. Palmer, Attorney at Law. O'Donnell & Gilbride's Block.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE may be robbed of its charms by the blight of a poor complexion

POZZONI'S Complexion Powder is a refreshing and beautifying preparation which imparts to the complexion the soft glow of the tea rose and removes freckles, pimples and all impurities of the skin. Pozzoni's has won its way into the confidence of ladies all over the land. A thirty years' test has proven its merit. In three shades:—Pink or flesh, White and brunette.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Drain's Bargain Store.

Nearly everybody is obliged to buy DRY GOODS of some description. Why not patronize the place where there are real bargains.

DRAIN'S, 111 Gorham Street.

OFFICE TO LET—In THE SUN building. A nice location for a doctor or light professional business. Inquire at THE SUN office.

Hagan's Magnolia Balm,

A Liquid Preparation for the face, neck, arms and hands.

Quickly applied.
Effect instantaneous.
Undetectable.
Harmless.

Use it in the City and Country, at the Seaside and Mountains.

Banishes freckles.
Relieves sunburn.
Prevents tan.

Softens the skin & gives it a healthy color.

Removes pimples, sallowness, roughness, redness and rash.

THE BEST ROUTE GOES EVERYWHERE WRECKS NOBODY

Hires' Root BEER

The Great Health Drink

Safe, sure and reliable. Always on time. A pleasure and a delight. Comfortable, enjoyable.

HIRES' Rootbeer

A 25c. pkg. makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. Send 2c. stamp for beautiful picture cards and book. The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.

REFRIGERATORS,

Ice Chests,

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Straw Mattings,

CARPETS

You can save 25 per cent. by buying of us.

See our Goods, Prices and Terms before you buy.

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A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

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G. W. Harrington & Bro., Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of

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In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 348-4.

CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 260 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

PETER - DAVEY,

AGENT FOR LOWELL.

Buy Only "The Richmond" Range.

It is the Best and is Warranted.

UNDERTAKING CALLS

Day or Night, will receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

Peter Davey.

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TELEPHONE: RESIDENCE, 458-2. STORE, 314-2.

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$5 TO $10 A SET.

To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at noontime, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING.

Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS J. K. BICKELL & SON. Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Bunnels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

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WINDOW SHADES, all kinds. READY MIXED PAINTS, WINDOW BRUSHES, SHELF PAPER, SHELF CLOTH

PAINT BRUSHES, ARTISTS' SUPPLIES, GRAINING UTENSILS, PICTURE HOOKS, SPONGES, etc

A. L. Kittredge & Co., 208 CENTRAL ST.

Stained and Varnished interiors will soon be a thing of the past.

The latest style is to use

B. & K.

CLEAR TONED

INTERIOR PAINTS

The delicate party colors of which harmonize with the newest shades of wall papers.

They dry with flat finish and can be cleaned with soap and water.

SOLD ONLY AT

C. B. Coburn & Co.'s

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HAYES' CHOLERA CORDIAL?

It is a Positive cure for Diarrhœa, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Colic, and Cramps in the Stomach.

It is guaranteed to give relief in the worst of cases.

PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

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Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office.

197 Central Street, Hamilton Drug Store.

Lowell Heating and Plumbing Co. D. W. MULLIN, Manager, Formerly with D. H. Wilson & Co., has started in business at 43 East Pine Street, where estimates on Steam, Water and Gas Fitting will be given. All work guaranteed first class in every respect. Lowest Prices.

DR. WALKER DENTIST

Farrell & Conaton

248 DUTTON ST.,

Practical Plumbers AND Sanitary Engineers.

Also Steam, Gas and Water Fitters. We also carry a large line of Gas Fixtures at lowest price.

LOWELL AGENCY FOR FRANK JONES' ALE. —AND THE— Celebrated Anheuser Busch Beer.

The Trade and Families Supplied at Lowest Prices.

Orders by mail or telephone promptly attended to.

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22 Shattuck Street, Corner Middle.

SEWALL G. MACK, President; JAMES B. SPERS, Treasurer; H. S. BARTLETT, Clerk.

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PRICE OF GAS

With the Discount Off for Prompt Payment, is

$1.00 ONE THOUSAND FEET.

First-class Gas Cooking Stoves set up and tested at a low rate per year, piping included. COKE, broken, screened and delivered at $4.50 per chaldron, $2.25 per half chaldron, cash.

No charge made for the use of meters.

No charge made for running supply pipes from street mains to consumer's cellar.

Orders when left at office promptly attended to.

RACHELLER, DUMAS & CO. Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding, Blank Books a Specialty 42 CHURCH STREET.

When in doubt to Maker's go. His store is filled both high and low; Of frames he has the latest styles— Their fame has spread for many miles The most aesthetic taste he pleases; Your pocketbook he never squeezes. He always makes his work look nice, At just two-thirds the regular price. PICTURES AND FRAMES. No. 2 John St., Bank Building.

John F. Coleman, Fire Insurance Agent, Will write Fire Insurance in first-class companies on houses, furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented. ROOM 7. POST OFFICE BLOCK.

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LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily: Sundays excepted.

Per Year $3.00 - - - Per Month. 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

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Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 30
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 46	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 06	1 10	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 05	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 22
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 44
§5 24	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 59	5 50	7 05
§6 29	7 15	6 15	7 28
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 59
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 00	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 50	8 05	7 20	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 43
10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 17	3 27
12 15	2 00	3 15	4 25
3 25	4 30	4 31	5 45
4 10	5 20	5 00	6 16
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 06
6 55	8 00	6 35	7 45
9 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 20	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 20	11 45	12 50
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 25
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

THE ONLY ONE.

THE SUN is the only genuinely democratic daily published in a democratic city of eighty thousand inhabitants. Advertisers should bear this important fact in mind.

HACK DRIVERS should take warning from the accident to Elias Clark.

IT MAY increase the tremulo of Madame Nordica's voice to learn that her husband, Fred Gower, long supposed to be dead is still in the flesh.

THE OBSERVANCE of the weavers' particulars law will entail considerable trouble on the part of the officials but will be a boon to some weavers.

THE POLICEMEN chased the boys who were bathing in the Concord yesterday. The officers should not run the risk of drowning the boys by chasing them into deep water. A police officer drowned a boy in this manner last year.

AT LAST after a lot of legal dickering and after all the chicanery of the law has been exhausted, Pendergast has paid the death penalty for the murder of Carter Harrison. He should have died long ago. He was one of the worst types of the crank.

THE NEW check list is awaited with curiosity. The assessors of Worcester report that about 1100 voters left the city during the year. If the falling off in Lowell is equally great the democrats of the city will find their majority considerably reduced.

WHILE THE product of the driven wells is not sufficient to supply the entire city, it is a matter of public importance to prevent any unnecessary waste thereof. Those who do not get driven well water are obliged to take that drawn from the river through the filter gallery which is not nearly so good.

SELDOM DOES the Boston Journal approve of the acts of a democratic official but it emphatically endorses President Cleveland thus:

"Some of our democratic contemporaries are printing labored defenses of the course of President Cleveland in these labor troubles. It needs no defense. It has been firm, sagacious and patriotic, and should be commended without qualifications or apologies.

LAWRENCE HAS a summer resort corresponding to our Lakeview but nearer to the city. It is Glen Forest, a beautiful grove on the banks of the Merrimack, reached by the new line of electric cars. The real estate men are laying out the west end of Lawrence along the new railroad line in wide and beautiful avenues, which when built upon will probably be the most fashionable part of the city.

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EUGENE V. DEBS is assailed all over the country as a reformed drunkard on account of certain statements made public by a Dr. Robertson who claims to have treated Deb. Supposing Roberson did treat Debs for habits of intoxication what right has he now to make the matter public? By so doing he violates the principle of professional confidence which a doctor is supposed to preserve. By violating this principle Robertson shows himself to be only a quack seeking for a cheap advertisement and therefore unworthy of belief.

THE DEMOCRATS of Ward Six should rally to the support of Mr. O'Day because upon the result of this contest will be based an estimate of the strength of the democracy in that ward. It is supposed that quite a large number of voters has left the city on account of hard times. As the assessors have not yet completed the list it is difficult to determine the amount of the emigration. An estimate can be based upon the vote of Ward Six if the voters come out in full numbers. It's, therefore, very important that the democrats of Ward Six should show their strength at the special election next Tuesday by voting solidly for Mr. O'Day. It is rumored that certain democrats who expected the nomination will work against Mr. O'Day but this would be a suicidal policy for them to follow. They claim that they will do so because Mr. O'Day, they believe, will vote for a candidate for superintendent of streets to whom they are opposed. They can safely rely on Mr. O'Day to vote for good democrats every time and that is all that should be expected of him. Should he be defeated a republican will be elected, wages of city laborers will be cut down, and the republicans will have all sewer work done by contract.

MONTGOMERY LET the cat out of the bag at the Orangemen's meeting when they were gloating over a military victory gained over 200 years ago. He wants Catholics turned out of public office and out of workshops and the mills and their places filled by members of the Orange lodges and A. P. A. Divested of its religious and patriotic disguises that is the gospel which Montgomery and other men of his stamp are disseminating over the country. The statement that "Last winter men with starving families could not get work unless backed by a priest," is a mere fabrication without the slightest foundation as everybody knows, who had had anything to do with the street department; but it is as true as hundreds of other statements made by the same authority.

DANGEROUS DEMONSTRATIONS.

It is reported that during Henry George's address in Cooper Union on the subject of the strike, his criticism of Pres. Cleveland's course, elicited cries of "Hang Him," "Kill Him." When cranks and anarchists become so bold as to use such expressions at a public meeting, it is high time to suppress such demonstrations and to adopt precautionary measures.

Two presidents of this country have been killed by hair-brained cranks and in times of excitement, such as that caused by the strike, and especially when the president is called upon to exercise his authority in suppressing lawlessness, these cranks are liable to aim a blow at the head of the nation. Under such circumstances the friends of labor will endorse the most rigorous measures for the preservation of peace even at the risk of doing injustice to the strikers.

No strike can hold public sympathy on its side unless conducted on strictly legal lines. The labor organizations of the country will realize that in the future whenever a strike occurs anarchists and criminals of all kinds will take advantage of the occasion to strike the government, destroy property and establish a reign of terror.

MAYOR RUTTER gave Lawrence a good license commission. Col. Sweeney, Messrs. Parker and Donoghue will conduct the license business in a manner that will be a credit to themselves and the city of Lawrence.

THE DEMOCRATIC city committee will soon open headquarters for promoting registration. It will require active work to make up for the loss due to the number who left the city in search of work.

ON HOOPSKIRTS.

Kitty Launches Forth on Them In Her Own Original Way.

Say, wot's de use'n kickin? Day tells me de main guys wot runs de fashions sez dat de hoopskoits will be de go, so dat does de biz, see? Dat 'minds me w'en I wuz er kid and I useter make picters on me slate.

Do youse tink dat dat old stile will be er go? I don't. De reason why is dis: In de foist place it's too costif—dat is, one of de hoopskoit. Skoits takes 'bout seven yards of stuff. De wons I wares now is onlie tree. See?

Den agin w'en I chase meself round de block de gang 'll get on ter de spre'd in me make up, an w'en I sits down up'll go de skoits, an if I walks wid two or tree of de goils—well, say, day'll hav' ter spre'd out de streets, for we'd take up de block.

Wot do youse tink of spielin at won of de Walle' Halle' balls wid won of dem hoops on, will it be er go? Not on yer lif'! Me an me Teddy c'udn't spiel for er cent, de skoit 'd be trow'd back, and me Teddy 'd get mixed in de wires.

If youse wants er corkin time, youse must be ded easy, an dat can't be don'd wid yer figger in er barrel wid hoops. See? Wussent I out ermongst de gang unbeknowenst ter dem, an didn't day all say wot I sed, dat dis spre'd skoit biz is a grate fashin fake. Dat's wot day sed. De hoopskoits is good nof for de wimmens of 50 years back, but for de goils of ter day—well, say, day are ded slow.

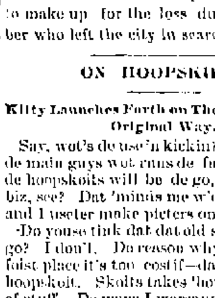
Awl of me own gang is at'letic, an we wants duds wot we kin get er move on. Gee! it's tuff nof now dat we can't ware men's blokies close. We doz as much woik as day doz, so why can't we do as day doz?

But no, dat don't go; cage is de stuff for de wimmens an goils. Dat's rite, er wire cage round youse an dat's callt hoopskoits.

Lemme give youse er sure winner pickt out of de bunch, as me Teddy sez, an dat is dat dis goil ain't don't travel wid dat hoop skoit. de plain skoits an joisey sack is wot I like, an dat's de stile I'm pullin for. See!

KITTY TOOL.

—Texas Siftings.



THE REV. W. J. WALKER'S PRAYER.

Vancleave, Jackson Co., Miss.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—I wish to inform you of the benefit my wife has received from the use of your medicines. I must say that your "Favorite Prescription" is the best female regulator on earth; my wife has been cured by the timely use of it. I have been using the "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Pellets," and I am fully satisfied they are all you claim them to be; so, wishing you abundant success, and hoping that the Almighty God will continue His blessings toward you in your noble work, I am,

Respectfully,
W. J. WALKER.

REV. W. J. WALKER.

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OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

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SUNBEAMS.

Appropriate.

She—Why do they speak of some aristocrats as being blueblooded?

He—Probably because blue is a fast color. —Truth.

THE AUTHOR AT WORK.

A New York Publisher Beards Him In His Den.

A New York publisher climbed up five long flights of very narrow stairs and entered a small cage at the head of them. He was in pursuit of his author and was prepared to beard him in his den. The author was in. In fact, he was usually in, as his hair, clothes, gapping shoe and stubble bearded face, all combined, did not conserve to render him entirely presentable on the street. The book publisher greeted him with:

"Mornin, Grubberly! How yer coming on?"

"Fair," lied Grubberly, with a hungry look, and then he asked nervously:

"Did you bring those $3 along?"

"I brought a dollar for your last story, the 'Bucking Broncho of the Brazos.' Do you think I'm made of money? What are you working at now?"

"I'm just finishing the last chapter of 'Dan, the Dynamiter; or, the Skull of the Skulking Scoundrel.'"

"What kind of a yarn is it?"

"It's a story for boys—something in plot and detail like my 'Hurled to Hades; or, Hank, the Heatlless Helmsman.' That had a big run and was quite popular."

"When are you going to commence on the corker?"

"Which one?"

"That red haired, jugular slashing, bloody old story of the plains; that gory old Indian yarn."

"Oh, you must mean 'Pinto Pete, the Jibbering Jigger From Jim Jam Gulch.' That's all blocked out and will be in manuscript by Saturday. Today, you know, is only Thursday."

"Have you laid out anything for the summer trade?"

"Well, yes; I have got four or five starters now on the hook. Lemme see. There's 'Skulduggery Skippins, the Snorting Snoozer of the Sierras,' and 'Buffalo Brad, the Bantam Buccaneer,' and 'Creamy Crites, the Cringing Critter of the Creek,' and 'Wellington Wigfall, the Wild Eyed Wizard of the Wampum War,' and 'Big Foot Billy, the Boy Brigand.' These are all suitable for the summer trade, and besides that there are quite a number of children's tales."

"What are the titles of 'em?"

"Well, there's 'Big Nose Mike, the Terror of the Levee,' 'Rattlesnake Rob, the Boy Detective,' 'Hannibal Horton, the Hooter of the Himalayas,' and 'Rickerty Ralph; or, the Ghost of the Government Mule.' Let me read you the opening sentences of 'Rickerty Ralph.'"

"Is it up to date?"

"Oh, yes, it is right up to the demands of the times."

"Well, go ahead."

"As the drop fell with a dull, sickening thud, the black flag was run up over the prison walls. The hangman's work was done—well done—and another corpse swung to and fro in the morning fog; another victim had been offered up to the Moloch of English cruelty and rapacious lust, and another martyr had died for Ireland's cause. But hark! A low, sullen roar arises from the hoarse throats of the multitude. What does it mean? What evil does it portend?"

"Rickerty Ralph is among them?"

"He is distributing circulars."

"What do they read?"

"Use Contant's plastic salve for corns. The secret of this wonderful preparation came over with William the Corn Curer. Ask you corn dentist for it and use no other.—Adv., e.o.w.t.f."

When Grubberly looked up, the publisher was gone. He had fled hastily, taking the dollar along with him.—Texas Siftings.

His Excuse.

Physicians are sometimes slightly put to their wits to find a suitable excuse for neglecting an office patient when wishing to devote a few minutes to something else, but a Philadelphia specialist quite distinguished himself in this line with one of his lady patients the other day. He was about to treat her foot with electricity, and she had just removed her stocking in preparation, when the mail arrived. Desirous of reading one of the letters immediately, this diplomat gracefully secured time by saying in his most professional tones, "Just expose your foot to the atmosphere for a little while."—Argonaut.

A Cruel Rebuff.

Tramp—Can you give me something to do?

Gentleman—What are you?

"A journeyman, sir."

"A journeyman what?"

"Just a journeyman, sir; that's my business."

"Then travel."—Texas Siftings.

One Kind of Fire.

Sweet Girl—The lovers of old used to go through fire for their loves.

Adoring Youth—Ah, my own, I have been through fire for you.

"Have you?"

"Yes. I was fired today for spending my time writing love letters instead of attending to business."—Good News.

A Poor Outlook.

Neighbor—Going to give your boy a trade?

Father—Wouldn't do. He's got a weak back.

"A profession, then?"

"No use. Weak head."

"Might do for politics."

"No.... Weak stomach."—Good News.

HE HANDLED A CAT.

That Is, He Laid a Trap Which the Cat Fell Into.

The man who always has a cure for every ill and a remedy for every evil showed one of his strokes of genius the other day. His wife's cat had acquired a fondness for one of the bathtubs in the house. Of course this tub was in the room next to the dressing room of the master of the house. Of course the master of the house doesn't like cats.

"Fannie," he said, "I found that cat snoozing in my bathtub again today."

"I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I have tried to break her of that habit, but I don't seem to succeed."

"Well, we must have that cat drowned," he said fiercely.

His wife protested mildly.

"That is the only annoying trick she has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill her."

"Then," said the man of the house, "I'll take this thing into my own hands. Now, I'll just explain to you how I'll do it. You know how she gets into the tub. She takes a run, leaps to the edge and goes in without a stop. I'm going to run about three inches of water into the tub, let it stand there, and let her get a sousing. You know how a cat likes water," he added significantly.

He put his plan into operation at once. That afternoon pussie did her little hurdle race as usual over the side of the bathtub. The plan worked to perfection. There was a loud cry, a streak of cat through the dressing room, and a wet flash into the sewing room. Near the door of this room stood a perch, on which rested in peaceful sleepiness a dignified parrot. The cat tried this hurdle, but missed it, and the parrot, knocked to the floor, added to the force of the cyclone which went raging around the house. A table was knocked over, and a statue of the Venus of Milo, already short of arms, was made legless. The adored baby of the house was frightened into spasms; the parrot scolded and screamed herself into a fit, and afterward the dripping cat, having made a lightning tour of the house, was found, trembling and subdued, on her mistress' jacket, price $65.

"I hope," said the lord of the manor, when he had surveyed the scene of wreckage, "that this will teach your cat a lesson."

"I hope so," said his wife, soothing the baby and looking at her jacket with mournful eyes.

"There is only one way to go about such things," said the husband, with satisfaction. "I pride myself on being able to handle animals." And his wife discreetly said nothing.—New York Tribune.

All Would Be Different.

"But why do you object to Henry, father?"

"Because he has no prospects," replied the millionaire sternly.

"But you forget, father, what good prospects Henry would have if you didn't object."—Chicago Record.

Tolerated.

Jess—I regard Chappie much as the hen did the gosling she found among her chickens.

Bess—How was that?

Jess—I don't admire him, but I put up with him because he belongs to my set.—Vogue.

Encouraging.

Wallace—That is a very appropriate motto they have over there on that "nickel-in-the-slot" machine.

Roller—What is that?

Wallace—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—Truth.

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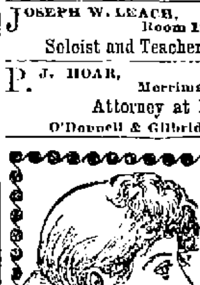

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is a refreshing and beautifying preparation which imparts to the complexion the soft glow of the tea rose and removes freckles, pimples and all impurities of the skin. Pozzoni's has won its way into the confidence of ladies all over the land. A thirty years' test has proven its merit. In three shades:—Pink or flesh, White and brunette.

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Undetectable.
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Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity, No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON, Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 35 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts.

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ROOM 7. POST OFFICE BLOCK.

HER LIFE TO SAVE HIM.

Mexican Story of Love and Adventure of an English Prospector

He Incurred the Ill Will of the Girl's Lover Who Fired the Prairie Grass to Burn Him But Failing, Tried to Kill Him By Shooting—All's Well That End's Well.

"Is the prairie on fire, Manuelo?"

It was Ditas Patronez who asked the question as the family were sitting down together to the evening meal. For this was the Mexican custom, inherited and cherished with more than Spanish conscientiousness from the days of old Spain, that the family and a few of the retainers should eat together seated according to their degree—a shoot of feudalism pushed a long way west.

"You've a good nose, Ditas, to smell that, and the wind the way it is," her cousin replied, glancing at her with suspicion.

"How could it have caught, I wonder?" she replied, answering him with equal suspicion. "Have you seen the Senor Ingles?"

"It's no wonder it should catch fire, I should think, Ditas, when we haven't had rain these 20 months. As for the Senor Inglese, I should think you were more likely to know where he is than I."

Ditas did not answer him, but began to occupy herself with the plate of hashed mutton and the boiled maize which had been passed down to her. It would have been a grave breach of etiquette in that household for one to begin to eat before old Pedro Patronez, the father and head of the family, had helped all round the table and had commenced his own meal. So all had sat with the meal steaming and cooling before them while they watched this little passage at arms between the cousins. The father was deaf, but his faculties were alert enough. "Eh, eh?" he said. "What was Manuelo saying—that the prairie was on fire?"

"Yes, sir," the young man answered. "I saw it as I came from driving the horses in for the branding."

"In which direction?"

"Eastward, sir, and north toward the Rio Grande."

"It won't come near us, then, unless the wind changes."

"The wind won't change, sir, at this time of year."

"Where is the Englishman, I wonder? Who has seen him?" the old man asked, with some anxiety.

No one answered for a minute. Then Ditas said quickly, "He went out with you, Manuelo, this morning."

"That was a long while ago," said the young man sulkily. "We had dinner at Oxener's camp. I have not seen him since."

"He started east from there in the direction of the river, senor," one of the retainers volunteered from the foot of the table.

"Did he?" replied Manuelo, as if he were very little grateful for the information.

Then Ditas glanced quickly at her father.

"Eh, eh. Toward the river, did he? I hope he won't get caught in the fire. He wouldn't know what to do in a fire."

"Oh, he'll be all right, sir. He's got a very good horse—that bay with the white on his forehead—and there's the river always down wind."

"And the banks of the river are like cliffs. You know it as well as I do, Manuelo," the old man said severely.

Manuelo was abashed. He made no answer, but under his breath he said sullenly, "I should be sorry if we lost the horse."

Ditas looked at him reproachfully, but her two brothers, mere lads, who sat one beside her and one beside Manuelo, laughed covertly at his remark. "He'll be done if he's caught; he can't ride a bit," one of the boys said.

"No, nor shoot either."

"And he's no use at all with a rope," the first added.

"Be quiet, Juan," Ditas said. "If father hears you, there'll be no more supper for you tonight."

"Oh—you!" said her brother scornfully. "Of course you're always defending him."

At which the hot blood flew to her face, and she bent silently over her plate, Manuelo observing her with keen displeasure.

As soon as supper was over Ditas went away by herself and played with her little gray hawk, which lived, chained by the leg, in the pepper tree outside her window. The little hawk was peacefully sleeping, with its head under its wing, in the starlit, odorous night. Yet the little hawk it was, and not any remarkable powers of scent on her own part, that had told Ditas of the prairie fire, for when she looked at the little bird in the afternoon he was flapping his little wings and tugging at his chain.

Ditas knew the signs. The little hawk had never seen a prairie fire, for Ditas had had him since he was a baby, but he inherited the blood of thousands of ancestors to whom such fires were familiar, who had known well what it was to hunt the wretched scorched out gophers and lizards among the flames and the smoke. So the smell of the burning spoke to the inherited instincts of the little hawk, though he was too tiny to catch a thing much bigger than a humming bird, and a humming bird was too quick even for his lightning dashes. "So the fire is over, pajarcito?" Ditas whispered to him, and the little bird drew a quick, glancing head from beneath his wing, and seeing before him well known black eyes as brilliant as his own put his head back to sleep again, satisfied.

Then the girl went to her room. She had the rare privilege in Mexican households of a room to herself because she was the only daughter. She looked out into the silent night, all the more deeply silent for the myriad winged hum of insects, and listened, expectant, for the deep, dull thud of the unshod horse cantering home over the prairie. But all was still. If she blushed, none saw it on her beautiful, dark face. If she prayed to the saints for the Englishman, whom she loved, the answer was not audible. At rare intervals a chorus of coyotes came from a distant patch of ebony trees; a few fireflies danced over the tremulous feathers of the pepper tree. For the rest the starlit stillness was unbroken.

Meanwhile the Englishman had found some new sensations for himself that day. He had gone from Oxener's camp, as the retainer had said of him, eastward toward the river to look for the horses which were to be driven into the corral for the branding. Much of what the brothers of Ditas had said to him he would have admitted to be true. He could not ride. He would not have said so when he came out to Mexico a few months ago. He would even have been very angry with any one who had dared to say it to him. He was a good rider to hounds, judged by the English standard, but now he knew the Mexican standard, and, judged by that, had to own that he was lamentably wanting.

He could not ride a broncho that had never been crossed before, and after three hours of diabolical cruelty bring him in nearly dead, it is true, but sufficiently broken for practical purposes. Neither could he shoot. He could kill rocketing pheasants or driven partridges rather better than most men, but he could not put all the bullets of a six barreled revolver into a thin tree stem as he went at full gallop past it, and this is what they meant by shooting. As for a rope, as they called it, meaning a lasso, he had not seen such a thing until he came to Mexico and beheld with the awe of ignorant wonder the marvels which Ditas' friends wrought with it. It did not astonish him, he told himself, that she despised him.

Another thing he had not seen until this day—a prairie fire. It came upon him with a sense of an uneasy hotness in the air, a certain restlessness which he caught from his horse, who knew far more about it than he knew. Then he wondered, while these slight signs grew more emphatic. A few minutes and birds began to pass him; a coyote galloped across his path; a wild turkey scudded by at a hard trot. Even the Englishman, ignorant as he was of the live things of the country, began to marvel. A sort of low humming sounded from windward. His horse began to snort and grew unmanageable, seeming to be infected by the down wind race of all live things, edging away from his northeasterly track and making more directly eastward. He was indifferent, the bronchos were as likely to be eastward as northward, and let the horse go.

Presently it broke into a canter, then into a gallop. Moths, bats, nocturnal insects, creatures of all kinds, began to fly past him through the bright sunlight as in a nightmare, and after them dashed all the smaller kind of predatory birds, the cousins german of Ditas' little hawk. The air grew more and more sultry and laden with a sulphurous breath. Looking behind him, over the haunches of his now racing horse, he saw a dense thickness, as of fog. Above the density rose a whitish cloud line. Through the density flashed tongues of light. At last a sense of what was upon him dawned. He was flying from a prairie fire.

As he realized the fact the instinct of the fleeing animals grew infectious for him too. He was all in accord now with his horse's terror, and the rider urged on the pace which he had endeavored to restrain before. The wind from the west blew with steady strength. The humming sound increased until it became a roar, louder and louder with each mile that he galloped, while still the stream of living things went before it. The smoke grew dark over the face of the sky; the flames and the density came nearer and nearer. Still he galloped on. He bethought him of all he had read in the pages of Mayne Reid and the other writers who had been the delight of his youth. To kindle a fire of his own before him, and shelter himself on the burned patch thus left barren for the hunger of the pursuing flames was a scheme which occurred to him, but he dreaded the delay which it would occasion.

He knew vaguely that the river was somewhere eastward, and the influence of the terror of the live things who shared his flight was too powerful. He galloped on. Now he saw the broken line of the steep bank of the river, and with the sight a new danger presented itself, for the banks, as he knew, were precipitous, of crumbling earth. How could his horse descend them, or how could he check his horse in order to dismount and climb down? A patch of ebony trees was to the south, and there he knew the land sloped gently to the river, where it lay in placid cool green peace, with the turtles floating on its stream, but there, too, the fringe of prairie grass grew higher, the fire found better fodder, and already there was a wall of flying smoke and flame to shut off that place of refuge. Still he galloped on, and now the smoke and the lurid heat were but some quarter of a mile in his rear. His horse's flanks were heaving with its race, but not a mile before him was the river. A few moments more, and the flames and smoke were thick around him, and he and the horse almost on the river brink. He jagged desperately at the reins, but the horse paid no heed, blind and senseless with terror.

They were on the edge of the cliff now. Below was the calm, blissful water. He shut his eyes and gripped firmly with his knees, expecting the fatal fall, when to his surprise he felt a slipping, gentle descent, a struggling of his horse as the pace slackened, and then before he realized what had befallen the yielding bank had given way beneath their weight, and horse and rider were struggling in the water. The next instant he was thrown off into the stream. He disengaged himself from his horse and found himself standing, sinking, swimming in the river, as the water washed away masses of the earth which they had brought down with them. The horse swam away from him down the stream, and he was left, now standing, now swimming, while the smoke went curling over his head, and the balked flames stopped and died away harmless, save for a few fiery missile brands which they shot at him out in the stream.

And so the peril was over. He had but to sit in the cooling waters until the fire had burned away, and he could safely climb back to land. There were no crocodiles so far up the river. He was safe. As he realized his safety the reaction nearly overcame him, and he had need to summon all his fortitude to save him from permitting himself to be carried helplessly down the stream. And then through the afternoon and all through the still night over the blackened prairie he walked sadly and steadily homeward to the hacienda, which he reached with boots charred and sooty as the vaqueros were just setting out on their morning's work.

He slept in a room off the central courtyard of the hacienda. It was not a bright room, for it had no windows. Its occupants went to bed by the light of the stars peeping through the open door. In each corner of the room slept a man—Manuelo in one, the Englishman in another and Ditas' two brothers in the other two. Mosquito netting over each bed lent an air of decency, and there were washing basins. Into this plain apartment the Englishman stole as the dawn crept up over the prairie.

"You're late home," Manuelo observed dryly.

"Slightly," the Englishman said. Then he threw himself on his bed and slept the sleep of the wearied until hard on the hour for the midday meal.

"Got caught in the fire?" old Patronez asked him.

"Yes," he answered. "The horse came back, I hear. I am glad of that."

"We are more glad that you came back, senor," the host replied gallantly.

"Was I the only one caught?"

"The only one. Not even a broncho was caught, that we could learn. Manuelo fell in with the bands to windward."

"Ah, you were to windward, Manuelo?" This was Ditas' simple remark, but the tone in which it was said made all around the table glance up at her in surprise.

Little more was said of the fire then. They were not unusual things, scarcely worthy of comment, but after the meal was over and most were taking a siesta in the shade Ditas came to the Englishman.

"It is not well for you to be leeward of Manuelo when the prairie is so dry," she said.

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"I have said it. You are warned," she answered oracularly. "You have escaped once. Do not let him have the chance again."

"Do you think, then"—he began, but before he had finished a sentence she was gone. "No," she answered lightly as she fled; "I do not think; I know."

She had given the Englishman plenty to think of at all events. He had never been able to quite analyze his feelings for Ditas nor hers for him. He had a notion that she must despise him because he could not ride nor shoot, nor lasso beasts as her brothers and Manuelo could. But if it were possible that Ditas' alternations of apparent coldness and interest had another origin then a light was thrown on Manuelo's probable attitude toward himself, for Manuelo's attitude toward her needed no light to be thrown on it. He was the lover, in the undisguised yet dignified Spanish style, of his beautiful cousin. And Ditas' feeling was supposed to be reciprocal. Hitherto the Englishman's relations to Manuelo had seemed to him purely those of business, for though he was out here as the guest of old Patronez, working out a return for part of his hospitality by labor on the ranch, yet his real business was with Manuelo, who was representative of the older branch of the family owning the mines back in the foothills, which it was the Englishman's special mission to inspect.

He had come out a month or two before with the iron bound boxes for carrying home samples of the ore. He had now these boxes filled under seal and lock and key beneath his bed. The mines had been thoroughly inspected. It was a constant reproach to him on Manuelo's part that he would tell nothing of the report which he should make to his employers—the English capitalists who might buy the mine. Manuelo might have argued ill from his secrecy, but in truth it was but a part of his English nature. What his opinion of the mines might be Manuelo did not know. He only knew that this secret man had the samples of ore tightly locked and safely kept in that room in which they slept.

The day after the fire Manuelo left the ranch and went up into the mountains to the mines.

As the days drew on the Englishman felt that he could no longer with decency prolong his visit. Already he had well outstaid the limit which he had mentally fixed for himself on his arrival. He was scarcely conscious of the attraction which had kept him lingering on in that fairy land of humming birds and fireflies and all fair sights and scenes. When he did grow conscious that the attraction was Ditas, the necessity grew but the more patent for breaking it. He must go. The idea that there was anything of a mutual feeling was absurd. He must go before the tie grew more binding.

These great haciendas in the midst of a desolation as big as an English county are places of rest and refreshment for all and sundry. All are welcome. The Englishman knew nothing of the customs. He knew not whether to offer payment for the hospitality he had received, but in the end his tact saved him from this blunder. He thanked his host with the gratitude owed to free hospitality and went his way, resolved to send out from England a present which should be something in the way of a return.

Old Patronez sent him in the wagon a day's journey across the prairie to the station where he could take the narrow gauge train. In the body of the wagon were his boxes of ore and his personal luggage. By Ditas, as he parted from her, he had sent a farewell message to Manuelo, who was still at the mines. What was the strange loo' in Ditas' lovely dark Spanish eyes? he asked himself as he said farewell. Had he answered the question aright he might never have set out on his journey.

"You will keep a lookout as you drive," she said. "I cannot think what Manuelo is doing. He knows you are going."

"How do you know that he knows?" the Englishman asked.

"I know many things," she answered lightly. "My little hawk tells them to me."

"Goodby," he said. "You will write to me sometimes in England?"

"Adios! Yes, if you will write to me." It seemed to the Englishman that her eyes were swimming as she said the words, but it might have been but the swimming in his own which obscured his clear vision. "Goodby!" He choked down a sob and sprang into the wagon.

Then all through the day behind the team of six mules they jolted and toiled over the prairie, now and again dipping into a clump of ebony, variegated by the white cluster of the San Paolo palm, which has deluded so many a traveler by its likeness to a whitened chimney top. In the end they came about sundown to the little station, without a sight of a human being save a horseman, fully armed, Mexican fashion, with sword and pistol as well as rifle, ambling along on a pacing horse. They were an hour and a half in advance of the train, if the latter was punctual, which was improbable. It grew dark. The Mexican women at their little orange booths lighted their torch fires. At length a growing bustle betokened the approach of the time for the train. The station became thinly peopled, chiefly with loiterers come to enjoy the spectacle. The Englishman "expressed" his portmanteau and his precious boxes, keeping charge himself of his hand valise. Presently the train steamed in. He stepped on board, with his eyes blinking in the unaccustomed gaslight. He went to the Pullman car, where he found a vacant compartment, and sat down to await with patience the pleasure of the porter in getting ready his sleeping berth.

He glanced at his fellow passengers with the incurious eye of a constant traveler, then gave himself over to his thoughts, in which Ditas played a cruelly large part. Even now the temptation was strong on him to get off at the next station and go back to try his fortune with her. Yet still—no—surely her certain scorn of him as a lover would be harder to bear than her tolerance of him as a friend. For an hour he sat so, heedless of the lapse of time. Suddenly a thrilling voice (was it the voice of a dream or of his waking sense?) sounded at his very ear, "Senor!"

He started and looked round. Leaning over to him from the seat behind was the bent figure, shrouded in a mantilla, of what seemingly was an old Mexican lady.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed as he caught sight of the face which the mantilla had shrouded. "Ditas! You!"

"Hush!" she said. "Yes, it is I. I don't know what you think of me. I don't know what to think of myself. But Manuelo is on the train. I suspected that he would follow you, though I do not know what his object is, and I followed on his track and yours to warn you."

"Oh, Ditas!" he said in a tone which made the warm blood dye the girl's dark cheeks yet more ruddily.

"Hush!" she said, apprehensively glancing back. "I could not warn you before. He was on this car. Now he has gone back in the train. Oh, what are you going to do?" For the Englishman had risen to his feet. "I am going to look for him," he said, with determination; "to ask him what he means by thus dogging me."

"Oh, no!" she said. "At least—well, perhaps that would be as good a way as any. So at least you will meet him prepared. But do be careful."

"Are you afraid, Ditas, that I may harm him?"

"No," she said simply, "but that he may harm you."

"Oh, Ditas!"

"Don't speak to me like that—in that tone," she whispered fiercely, her cheeks aflame. "If you do, I shall hate myself for coming. At least I have warned you now. I shall get off at the next station." The Englishman, cruelly abashed, said no more, but feeling that his revolver was ready to his hand started off through the train on a tour of inspection. He went through one car after another until the last one, looking searchingly at each occupant. None of them was Manuelo. He came back doubtfully to the girl. "You were wrong," he said. "He is not there." Doubt of her motive in coming was again expressed in his words. "Do you dare not believe me?" she asked again angrily, her face crimsoning. "Come and see for yourself then." Slowly she rose and followed him down the cars. Their occupants returned their searching looks with interest, but there was no Manuelo.

"You see," he said when they had come to the end, "he is not there."

"It is very strange," she said thoughtfully. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Where are your boxes of ore?"

"In the express wagon, I suppose."

"I see! I see it all now!" she said. "It is there that we shall find Manuelo."

"There! Why? But it is all locked. The expressman is forward in the train."

"Is it locked?" she said. "We shall see!"

The Englishman, his heart beating high with excitement, climbed the rail of the hindmost car and along the footboard of the express wagon. Wonderful to say, the bars and fastenings of the wagon were all hanging loosely down. The door was but pushed to. In an instant it yielded to his hand. The bright moonlight streaming in showed the figure of a man bending, working away, over an open box, which the Englishman had time to recognize as one of his own before the kneeling figure turned, and the flash of a pistol for a moment blinded him, while the report echoed fiercely in the inclosed space.

The Englishman felt a sharp, redhot sting in his shoulder; but, unconscious of the hurt, he sprang on the kneeling figure. The door swung to, and they struggled in the darkness. The Spaniard wrenched himself free from the other's grip and dashed out of the door. As he jumped from the train a second report of his pistol was followed by the shriek of a woman's voice, and at the same moment the Englishman, dashing after him in the darkness of the wagon, struck his forehead violently on the door as it swung to again, and fell unconscious.

* * * * * * *

"You warn't spry enough with the shooting iron, you see," was the sound in a strong Yankee accent to which he regained his senses.

"What's happened," he asked in a weak voice.

"Waal, you see, the crittur was fixing up to work a little improvement in the samples of that there ore you was taking home with you, got dummy keys to the boxes, I reckon. Seems he had some sorter interest in the making it as good as might be—owner of mine or something, from what they say—and he kinder got a head on you afore you got one on him. That's what happened. But I reckon you ain't hurt any."

"Where's Ditas?"

"Ditas? Oh, Ditas, that's the girl, I see! Waal, she's hurted some, I reckon, but not so bad as might be either."

"Did she get off at the next stop?"

"Next stop? No, nor won't for several stops, I reckon. No one seemed to know where she was going, and there warn't no place to put her off, so as she would be looked after. There's a doctor on board, and he's got her into a berth—the forward berth in the car there. Perhaps you'd like to go and see how she is? You ain't hurted any. The crittur's bullet only skinned you."

The girl was lying in the lower bunk of a sleeping compartment. The upper bunk had not been let down, a rare concession to her wounded state. The bullet had passed through the upper part of her arm, injuring but not breaking the bone. Her face was very white and deathly from the loss of blood, and the long lashes of her closed eyes lay far down upon her cheeks.

"Oh, Ditas!" the young Englishman exclaimed, and at the words the great dark eyes opened, and a smile played on her face. "Oh, Ditas, and all this for my sake!"

In answer the girl let her other hand stray feebly out over the counterpane.

"Take it, you fool," said the doctor to the Englishman, sorely embarrassed by this ingenuous southern advance, hesitated.

"Where's Manuelo?" she asked in a low voice when she was satisfied by feeling the hand she sought within hers.

"I don't know; gone—isn't he?" the Englishman asked, appealing to the doctor.

"Yes; they stopped the train, but the rascal had got the start of them. I don't expect any of them was in an all fired hurry to get within shooting distance of him either."

"But how did he get into the express wagon?"

"How? Squared the expressman, of course. We've got him fixed up all right. He'll be handed over to what they call the law in this country at Laredo."

"I see, I see! Doctor, she'll get well, won't she?"

"Well? Of course she will. There's nothing wrong with her, lost a little blood, that's all. Where's she going to?"

"I—I don't know. She said she was going to get off at the first stop."

"Did she? Oh, well, I think I'd better leave you to arrange it with her where she's going to stop off."

"Ditas," said the Englishman as the doctor withdrew, "you didn't get off at the first stop."

"No," she said simply, "I couldn't."

"You nearly lost your life for me."

"Yes; nearly's nothing."

"Ditas," bending low over her, "will you give it to me altogether?"

A faint flush came into the pallor of her cheeks. "Are you sure you wish it?"

"Sure, my darling!"

"Hush; why didn't you speak before?"

"I didn't dare."

"Oh, stupid!" with a faint smile. "Yes, it is yours, if you will have it, forever and ever."

"Oh, Ditas!"—Macmillan's Magazine.

Too Much So.

Friend—That sun in your last painting is very natural.

Artist—Yes, altogether too natural.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it dries up the water in that pond so fast that I have to paint new water every three or four days."—Texas Siftings.

FOOD AND WORK.

WE SHOULD EAT ACCORDING TO OUR EMPLOYMENT.

What Is Good For Brain Workers Will Not Do For Physical Laborers—Pork Is "Not In It" to Any Extent—Vegetables of Many Kinds Recommended.

In this era of over stimulation, with the interests of life so vast and the standards of perfection in every calling and profession constantly rising, so that incessant effort is demanded in order to keep up with our rushing progress, it is little wonder that overstrained humanity is constantly dropping out of the ranks, and that a great cry of remonstrance has arisen against this overwork which is killing or worse than killing people.

Now, as a matter of fact, it is not so much overwork that is doing the mischief as it is the way the work is done and the consequent rules of health that are violated in the doing of it. This is a truth worthy of the deepest consideration, and one that involves farreaching effects for good or evil.

The prime cause of trouble in a majority of cases is an error of diet and a failure to recognize the necessity of adapting the fuel supplied to the human machine to its special needs. As a rule, women and girls are more judicious in their diet than men, and, especially among those whose labor is physical, the error is frequently that of underfeeding, often the motives of economy or because it is too much trouble to prepare the food, not giving the body sufficient nutriment to repair the waste. We seldom hear of physical labor wearing out a man, unless that labor is performed under unhealthful conditions, for he usually eats all the food he requires and instinctively chooses that which contains most nutriment. Moreover, his constant exercise keeps his organs of digestion in an active state, which enables them to perform any work within reason that is imposed upon them.

All who are engaged in physical labor should have an abundance of highly nitrogenous foods and can vary their diet by combinations of all healthful dishes that are obtainable. Underdone beef and well cooked mutton are the meats they need. Pork should be eaten only by those who have constitutions of iron, who work hard in the open air and who never know what an ache or a pain is. There is not a disease that human flesh is heir to which pork may not cause nor a pain which it may not produce. A well known New York physician, referring to pork, has said, "It is the parent of dyspepsia, neuralgia, headache, sleeplessness, biliousness, constipation, hypochondria and every other physical ill." If it must be eaten, be sure that it is thoroughly cooked.

The red and dark meats are more stimulating and more readily assimilated than white meats, owing to a property called osmazone contained in their fibrin. It is that principle which gives to meat soups their aroma and taste, and the darker the meat the more osmazone is present. It is almost absent from veal and all young meats and from the white flesh of poultry.

It is a law of nature, established by the experience of the majority of people in normal health, living under the highest civilization, that a variety of foods taken at the same time are more easily digested than only one or two kinds. This, of course, does not mean immoderate indulgence in large quantities of different things, but judicious selection, according to the cravings of appetite. While not all things which we relish are good for us, it is very certain that what we eat with repugnance or distaste does not satisfy the varying needs of the body. Very many substances enter into its composition, and to repair its waste an imperative demand is made that like shall supply like. We do not often err in following the dictates of natural taste which prompt us to combine vegetables with meat, dry foods with liquid substances and the sweet with the sour.

All the vegetables that bountiful nature provides us with can vary the diet of those employed in manual labor, onions, cabbage, baked beans, turnips, carrots and peas being especially good for them. They can eat all the cereals, but should choose corn and rye bread in preference to wheat, and should be sure to eat aperient fruits, as apples, oranges, figs, dates and berries with all cereals to counteract the clogging effect of their starch, which it must be borne in mind is not digested at all in the stomach. The so called aperient fruits stimulate the flow of intestinal juices and are a sure means of overcoming constipation, a malady which excessive use of cereals greatly encourages and often produces.

White bread is much more healthful when cut in thin slices and toasted brown, as that process transforms the starch into dextrin and thus saves one of the labors of digestion. It has yet to pass through another chemical change into glucose before it can be assimilated. An interesting fact that ought to be widely known is this: Common dried figs contain 68 per cent of glucose, which, when eaten, is exactly the condition which the starch of cereal foods attains only after a prolonged and nerve wearing tax upon the digestive organs. The changes of tissue in the brain that take place during study and thought are very important and very rapid, it has been estimated that three hours of brain work cause as great an exhaustion of the forces of the body as an entire day of manual labor. This waste must be replaced by abundant food, but its selection requires careful consideration and often self denial, for many things which the physical worker can eat with perfect impunity are slow poison to the brain worker, who exercises the brain at the expense of the body and rarely gives the latter sufficient exercise to counteract the mental strain and keep it in a condition to resist disease. Bear in mind that while the waste of the body is much more rapid its deprivation of physical exercise encourages torpidity of the voluntary functions and renders them sluggish in eliminating these wastes; therefore it is of the utmost importance that the tasks imposed upon them should be light. Brain workers require the most concentrated and easily digested foods; they should eat fresh beef and mutton, fish, eggs—cooked in many forms, but never hard boiled or fried—oysters and all fresh, green vegetables, especially cool, crisp salads, lettuce, chicory, tomatoes, water cress, etc., with mayonnaise or French dressing. They should begin the day with fruit and make it form the principle part of luncheon, and be very sparing in their use of cereals, eschewing entirely white bread and oatmeal. Their ideal luncheon, which must be light if they continue work in the afternoon, is a glass of milk or a cup of hot chocolate—or, better still, a glass of fresh buttermilk—with two or three graham wafers or a bit of toast and some fruit—an apple, figs or an orange.—Marcia Duncan in Demorest.

Particular.

Salesman (at shoe store)—Here is a pair of slippers, madam, that I think will suit you.

Mrs. Gaswell—They are cut a little too low. Haven't you a pair that are not quite—quite so decollete?—Chicago Tribune.

Of Course.

Any euchre player knows that hearts beat quicker when they are trumps.—Troy Press.

THE CAPTAIN'S VISITOR.

He Made His Host Feel Pretty Cheap When He Wrote His Name.

During the summer of 1868, being in the service of the United States, I was stationed at Fort Wallace, Kan. In those days the arrival of the overland mail coach was an event of some importance, and those of us who were off duty used to be on hand at the post trading store to welcome it and incidentally to note the number of bullet holes made in it since the last trip.

One morning there got off the coach from the west a tall, middle aged man wearing a broad slouch hat, a long linen duster and a pair of cavalry boots, into which his trousers were carelessly stuck. Seeing my comrade and me in close proximity, he approached, and we, recognizing him, gave a military salute, which he gracefully returned.

He inquired who was in command of the garrison. I answered, "Captain B—— is temporarily in command in the absence of Colonel ——." He desired to be directed to Colonel ——'s quarters. We pointed out the house. Then I returned to the office, where I was on duty as clerk.

Captain B—— was a pompous martinet who had never smelled powder in his life and was detested by both officers and men. In due time he arrived, and having noticed the tall man he called to his orderly, "Orderly, go and ask that man sitting in front of Colonel ——'s quarters whether he is an officer."

The orderly returned with an answer in the affirmative.

Said Captain B——, "Give my compliments to that officer and say that I desire his presence at headquarters."

The orderly did so.

Shortly after entered the tall man. Captain B——, looking quite stern, asked, "Sir, are you an officer in the army?"

"I am."

"To what branch of service do you belong?"

"Not to any particular branch at present."

"On what duty are you?"

"Well, I have been traveling a little lately through the west."

"Are you on leave of absence?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, sir, did it not strike you that it was your duty to report at these headquarters immediately on your arrival in the garrison?"

The tall man admitted that it had not struck him—in fact, he was tired and hungry and thought more of a breakfast and a little rest than anything else.

Said Captain B——: "Well, sir, that is no excuse for a breach of military etiquette. We keep here a book in which we require all officers entering the garrison to register. Orderly, hand the register to the officer. You will be good enough to write your name, rank and regiment, with such remarks as will be necessary."

The gentleman leisurely took the pen and quietly wrote, "William T. Sherman, lieutenant general, United States army."—Chicago Record.

Described.

A very charming and witty widow lady residing in Washington gave her little daughter a mythological primer several years ago, and the child immediately became intensely interested in the romantic stories of the gods and goddesses. Long after she had exhausted the primer she was ceaseless in her demands to have her appetite for incidents, which happened in the Elysium fields and thereabouts, satisfied. One day her mother thought it would be a good idea to take her heart's delight over to the Corcoran gallery and show her the statuary and casts and other works which have the heroes of mythology for their subjects.

While pursuing this pleasant purpose the pair came upon the Torso, reclining legless and armless upon its massive pedestal. The mother was stumped to explain to her daughter what the scarred and broken mass of plaster signified other than being the dismembered remains of a grand human figure. The little one, however, quickly helped her parent out of her predicament. There was a large placard on the base of the pedestal bearing the forbidding words "Hands off." The little miss looked at what she deemed was the title of the work with an expression of scorn, and the same sentiment was indicated in her inflection when she spoke. "Hands off," she remarked, with a sniff of superior wisdom. "Hands off. I should say they was, and the foots too!"—Washington Star.

Sodium Silicate.

An extended account is given in one of the technical journals of the various and important uses to which sodium silicate is now applied in manufacturing—independent of its well known relation to the cheap production of soaps—from which it appears that some of the European railway companies have introduced the practice of recovering their soiled cotton waste by means of this article, being able thus to renew the value of the same a dozen times, whereas by employing caustic soda this can be accomplished only two or three times, it is said, at the most. With the silicate, too, the strength of the vegetable fiber is apparently not injured. The silicate has also been used very successfully as a substitute for caustic soda in the manufacture of paper, especially in the bleaching of jute and hemp waste and in the sizing and waterproofing of paper. It is an effective fixing agent for alumina and other mordants on cotton, is said to be unequaled as a sizing for cotton thread in preparing stock for the loom and has long been used for the purpose of rendering textile fabrics incombustible.

Morris Was Not There.

Between Cincinnati and Indianapolis is Morris, a small station on the Big Four. One train in the schedule gets in Morris toward the hour of midnight, and the brakemen and conductors are compelled to call out the name of the station. Their voices are neither sweet nor low, and the dozers in the cars are rudely aroused from their cat naps.

As the train approached Morris one of the brakemen yelled in the back door:

"Morris, Morris!" He had barely finished his little speech when the forward brakeman joined the symphony with the chorus:

"Morris, Morris!" The conductor wasn't going to get left in a festival like this, and he wound up in the finale with a shriek louder than all the rest:

"Morris, Morris!" Then a gruff passenger, who had been rudely awakened, answered and said:

"Oh, for God's sake, shut up! Morris ain't in here."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Shortening Sail on Land.

"I've never been to sea," said Mr. Swyzzlby, "and so I've never seen 'em shorten sail in a storm at sea, but I think I can form a pretty good idea of how its done, for I live in a flat, and I've seen the people take in their washing on washdays when a shower came up."

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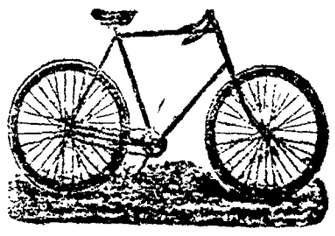

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HER LIFE TO SAVE HIM.

Mexican Story of Love and Adventure of an English Prospector

He Incurred the Ill Will of the Girl's Lover Who Fired the Prairie Grass to Burn Him But Failing, Tried to Kill Him By Shooting—All's Well That End's Well.

"Is the prairie on fire, Manuelo?"

It was Ditas Patronez who asked the question as the family were sitting down together to the evening meal. For this was the Mexican custom, inherited and cherished with more than Spanish conscientiousness from the days of old Spain, that the family and a few of the retainers should eat together seated according to their degree—a shoot of feudalism pushed a long way west.

"You've a good nose, Ditas, to smell that, and the wind the way it is," her cousin replied, glancing at her with suspicion.

"How could it have caught, I wonder?" she replied, answering him with equal suspicion. "Have you seen the Senor Inglese?"

"It's no wonder it should catch fire, I should think, Ditas, when we haven't had rain these 20 months. As for the Senor Inglese, I should think you were more likely to know where he is than I."

Ditas did not answer him, but began to occupy herself with the plate of hashed mutton and the boiled maize which had been passed down to her. It would have been a grave breach of etiquette in that household for one to begin to eat before old Pedro Patronez, the father and head of the family, had helped all round the table and had commenced his own meal. So all had sat with the meal steaming and cooling before them while they watched this little passage at arms between the cousins. The father was deaf, but his faculties were alert enough. "Eh, eh?" he said. "What was Manuelo saying—that the prairie was on fire?"

"Yes, sir," the young man answered. "I saw it as I came from driving the horses in for the branding."

"In which direction?"

"Eastward, sir, and north toward the Rio Grande."

"It won't come near us, then, unless the wind changes."

"The wind won't change, sir, at this time of year."

"Where is the Englishman, I wonder? Who has seen him?" the old man asked, with some anxiety.

No one answered for a minute. Then Ditas said quickly, "He went out with you, Manuelo, this morning."

"That was a long while ago," said the young man sulkily. "We had dinner at Oxener's camp. I have not seen him since."

"He started east from there in the direction of the river, senor," one of the retainers volunteered from the foot of the table.

"Did he?" replied Manuelo, as if he were very little grateful for the information.

Then Ditas glanced quickly at her father.

"Eh, eh. Toward the river, did he? I hope he won't get caught in the fire. He wouldn't know what to do in a fire."

"Oh, he'll be all right, sir. He's got a very good horse—that bay with the white on his forehead—and there's the river always down wind."

"And the banks of the river are like cliffs. You know it as well as I do, Manuelo," the old man said severely.

Manuelo was abashed. He made no answer, but under his breath he said sullenly, "I should be sorry if we lost the horse."

Ditas looked at him reproachfully, but her two brothers, mere lads, who sat one beside her and one beside Manuelo, laughed covertly at his remark. "He'll be done for. He's caught; he can't ride a bit," one of the boys said.

"No, nor shoot either."

"And he's no use at all with a rope," the first added.

"Be quiet, Juan," Ditas said. "If father hears you, there'll be no more supper for you tonight."

"Oh—you!" said her brother scornfully. "Of course you're always defending him."

At which the hot blood flew to her face, and she bent silently over her plate, Manuelo observing her with keen displeasure.

As soon as supper was over Ditas went away by herself and played with her little gray hawk, which lived, chained by the leg, in the pepper tree outside her window. The little hawk was peacefully sleeping, with its head under its wing, in the starlit, odorous night. Yet the little hawk it was, and not any remarkable powers of scent on her own part, that had told Ditas of the prairie fire, for when she looked at the little bird in the afternoon he was flapping his little wings and tugging at his chain.

Ditas knew the signs. The little hawk had never seen a prairie fire, for Ditas had had him since he was a baby, but he inherited the blood of thousands of ancestors to whom such fires were familiar, who had known well what it was to hunt the wretched scorched out gophers and lizards among the flames and the smoke. So the smell of the burning spoke to the inherited instincts of the little hawk, though he was too tiny to catch a thing much bigger than a humming bird, and a humming bird was too quick even for his lightning dashes. "So the fire is over, pajarcito?" Ditas whispered to him, and the little bird drew a quick, glancing head from beneath his wing, and seeing before him well known black eyes as brilliant as his own put his head back to sleep again, satisfied.

Then the girl went to her room. She had the rare privilege in Mexican households of a room to herself because she was the only daughter. She looked out into the silent night, all the more deeply silent for the myriad winged hum of insects, and listened, expectant, for the deep, dull thud of the unshod horse cantering home over the prairie. But all was still. If she wished, none saw it on her beautiful, dark face. If she prayed to the saints for the Englishman, whom she loved, the answer was not audible. At rare intervals a chorus of coyotes came from a distant patch of ebony trees; a few fireflies danced over the tremulous feathers of the pepper tree. For the rest the starlit stillness was unbroken.

Meanwhile the Englishman had found some new sensations for himself that day. He had gone from Oxener's camp, as the retainer had said of him, eastward toward the river to look for the horses which were to be driven into the corral for the branding. Much of what the brothers of Ditas had said to him he would have admitted to be true. He could not ride. He would not have said so when he came out to Mexico a few months ago. He would even have been very angry with any one who had dared to say it to him. He was a good rider to hounds, judged by the English standard, but now he knew the Mexican standard, and, judged by that, had to own that he was lamentably wanting.

He could not ride a broncho that had never been crossed before, and after three hours of diabolical cruelty bring him in nearly dead, it is true, but sufficiently broken for practical purposes. Neither could he shoot. He could kill rocketing pheasants or driven partridges rather better than most men, but he could not put all the bullets of a six barreled revolver into a thin tree stem as he went at full gallop past it, and this is what they meant by shooting. As for a rope, as they called it, meaning a lasso, he had not seen such a thing until he came to Mexico and beheld with the awe of ignorant wonder the marvels which Ditas' friends wrought with it. It did not astonish him, he told himself, that she despised him.

Another thing he had not seen until this day—a prairie fire. It came upon him with a sense of an uneasy hotness in the air, a certain restlessness which he caught from his horse, who knew far more about it than he knew. Then he wondered, while these slight signs grew more emphatic. A few minutes and birds began to pass him; a coyote galloped across his path; a wild turkey scudded by at a hard trot. Even the Englishman, ignorant as he was of the live things of the country, began to marvel. A sort of low humming sounded from windward. His horse began to snort and grew unmanageable, seeming to be infected by the down wind race of all live things, edging away from his northeasterly track and making more directly eastward. He was indifferent, the bronchos were as likely to be eastward as northward, and let the horse go.

Presently it broke into a canter, then into a gallop. Moths, bats, nocturnal insects, creatures of all kinds, began to fly past him through the bright sunlight as in a nightmare, and after them dashed all the smaller kind of predatory birds, the cousins german of Ditas' little hawk. The air grew more and more sultry and laden with a sulphurous breath. Looking behind him, over the haunches of his now racing horse, he saw a dense thickness, as of fog. Above the density rose a whitish cloud line. Through the density flashed tongues of light. At last a sense of what was upon him dawned. He was flying from a prairie fire.

As he realized the fact the instinct of the fleeing animals grew infectious for him too. He was all in accord now with his horse's terror, and the rider urged on the pace which he had endeavored to restrain before. The wind from the west blew with steady strength. The humming sound increased until it became a roar, louder and louder with each mile that he galloped, while still the stream of living things went before it. The smoke grew dark over the face of the sky; the flames and the density came nearer and nearer. Still he galloped on. He bethought him of all he had read in the pages of Mayne Reid and the other writers who had been the delight of his youth. To kindle a fire of his own before him, and shelter himself on the burned patch thus left barren for the hunger of the pursuing flames was a scheme which occurred to him, but he dreaded the delay which it would occasion.

He knew vaguely that the river was somewhere eastward, and the influence of the terror of the live things who shared his flight was too powerful. He galloped on. Now he saw the broken line of the steep bank of the river, and with the sight a new danger presented itself, for the banks, as he knew, were precipitous, of crumbling earth. How could his horse descend them, or how could he check his horse in order to dismount and climb down? A patch of ebony trees was to the south, and there he knew the land sloped gently to the river, where it lay in placid cool green peace, with the turtles floating on its stream, but there, too, the fringe of prairie grass grew higher, the fire found better fodder, and already there was a wall of flying smoke and flame to shut off that place of refuge. Still he galloped on, and now the smoke and the lurid heat were but some quarter of a mile in his rear. His horse's flanks were heaving with its race, but not a mile before him was the river. A few moments more, and the flames and smoke were thick around him, and he and the horse almost on the river brink. He tugged desperately at the reins, but the horse paid no heed, blind and senseless with terror.

They were on the edge of the cliff now. Below was the calm, blissful water. He shut his eyes and gripped firmly with his knees, expecting the fatal fall, when to his surprise he felt a slipping, gentle descent; a struggling of his horse as the pace slackened, and then before he realized what had befallen the yielding bank had given way beneath their weight, and horse and rider were struggling in the water. The next instant he was thrown off into the stream. He disengaged himself from his horse and found himself standing, sinking, swimming in the river, as the water washed away masses of the earth which they had brought down with them. The horse swam away from him down the stream, and he was left, now standing, now swimming, while the smoke went curling over his head, and the balked flames stopped and died away harmless, save for a few fiery missile brands which they shot at him out in the stream.

And so the peril was over. He had but to sit in the cooling waters until the fire had burned away, and he could safely climb back to land. There were no crocodiles so far up the river. He was safe. As he realized his safety the reaction nearly overcame him, and he had need to summon all his fortitude to save him from permitting himself to be carried helplessly down the stream. And then through the afternoon and all through the still night over the blackened prairie he walked sadly and steadily homeward to the hacienda, which he reached with boots charred and sooty as the vaqueros were just setting out on their morning's work.

He slept in a room off the central courtyard of the hacienda. It was not a bright room, for it had no windows. Its occupants went to bed by the light of the stars peeping through the open door. In each corner of the room slept a man—Manuelo in one, the Englishman in another and Ditas' two brothers in the other two. Mosquito netting over each bed lent an air of decency, and there were washing basins. Into this plain apartment the Englishman stole as the dawn crept up over the prairie.

"You're late home," Manuelo observed dryly.

"Slightly," the Englishman said. Then he threw himself on his bed and slept the sleep of the wearied until hard on the hour for the midday meal.

"Got caught in the fire?" old Patronez asked him.

"Yes," he answered. "The horse came back, I hear. I am glad of that."

"We are more glad that you came back, senor," the host replied gallantly.

"Was I the only one caught?"

"The only one. Not even a broncho was caught, that we could learn. Manuelo fell in with the hands to windward."

"Ah, you were to windward, Manuelo?" This was Ditas' simple remark, but the tone in which it was said made all around the table glance up at her in surprise.

Little more was said of the fire then. They were not unusual things, scarcely worthy of comment, but after the meal was over and most were taking a siesta in the shade Ditas came to the Englishman.

"It is not well for you to be leeward of Manuelo when the prairie is so dry," she said.

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"I have said it. You are warned," she answered oracularly. "You have escaped once. Do not let him have the chance again."

"Do you think, then"—he began, but before he had finished a sentence she was gone. "No," she answered lightly as she fled; "I do not think; I know."

She had given the Englishman plenty to think of at all events. He had never been able to quite analyze his feelings for Ditas nor hers for him. He had a notion that she must despise him because he could not ride nor shoot, nor lasso beasts as her brothers and Manuelo could. But if it were possible that Ditas' alternations of apparent coldness and interest had another origin then a light was thrown on Manuelo's probable attitude toward himself, for Manuelo's attitude toward her needed no light to be thrown on it. He was the lover, in the undisguised yet dignified Spanish style, of his beautiful cousin. And Ditas' feeling was supposed to be reciprocal. Hitherto the Englishman's relations to Manuelo had seemed to him purely those of business, for though he was out here as the guest of old Patronez, working out a return for part of his hospitality by labor on the ranch, yet his real business was with Manuelo, who was representative of the older branch of the family owning the mines back in the foothills, which it was the Englishman's special mission to inspect.

He had come out a month or two before with the iron bound boxes for carrying home samples of the ore. He had now these boxes filled under seal and lock and key beneath his bed. The mines had been thoroughly inspected. It was a constant reproach to him on Manuelo's part that he would tell nothing of the report which he should make to his employers—the English capitalists who might buy the mine. Manuelo might have argued ill from his secrecy, but in truth it was but a part of his English nature. What his opinion of the mines might be Manuelo did not know. He only knew that this secret man had the samples of ore tightly locked and safely kept in that room in which they slept.

The day after the fire Manuelo left the ranch and went up into the mountains to the mines.

As the days drew on the Englishman felt that he could no longer with decency prolong his visit. Already he had well outstaid the limit which he had mentally fixed for himself on his arrival. He was scarcely conscious of the attraction which had kept him lingering on in that fairy land of humming birds and fireflies and all fair sights and scenes. When he did grow conscious that the attraction was Ditas, the necessity grew but the more patent for breaking it. He must go. The idea that there was anything of a mutual feeling was absurd. He must go before the tie grew more binding.

These great haciendas in the midst of a desolation as big as an English county are places of rest and refreshment for all and sundry. All are welcome. The Englishman knew nothing of the customs. He knew not whether to offer payment for the hospitality he had received, but in the end his tact saved him from this blunder. He thanked his host with the gratitude owed to free hospitality and went his way, resolved to send out from England a present which should be something in the way of a return.

Old Patronez sent him in the wagon a day's journey across the prairie to the station where he could take the narrow gauge train. In the body of the wagon were his boxes of ore and his personal luggage. By Ditas, as he parted from her, he had sent a farewell message to Manuelo, who was still at the mines. What was the strange look in Ditas' lovely dark Spanish eyes? he asked himself as he said farewell. Had he answered the question aright he might never have set out on his journey.

"You will keep a lookout as you drive," she said. "I cannot think what Manuelo is doing. He knows you are going."

"How do you know that he knows?" the Englishman asked.

"I know many things," she answered lightly. "My little hawk tells them to me."

"Goodby," he said. "You will write to me sometimes in England?"

"Adios! Yes, if you will write to me." It seemed to the Englishman that her eyes were swimming as she said the words, but it might have been but the swimming in his own which obscured his clear vision. "Goodby!" He choked down a sob and sprang into the wagon.

Then all through the day behind the team of six mules they jolted and toiled over the prairie, now and again dipping into a clump of ebony, variegated by the white cluster of the San Paolo palm, which has deluded so many a traveler by its likeness to a whitened chimney top. In the end they came about sundown to the little station, without a sight of a human being save a horseman, fully armed, Mexican fashion, with sword and pistol as well as rifle, ambling along on a pacing horse. They were an hour and a half in advance of the train, if the latter was punctual, which was improbable. It grew dark. The Mexican women at their little orange booths lighted their torch fires. At length a growing bustle betokened the approach of the time for the train. The station became thinly peopled, chiefly with loiterers come to enjoy the spectacle. The Englishman "expressed" his portmanteau and his precious boxes, keeping charge himself of his hand valise. Presently the train steamed in. He stepped on board, with his eyes blinking in the unaccustomed gaslight. He went to the Pullman car, where he found a vacant compartment, and sat down to await with patience the pleasure of the porter in getting ready his sleeping berth.

He glanced at his fellow passengers with the incurious eye of a constant traveler, then gave himself over to his thoughts, in which Ditas played a cruelly large part. Even now the temptation was strong on him to get off at the next station and go back to try his fortune with her. Yet still—no—surely her certain scorn of him as a lover would be harder to bear than her tolerance of him as a friend. For an hour he sat so, heedless of the lapse of time. Suddenly a thrilling voice (was it the voice of a dream or of his waking sense?) sounded at his very ear, "Senor!"

He started and looked round. Leaning over to him from the seat behind was the bent figure, shrouded in a mantilla, of what seemingly was an old Mexican lady.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed as he caught sight of the face which the mantilla had shrouded. "Ditas! You!"

"Hush!" she said. "Yes, it is I. I don't know what you think of me. I don't know what to think of myself. But Manuelo is on the train. I suspected that he would follow you, though I do not know what his object is, and I followed on his track and yours to warn you."

"Oh, Ditas!" he said in a tone which made the warm blood dye the girl's dark cheeks yet more ruddily.

"Hush!" she said, apprehensively glancing back. "I could not warn you before. He was on this car. Now he has gone back in the train. Oh, what are you going to do?" For the Englishman had risen to his feet. "I am going to look for him," he said, with determination; "to ask him what he means by thus dogging me."

"Oh, no!" she said. "At least—well, perhaps that would be as good a way as any. So at least you will meet him prepared. But do be careful."

"Are you afraid, Ditas, that I may harm him?"

"No," she said simply, "but that he may harm you."

"Oh, Ditas!"

"Don't speak to me like that—in that tone," she whispered fiercely, her cheeks aflame. "If you do, I shall hate myself for coming. At least I have warned you now. I shall get off at the next station." The Englishman, cruelly abashed, said no more, but feeling that his revolver was ready to his hand started off through the train on a tour of inspection. He went through one car after another until the last one, looking searchingly at each occupant. None of them was Manuelo. He came back doubtfully to the girl. "You were wrong," he said. "He is not there." Doubt of her motive in coming was again expressed in his words. "Do you dare not believe me?" she asked again angrily, her face crimsoning. "Come and see for yourself then." Slowly she rose and followed him down the cars. Their occupants returned their searching looks with interest, but there was no Manuelo.

"You see," he said when they had come to the end, "he is not there."

"It is very strange," she said thoughtfully. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Where are your boxes of ore?"

"In the express wagon, I suppose."

"I see! I see it all now!" she said. "It is there that we shall find Manuelo."

"There! Why? But it is all locked. The expressman is forward in the train."

"Is it locked?" she said. "We shall see!"

The Englishman, his heart beating high with excitement, climbed the rail of the hindmost car and along the footboard of the express wagon. Wonderful to say, the bars and fastenings of the wagon were all hanging loosely down. The door was but pushed to. In an instant it yielded to his hand. The bright moonlight streaming in showed the figure of a man bending, working away, over an open box, which the Englishman had time to recognize as one of his own before the kneeling figure turned, and the flash of a pistol for a moment blinded him, while the report echoed fiercely in the inclosed space.

The Englishman felt a sharp, redhot sting in his shoulder; but, unconscious of the hurt, he sprang on the kneeling figure. The door swung to, and they struggled in the darkness. The Spaniard wrenched himself free from the other's grip and dashed out of the door. As he jumped from the train a second report of his pistol was followed by the shriek of a woman's voice, and at the same moment the Englishman, dashing after him in the darkness of the wagon, struck his forehead violently on the door as it swung to again, and fell unconscious.

* * * * * * *

"You warn't spry enough with the shooting iron, you see," was the sound in a strong Yankee accent to which he regained his senses.

"What's happened," he asked in a weak voice.

"Waal, you see, the critter was fixing up to work a little improvement in the samples of that there ore you was taking home with you; got dummy keys to the boxes, I reckon. Seems he had some sorter interest in the making it as good as might be—owner of mine or something, from what they say—and he kinder got a head on you afore you got one on him. That's what happened. But I reckon you ain't hurt any."

"Where's Ditas?"

"Ditas? Oh, Ditas, that's the girl, I see! Waal, she's hurted some, I reckon, but not so bad as might be either."

"Did she get off at the next stop?"

"Next stop? No, nor won't for several stops, I reckon. No one seemed to know where she was going, and there warn't no place to put her off, so as she would be looked after. There's a doctor on board, and he's got her into a berth—the forward berth in the car there. Perhaps you'd like to go and see how she is? You ain't hurted any. The critter's bullet only skinned you."

The girl was lying in the lower bunk of a sleeping compartment. The upper bunk had not been let down, a rare concession to her wounded state. The bullet had passed through the upper part of her arm, injuring but not breaking the bone. Her face was very white and deathly from the loss of blood, and the long lashes of her closed eyes lay far down upon her cheeks.

"Oh, Ditas!" the young Englishman exclaimed, and at the words the great dark eyes opened, and a smile played on her face. "Oh, Ditas, and all this for my sake!"

In answer the girl let her other hand stray feebly out over the counterpane.

"Take it, you fool," said the doctor to the Englishman, sorely embarrassed by this ingenuous southern advance, hesitated.

"Where's Manuelo?" she asked in a low voice when she was satisfied by feeling the hand she sought within hers.

"I don't know; gone—isn't he?" the Englishman asked, appealing to the doctor.

"Yes; they stopped the train, but the rascal had got the start of them. I don't expect any of them was in an all fired hurry to get within shooting distance of him either."

"But how did he get into the express wagon?"

"How? Squared the expressman, of course. We've got him fixed up all right. He'll be handed over to what they call the law in this country at Laredo."

"I see, I see! Doctor, she'll get well, won't she?"

"Well? Of course she will. There's nothing wrong with her; lost a little blood, that's all. Where's she going to?"

"I—I don't know. She said she was going to get off at the first stop."

"Did she? Oh, well, I think I'd better leave you to arrange it with her where she's going to stop off."

"Ditas," said the Englishman as the doctor withdrew, "you didn't get off at the first stop."

"No," she said simply, "I couldn't."

"You nearly lost your life for me."

"Yes; nearly's nothing."

"Ditas," bending low over her, "will you give it to me altogether?"

A faint flush came into the pallor of her cheeks. "Are you sure you wish it?"

"Sure, my darling."

"Hush; why didn't you speak before?"

"I didn't dare."

"Oh, stupid!" with a faint smile. "Yes, it is yours, if you will have it, forever and ever."

"Oh, Ditas!"—Macmillan's Magazine.

Too Much So.

Friend—That sun in your last painting is very natural.

Artist—Yes, altogether too natural.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it dries up the water in that pond so fast that I have to paint new water every three or four days."—Texas Siftings.

FOOD AND WORK.

WE SHOULD EAT ACCORDING TO OUR EMPLOYMENT.

What Is Good For Brain Workers Will Not Do For Physical Laborers—Pork Is "Not In It" to Any Extent—Vegetables of Many Kinds Recommended.

In this era of over stimulation, with the interests of life so vast and the standards of perfection in every calling and profession constantly rising, so that incessant effort is demanded in order to keep up with our rushing progress, it is little wonder that overstrained humanity is constantly dropping out of the ranks, and that a great cry of remonstrance has arisen against this overwork which is killing or worse than killing people.

Now, as a matter of fact, it is not so much overwork that is doing the mischief as it is the way the work is done and the consequent rules of health that are violated in the doing of it. This is a truth worthy of the deepest consideration, and one that involves farreaching effects for good or evil.

The prime cause of trouble in a majority of cases is an error of diet and a failure to recognize the necessity of adapting the fuel supplied to the human machine to its special needs. As a rule, women and girls are more judicious in their diet than men, and, especially among those whose labor is physical, the error is frequently that of underfeeding, often the motives of economy or because it is too much trouble to prepare the food, not giving the body sufficient nutriment to repair the waste. We seldom hear of physical labor wearing out a man, unless that labor is performed under unhealthful conditions, for he usually eats all the food he requires and instinctively chooses that which contains most nutriment. Moreover, his constant exercise keeps his organs of digestion in an active state, which enables them to perform any work within reason that is imposed upon them.

All who are engaged in physical labor should have an abundance of highly nitrogenous foods and can vary their diet by combinations of all healthful dishes that are obtainable. Underdone beef and well cooked mutton are the meats they need. Pork should be eaten only by those who have constitutions of iron, who work hard in the open air and who never know what an ache or a pain is. There is not a disease that human flesh is heir to which pork may not cause nor a pain which it may not produce. A well known New York physician, referring to pork, has said, "It is the parent of dyspepsia, neuralgia, headache, sleeplessness, biliousness, constipation, hypochondria and every other physical ill." If it must be eaten, be sure that it is thoroughly cooked.

The red and dark meats are more stimulating and more readily assimilated than white meats, owing to a property called osmazome contained in their fibrin. It is that principle which gives to meat soups their aroma and taste, and the darker the meat the more osmazome is present. It is almost absent from veal and all young meats and from the white flesh of poultry.

It is a law of nature, established by the experience of the majority of people in normal health, living under the highest civilization, that a variety of foods taken at the same time are more easily digested than only one or two kinds. This, of course, does not mean immoderate indulgence in large quantities of different things, but judicious selection, according to the cravings of appetite. While not all things which we relish are good for us, it is very certain that what we eat with repugnance or distaste does not satisfy the varying needs of the body. Very many substances enter into its composition, and to repair its waste an imperative demand is made that like shall supply like. We do not often err in following the dictates of natural taste which prompt us to combine vegetables with meat, dry foods with liquid substances and the sweet with the sour.

All the vegetables that bountiful nature provides us with can vary the diet of those employed in manual labor, onions, cabbage, baked beans, turnips, carrots and peas being especially good for them. They can eat all the cereals, but should choose corn and rye bread in preference to wheat, and should be sure to eat aperient fruits, as apples, oranges, figs, dates and berries with all cereals to counteract the clogging effect of their starch, which it must be borne in mind is not digested at all in the stomach. The so called aperient fruits stimulate the flow of intestinal juices and are a sure means of overcoming constipation, a malady which excessive use of cereals greatly encourages and often produces.

White bread is much more healthful when eat in thin slices and toasted brown, as that process transforms the starch into dextrin and thus saves one of the labors of digestion. It has yet to pass through another chemical change into glucose before it can be assimilated. An interesting fact that ought to be widely known is this: Common dried figs contain 68 per cent of glucose, which, when eaten, [illegible] the condition which the starchy cereal foods attains only after a prolonged and nerve wearing tax upon the digestive organs. The changes of tissue in the brain that take place during study and thought are very important and very rapid; it has been estimated that three hours of brain work cause as great an exhaustion of the forces of the body as an entire day of manual labor. This waste must be replaced by abundant food, but its selection requires careful consideration and often self denial, for many things which the physical worker can eat with perfect impunity are slow poison to the brain worker, who exercises the brain at the expense of the body and rarely gives the latter sufficient exercise to counteract the mental strain and keep it in a condition to resist disease. Bear in mind that while the waste of the body is much more rapid its deprivation of physical exercise encourages torpidity of the voluntary functions and renders them sluggish in eliminating these wastes; therefore it is of the utmost importance that the tasks imposed upon them should be light. Brain workers require the most concentrated and easily digested foods; they should eat fresh beef and mutton, fish, eggs—cooked in many forms, but never hard boiled or fried—oysters and all fresh, green vegetables, especially cool, crisp salads, lettuce, chicory, tomatoes, water cress, etc., with mayonnaise or French dressing. They should begin the day with fruit and make it form the principle part of luncheon, and be very sparing in their use of cereals, eschewing entirely white bread and oatmeal. Their ideal luncheon, which must be light if they continue work in the afternoon, is a glass of milk or a cup of hot chocolate—or, better still, a glass of fresh buttermilk—with two or three graham wafers or a bit of toast and some fruit—an apple, figs or an orange.—Marion Duncan in Demorest.

Particular.

Salesman (at shoe store)—Here is a pair of slippers, madam, that I think will suit you.

Mrs. Caswell—They are cut a little too low. Haven't you a pair that are not quite—quite so decolleté?—Chicago Tribune.

Of Course.

Any euchre player knows that hearts beat quicker when they are trumps.—Troy Press.

THE CAPTAIN'S VISITOR.

He Made His Host Feel Pretty Cheap When He Wrote His Name.

During the summer of 1868, being in the service of the United States, I was stationed at Fort Wallace, Kan. In those days the arrival of the overland mail coach was an event of some importance, and those of us who were off duty used to be on hand at the post trading store to welcome it and incidentally to note the number of bullet holes made in it since the last trip.

One morning there got off the coach from the west a tall, middle aged man wearing a broad slouch hat, a long linen duster and a pair of cavalry boots, into which his trousers were carelessly stuck. Seeing my comrade and me in close proximity, he approached, and we, recognizing him, gave a military salute, which he gracefully returned.

He inquired who was in command of the garrison. I answered, "Captain B—— is temporarily in command in the absence of Colonel ——." He desired to be directed to Colonel ——'s quarters. We pointed out the house. Then I returned to the office, where I was on duty as clerk.

Captain B—— was a pompous martinet who had never smelled powder in his life and was detested by both officers and men. In due time he arrived, and having noticed the tall man he called to his orderly, "Orderly, go and ask that man sitting in front of Colonel ——'s quarters whether he is an officer."

The orderly returned with an answer in the affirmative.

Said Captain B——, "Give my compliments to that officer and say that I desire his presence at headquarters."

The orderly did so.

Shortly after entered the tall man. Captain B——, looking quite stern, asked, "Sir, are you an officer in the army?"

"I am."

"To what branch of service do you belong?"

"Not to any particular branch at present."

"On what duty are you?"

"Well, I have been traveling a little lately through the west."

"Are you on leave of absence?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, sir, did it not strike you that it was your duty to report at these headquarters immediately on your arrival in the garrison?"

The tall man admitted that it had not struck him—in fact, he was tired and hungry and thought more of a breakfast and a little rest than anything else.

Said Captain B——: "Well, sir, that is no excuse for a breach of military etiquette. We keep here a book in which we require all officers entering the garrison to register. Orderly, hand the register to the officer. You will be good enough to write your name, rank and regiment, with such remarks as will be necessary."

The gentleman leisurely took the pen and quietly wrote, "William T. Sherman, lieutenant general, United States army."—Chicago Record.

Described.

A very charming and witty widow lady residing in Washington gave her little daughter a mythological primer several years ago, and the child immediately became intensely interested in the romantic stories of the gods and goddesses. Long after she had exhausted the primer she was ceaseless in her demands to have her appetite for incidents, which happened in the Elysian fields and thereabouts, satisfied. One day her mother thought it would be a good idea to take her heart's delight over to the Corcoran gallery and show her the sculpture and casts and other works which have the heroes of mythology for their subjects.

While pursuing this pleasant purpose the pair came upon the Torso, reclining legless and armless upon its massive pedestal. The mother was stumped to explain to her daughter what the scarred and broken mass of plaster signified other than being the dismembered remains of a grand human figure. The little one, however, quickly helped her parent out of her predicament. There was a large placard on the base of the pedestal bearing the forbidding words "Hands off." The little miss looked at what she deemed was the title of the work with an expression of scorn, and the same sentiment was indicated in her inflection when she spoke. "Hands off," she remarked, with a sniff of superior wisdom. "Hands off. I should say they was, and the feets too!"—Washington Star.

Sodium Silicate.

An extended account is given in one of the technical journals of the various and important uses to which sodium silicate is now applied in manufacturing—independent of its well known relation to the cheap production of soaps—from which it appears that some of the European railway companies have introduced the practice of recovering their soiled cotton waste by means of this article, being able thus to renew the value of the same a dozen times, whereas by employing caustic soda this can be accomplished only two or three times, it is said, at the most. With the silicate, too, the strength of the vegetable fiber is apparently not injured. The silicate has also been used very successfully as a substitute for caustic soda in the manufacture of paper, especially in the bleaching of jute and hemp waste and in the sizing and waterproofing of paper. It is an effective fixing agent for alumina and other mordants on cotton, is said to be unequaled as a sizing for cotton thread in preparing stock for the loom and has long been used for the purpose of rendering textile fabrics incombustible.

Morris Was Not There.

Between Cincinnati and Indianapolis is Morris, a small station on the Big Four. One train in the schedule gets in Morris toward the hour of midnight, and the brakemen and conductors are compelled to call out the name of the station. Their voices are neither sweet nor low, and the dozers in the cars are rudely aroused from their cat naps.

As the train approached Morris one of the brakemen yelled in the back door:

"Morris, Morris!" He had barely finished his little speech when the forward brakeman joined the symphony with the chorus:

"Morris, Morris!" The conductor wasn't going to get left in a festival like this, and he wound up in the finale with a shriek louder than all the rest:

"Morris, Morris!" Then a gruff passenger, who had been rudely awakened, answered and said:

"Oh, for God's sake, shut up! Morris ain't in here."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Shortening Sail on Land.

"I've never been to sea," said Mr. Swyzzleby, "and so I've never seen 'em shorten sail in a storm at sea, but I think I can form a pretty good idea of how its done, for I live in a flat, and I've seen the people take in their washing on washdays when a shower came up."

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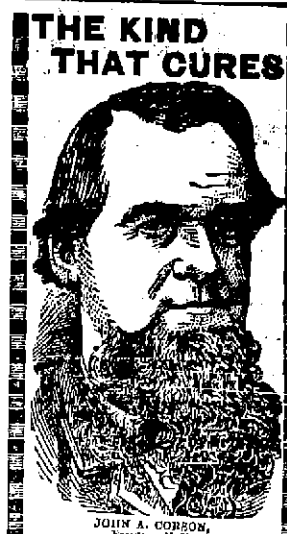
LOWELL, MASS.
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
ESTABLISHED 1852. CHARTERED 1865.
This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address The Superior.

THE KIND THAT CURES



JOHN A. CORSON,
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SLEPT IN A CHAIR 40 YEARS!
Now Goes to Bed and "Sleeps Like a Child!"
We Challenge the World to Show a Parallel Case!

TO ANYONE WHO DOUBTS THE TRUTH OF MR. CORSON'S STATEMENT WE WOULD SAY, "INVESTIGATE." WE CITE THE MOST THOROUGH INVESTIGATION OF ALL OUR TESTIMONIALS.

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GENTLEMEN:—I have been troubled with ASTHMA for 40 YEARS, suffering so badly as to be unable to lie down in bed for any length of time, being compelled to obtain what sleep I could get sitting in a chair. Have tried Doctors and every medicine I could see or hear of without obtaining much relief. Last Spring I saw

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

advertised and concluded to try it, though with much faith, but after taking a few doses, feeling easier at night I continued, and at the expiration of a few days COULD SLEEP IN A HORIZONTAL POSITION AS WELL AS A CHILD. Have never lost any sleep since. In consequence of which my general health has improved wonderfully. Have only taken two bottles.
I remain, yours respectfully,
Freedom, N. H. JOHN A. CORSON.

GENTS—I am personally acquainted with J. D. Corson and can assure you of his PERFECT RELIABILITY. Yours truly,
CHAS. W. HICKS,
Wolfboro, N. H. Druggist.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

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MERRIMACK
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
(OLD ANDOVER CO.)
This solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.
20 per cent. dividends are paid on five year policies.
All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by
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MERCHANT TAILOR.
FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY.
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Our Store will be Closed, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings until further notice.

Special Bargains
—IN—
NIGHT ROBES.

We place upon our counters today 300 elegant ROBES, Handsomely trimmed with Jabot Fronts, regular selling price $1.25. Our price
Only 59c. Each.
This is one of the greatest bargains ever offered in this country. To distribute them as widely as possible, we will only sell 2 to a customer.
First come, first served. The price will clean them all out by Saturday. Take a look at the goods in our window—you cannot resist buying them.

YOUNG'S
BARGAIN STORE,
111 CENTRAL ST.

FOR CASH,
Suits Made to Order
$20.
We do this during July to give work to our help.
Every Suit Warranted in Every Particular.
W. H. DAVIS,
50 CENTRAL ST.

CLEVELAND WHEELS.
Callahan & Sanborn
Merrimack Square, Bridge St.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Mate Leroy Discusses Some New Fancies in Jewelry.

A Tendency Toward a Profuse Display of Old Fashioned Ornaments—New Styles In Neckwear—An Innovation in Wraps—Fall Woolens and Winter Furs.

NOVELTIES FOR MIDSUMMER.

The upper right figure shows a stylish blouse for a young girl, made of percale or silk. There is a double shirring across the bust. The sleeves are balloon, with a ruffle at the elbow. The figure in the center is an outing suit of striped novelty goods, with Eton jacket and dotted silk waist and a lace jabot tie. The large black Neapolitan hat is trimmed with black lace, black feathers, black silk bows and rhinestone buckle. At the left is a novel hat with wide side brim, trimmed with velvet ribbon, jet, black plumes and an upright bouquet of several kinds of flowers. The hat is black straw.

I have had the pleasure of looking at a large stock of jewelry that is to mark a new era in such matters for the coming fall and winter season. For several years very little jewelry has been worn on the street aside from a watch or a stickpin or so, and all earrings were tiny, generally being nothing but a diamond or pearl set on a screw. There was a reaction against display, most particularly for the young, but now a reaction against simplicity has set in, and before the next season is in full swing nobody will be seen without jewelry, and chiefest among those ornaments will be the earrings. There are a few of the leaders of all new styles who have already appeared with the long, fanci-

NEW STYLES IN JEWELRY.

ful "eard- -s" in vogue during our great grandmothers' time. Perhaps they had them, but in any case they have been seen, and they go so well with the styles now in favor of dress, coiffure and bonnets that we have been obliged to admire them as the right things in the right place. The earrings are long and made with slender chains, which support the lower portion, which is of intricate and extremely delicate workmanship. There are pearls, diamonds, turquoises and emeralds among the jewels set in these pendants. Some are of medium size, but more are over an inch long. I saw several pairs of hoop earrings, one pair set with diamonds that had a blue luster.

The lace and corsage pins follow the shapes and designs of the earrings, and fine chains are a feature in the most of them. Arabesques of every imaginable convolution are seen, and these twist about the jewels in a very artistic and ingenious manner. Necklaces follow the same general plan and are remarkable for their lightness and grace. One very beautiful necklace had one line of turquoise cut square, broken at intervals of one inch by little rosettes of seven pearls each. These held a festoon of turquoises graded in size from that of a very small pea to a pinhead. From the pearl rosettes hung fine chains of gold, with three pearls strung like beads on all the festoons except that in front. That had a cross made of four small pearls and a center of turquoise. Between the festoons were pendants, the inner ones being of three small pearls and the outer ones of gold, with one pearl at the end of each. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and grace of this necklace.

The chatelaine watch pendants are made in the same artistic style, and many of the fobs are set with jasper, coral or cornelian, with an initial letter carved thereon to serve as a cachet. Stickpins are shown in the same general design, but are considerably smaller than before. On the other hand, some of the jeweled hairpins might be called combs, they are so large, but the work upon them is fine and light. Rings, too, are not so massive, but are more artistic and are wrought with almost microscopic fineness. Long slender gold chains to watches are now in as high favor as they were a hundred years ago, and she is a happy woman who can bring forth an heirloom of that kind. If she cannot do that, she can buy one, and if she makes believe "real hard" it will give her as much satisfaction as if her ancestress did wear it.

The new ideas put forth in neckwear and other accessories are pretty, though not very striking. Perhaps they are prettier by not being so remarkable. Anyhow they give a dainty and seal of daintiness to [illegible] One was

The collar was 2½ inches wide and covered smoothly. In front there was a large soft bow set on the lower edge. The ends were 15 inches long, and on them was set an applique of duchess lace. A little more was placed upon the knot. This was extremely rich and elegant and suitable for an elderly lady. Another had a shaped dog collar of cherry velvet, with a large rhinestone buckle in front. At the front there fell a deep cross plait of white lace, and above that another piece was laid under and over a diamond shaped piece of black moire ribbon. This was intended more for evening wear than for the street. If, however, the collar were to be made of black, it would be suitable for any occasion. A bow of black moire 6 inches wide was tied into a very tight knot and had short ends cut diagonally. These were hemmed and had borders of white lace put on straight, but made considerably wider at the bottom than at the top. This can be worn with anything at any time. Another very graceful and pretty design had a plain bow and cravat ends. These ends were bordered with a ruffle of medium width valenciennes lace, and the lace was carried up the front in a jabot fold, and there it turned over the bow in the center. The ribbon was lilac moire, but any other color could be substituted.

Such fanciful additions as these can be worn on warm summer days, and with a

NEW STYLES IN NECKWEAR.

print or lawn or other light dress they look dainty and summerlike. There really is no limit to the variety of neckwear, and they are so easy to make, these little trifles. A plain dress made of salmon colored barege, with no trimming whatever, was made to look very festive by a postiche yoke of point de Paris lace, with full caps of the same, and a high collar of white moire. These were two stole ends of white silk muslin bordered by the same lace, but narrowed down by rolling the upper edge. There was a grass green belt of moire tied in a bow, with long ends in the back. Probably an hour's work would make this addition to a plain gown. Some of the best effects are achieved by the simplest means.

A very handsome new summer dress intended for garden parties was of pale gray blue taffeta in two shades of the same color and overthrown with swivel woven polka dots of bluish white. Around the bottom there was a double gauffered flounce 8 inches deep, and this was bordered with a blue and white passementerie. The blue was two shades darker than the darker shade in the skirt. There was a border of white Russian lace set under the passementerie on the skirt to represent a diagonal drapery. The waist was a plain Spencer, with a fichu of the taffeta bordered with lace and passementerie. The fichu ended in the back with a wide sash trimmed all around to match the rest of the dress. It made an elegant costume. At the throat was a small bow, with lace at the ends.

These colored passementeries are new and are very effective if not very durable trimming, and it is thought they will be popular in the early fall for light woolens and silks. They are made so as to stand up in high relief and are showy. We have had them in black, but never in colors before. I saw some woven in Parisian colors, and they are really beautiful. The colors will match those of the coming season, and if one can form an opinion from that scrap of information there will be much Persian coloring seen.

I saw a few samples of cloakings for fall [illegible] different variations on heavy Persian brocade in small designs. The colors were soft and blended with all the taste and skill of the Persians. There were also some very splendid black matelasse weaves for rich black mantles, and the material is too thick and unyielding for anything but long wraps. There is a new basket weave for long cloaks which is nearly half an inch thick, though light and soft. This is shown in black, blue and very dark gray and brown.

It is rather early just yet to predict what will be worn next winter, but the samples are here, and even some of the goods. It seems queer, but ever since last summer men and women have been working on the things we are to wear next winter.

There is one innovation now ready to be thrust upon us, and that is to have coats and wraps made of mohair lined with white satin. These coats are of decidedly historic shape, and stand up in the back full and stiff, and are cut away in front to show the vest inside. Some of them have self sleeves, but others have sleeves to

GARDEN PARTY DRESSES.

match the gown worn with them. The mohair coat is worn with the richest silks. Heretofore mohair was considered a pretty and showy but rather inferior goods and was known under the name of alpaca, but now coats are made of it.

I was told by a furrier that the furs worn last season were not a circumstance beside the amount of fur that the coming season will require for trimmings and garments. The seal will be so very expensive that everybody will want nothing else, but in place of sealskin there will be a large amount of red fox worn. This will be used as lining to fly open wraps and mantles. It is very expensive and not particularly handsome, but it will be stylish. The preference will be, it is thought, for the hairy furs, and, aside from sealskin, they will be worn on everything. Beaver will be plucked so as to leave here and there a long hair, so that it will show white against the rest of the fur. "Pointed beaver" they call this, and it is very rich and handsome. Sea otter will be another favorite fur for trimming handsome garments. It is very costly and yet not showy, and nothing could make it look common. Sable and ermine and fine chinchilla will be employed to as great an extent as possible. Swan's down is coming forward as trimming for evening wraps, and it will be placed on them in great round bands, lined and puffed up with cotton, so as to get the greatest possible effect. Swan's down is unapproachable for beauty and softness of effect, and it is a move in the right direction to employ it. The commoner furs will be seen everywhere and on everything. The shapes of the new fur garments are decidedly 1830 style.

I find by search among the importers that the fall woolens will be very light and in soft tints, but in nearly all of them, where they are made of one color, there will be two shades, so distinct that it will give them a changeable appearance. Changeable and opaline goods have not gone out yet by any means, as we shall see when fall opens. There are silks in many tints changing like the opals and pearls, and others with metallic luster, as though the fabric was made of silver, gold, copper and steel wires, all woven in together.

I saw one piece of stuff that made me stare. It was of a magnificent moire in pale blue, and over this was a series of satin stripes, and still above was a pattern thrown up in high relief in cream white, exactly as if there was a breadth of old venetian point stretched over it all. I had to feel it and turn it over to satisfy myself about it. This is 27 inches wide and costs $15 per yard. Two dress patterns have already been sold off this piece, and it is shown only to a select few. The gentleman who showed it told me that it would not be duplicated. Every season there are a few such pieces of goods received and sold to regular customers. No trimming save venetian point and pearls can be placed on such superb material without cheapening it. MATE LEROY.

Forgot He Was Married.

A story is told of a newly wedded couple who were guests at the Kennedy House, Chattanooga. The man registered like this: "August Buerger and wife." He remained one day, and when he stepped up to ask the amount of his bill Clerk Bayless said it would be $4.

"Four dollars!" Mr. Buerger said. "Why, your rates are rather high, aren't they?"

"No, I guess not. That's only $2 a day."

"But I have been here only one day."

"I know it, but it is $4," Mr. Bayless replied.

"How do you figure that?" the newly wedded man asked as he leaned over the counter with a frown of perplexity on his otherwise blissful features.

"Well, there's yourself, one day, $2; and there's your wife, one day, $2; two and two make four."

Then the fellow slammed his fist down on the register, while a crimson flush of blood suffused his cheeks.

"Well, I'll swear," he cried, "if I didn't forget all about her. I'll eat my hat. Here, take this V, keep the change and say nothing about it, please."

But the clerk didn't keep the change, so he didn't think there was any reason why he shouldn't tell the story, which he did, and thus it's told.—Hotel Reporter.

She Didn't Want Anything.

Two soft white arms go stealing around his neck, and a fair, peachlike cheek is rubbed against his own. Faintly whispered, "Dear papa" and "Darling papa," and "Don't you love your own little Ruth?" reach his startled ears as he vainly attempts to pull himself together and avoid the loving sugar coated attack which he well knows is coming.

"Well, daughter mine," he finally asks, "what is it? Not another new dress, surely?"

"Oh, no, papa darling."

"H-m-m, better still. It isn't the florist?"

"No, you dearest papa."

"H-m-m, is it a trip to Europe?"

"No, you loveliest of papas."

"Well, what in the name of goodness do you want, my girl?"

"Papa mine, I don't want anything—ah—that is—Tom wants me."—Truth.

Looking Out Nevertheless.

Johnny—Tommy, let's put our pennies together and buy ma a nice birthday present.

Tommy—All right.

"What shall it be?"

"I guess we had better get her a pair of slipper."—Texas Siftings.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

WAR AND EDUCATION AND HOW REGARDED.

By Various Civilized Nations—More Spent for War Than for Intellectual Improvement.

There is no better proof, according to the Philadelphia Record, of the essential barbarism of even the most civilized nations of the world than is afforded by a comparison of the money they expend for the maintenance of physical supremacy as against the expenditure for mental improvement. Though it be assumed that brain is better than brawn, there is no evidence that statesmen so regard it. In some tables recently compiled the amounts per capita expended by various governments for military and for educational purposes are set down as follows:

	Military.	Education.
France	$4 00	70
England	3 72	62
Holland	3 58	64
Saxony	2 38	35
Wurtemberg	2 35	38
Bavaria	2 53	40
Prussia	2 04	50
Russia	2 04	3
Denmark	1 76	94
Italy	1 52	36
Belgium	1 38	46
Austria	1 30	32
Switzerland	82	84
United States	30	$1.35

A Popular American Production.

The consumption of pies in New York city, says The Sun, is increasing steadily and largely, but the increase is not quite so great proportionately as the increase of the population. This is due to the fact that many of the foreign born residents are not pie consumers. They are beginning to take to pie, however, and the number of those who eat them is increasing. The native citizen's taste for pie appears to remain about the same, and the average American consumption about keeps pace with the increase of that portion of the population, but its distribution is changed somewhat. The home consumption is now less than formerly and the restaurant and lunchroom consumption more.

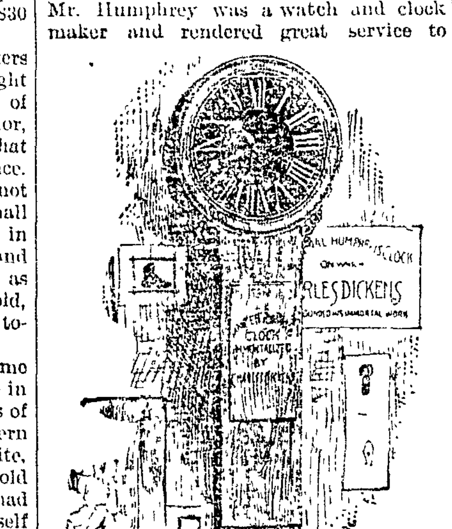
Forty years ago practically every family had a pie for dinner. They expected to have a pie as much as they expected to set the table. In the old days pies were made in only two sizes. Now they are made in five, but otherwise they remain practically unchanged. The head of a large pie baking establishment, of long experience in the business, says that the people still prefer the old fashioned pie, such as their mothers made.

A Souvenir of Dickens.

The Jewelers' Circular illustrates the famous "Master Humphrey's Clock," which is now ticking in a busy New York office, the property of Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, and remarks that it never was in London, in spite of Charles Dickens and the historians. Dickens made very free with his "stage properties." His account of Master Humphrey's clock is no more veracious than that of the "Seven Poor Travelers" who foregathered in Watts' charity that windy Christmas night.

In The Shoe and Leather Reporter of July 13, 1876, Mr. Bailey says:

"Until within a few weeks the original Master Humphrey's clock was to be seen over the door of the late Mr. Humphrey's shop in Barnard castle, Durham, England. Mr. Humphrey was a watch and clock maker and rendered great service to



MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

Charles Dickens in supplying him with materials for his 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and it was this worthy horologist's clock that suggested to him the quaint repository in which he chose to locate the manuscript of 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' Mr. Humphrey directed Mr Dickens and his friend Phiz to the school which the two travelers rendered infamous by their pen and pencil. The schoolmaster had been very successful in obtaining pupils and had become very tyrannical and insulting to strangers. He received Mr. Dickens and his companion with extreme hauteur and did not so much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of penmaking during their interview. But Phiz, who did not venture to display his drawing materials openly, sketched him on his thumb nail and reproduced him so exactly that soon after the appearance of the novel the 'Dotheboys' school fell off and was ultimately deserted."

How Zola Writes.

Zola is a slow writer and seems to have difficulty in the mere mechanical operation of penmanship. Four pages, not a line more or less, day after day without interruption for years and years, line upon line, this has been the secret of a literary production which has not its equal among living writers. Immense preparation had been necessary for the "Aute de l'Abbe Mouret." Mountains of notebooks were heaped up on his table, and for months Zola was plunged in the study of religious works. All the mystical part of the book and notably the passages having reference to the cultus of Mary were taken from the works of the Spanish Jesuits. The "Imitation of Jesus Christ" was largely drawn upon, many passages being copied almost word for word into the novel—much as in "Clarissa Harlowe" that other great realist, Richardson, copied whole passages from the Psalms. The description of life in a grand seminary was given him by a priest who had been dismissed from ecclesiastical service. The little church of Ste. Marie des Batignolles was regularly visited.—R. H. Sherrard.

Wages and Rent at Pullman.

So much has been said in the papers about the houses furnished employees by the Pullman company that the testimony of one of the men is of interest. He says: "For a sample I refer you to my place of staying (not living). I have four little rooms somewhat larger than Corbett's fist for the small sum of $12 per month; also 60 cents per month for water. But that is not all. If a man leaves his flat, he is liable to get a permanent furlough."

This same man, speaking of the reduction against which the strike was made, says: "I used to get every two weeks an average of $50; now I get from $12 to $15."

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235 and 237 Central Street.

-IF YOU WANT-

SUMMER SHIRT WAISTS

That Will Fit Well and Don't Cost Too High, Come to Us.

Everything from 50c. to $1.25, also a lot of Silk Waists that will wear well, at less than the material would cost, even at 49c. a yard, whether in remnants or off the piece.

Gauze Undervests, long or short sleeves, 17c. or 3 for half a dollar.

Jersey Undervests, 5, 8½, 10, 12½c. and upwards. 50 different styles to select from.

Boys' regular 25c. Shirts and Drawers in colors, 15c., 2 for 25c.

Remnants of Laces and Hamburgs way down; buy at your own price.

Belts and Belt Buckles all kinds.

Duck Suits and Storm Serge Suits, all our make, which means they fit.

Ladies' Midsummer Wrappers, 98c., $1.25, $1 50 and $1.75.

Lace Mitts, colors or black. The 25c. Mitt is sold by some concerns at 39c. and considered cheap. See us before you buy.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

NOTICE—Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings during July and August.

Last Tuesday morning we commenced our annual sale of remnants of Printed Silks, and we never had such a great sale in all our experience. Our department was enlarged to four times its usual space, and still it was crowded all day with delighted purchasers. The variety is still good, but the amount sold was something wonderful, something beyond our most sanguine expectation.

If you have not yet secured any of them, you ought to call at once and secure enough for Blouse Waists and Dresses.

There is not an old style in the whole lot, but all this season's productions. The designs and colorings are superb. They are matched up in convenient lengths for Blouse Waists and Dresses.

They are the regular one dollar quality. We are selling them at unusual low price of 49c. a yard.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

Something new at all times. Now they are using Black Brilliantine for bathing suits. The salesman at our Black Goods counter will explain the many advantages that Brilliantine has over other material for that purpose.

25 inches wide, 25 cents.
38 inches wide, 50, 62, 75 cents.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

10 pieces of Navy Blue Storm Serge just come in. We got them from a manufacturer who wanted to sell the balance he had on hand. We got them under price, and shall give you the advantage of our buying. They are perfect in every way; all wool warp and filling, the color is perfectly fast, and will not crock. Sold everywhere at either 68 or 75c.; 50 inches wide; our price is 49c. a yard. We have many other grades of Storm Serges that we will be pleased to show you.

Palmer Street—Right Aisle.

At the Lining Counter you will find nothing but first-class and guaranteed goods. That is the secret of our selling more Linings than all of the other stores in the city. We have all of the new grades as soon as they appear in market.

Crinolines, Canvas, Lining Muslins, French Canvas, Buckram, Grassine, Hair Cloth, Haire oth Canvas, Cotton Haircloth, Lining Crinoline, Wigan, Fast Black Cambric, Rustling Percaline, Light Weight Surah Lining, Twilled Silesia, English Silesia, French Percaline, Surah Silesia, Watered Percale, Printed Silesia, Common Cambric, English Percale, Cotton Alpaca, Elastic Linings, Watered Percale, Silcet, Rustling Silkaline.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle

Take no substitute for Hudnut's Richest Perfumes and Toilet Waters.

Merrimack Street, Right Aisle.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING CO. ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL MASS.

THE BIG CLOTHING HOUSE

TREMENDOUS MARK-DOWN SALE

—OF—

Men's Fine Tailor-made Suits, Pants and Light Weight Coats.

—ALSO—

Men's Straw Hats and Soft and Stiff Felt Hats.

Excepitonal Values in Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs, Underwear, Hosiery, &c.

Special Bargains in Trunks and Bags for this Stock-taking Sale.

Boys' Pants and Waists a Specialty.

OPPO. CITY HALL.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,

Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing July 1, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 2.30, 3 15, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.30, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 8.50, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.20, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 (11.21 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25, (11.25 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport and Amesbury, 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 6.20 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4 10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5 10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, and Quebec, 8 30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays). SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Fridays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

On and After July 1, 1894, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:—

For Boston—5 45, 6 30, ¶6 50, *7 45, *8 50, ¶9 00, *9 40, 11 00 a. m.: 1 40, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5 40, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45, a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5 48, 6 34, ¶6 53, §7 01, §7 18, §7 27, *7 48, *8 57, 9 03, *9 50, 11 03, 11 44 a. m., *12 17, 1 43, 3 03, ¶3 03, 4 00, 4 10, 4 33, ¶5 21, *5 43, 6 28, 7 47, 8.46 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7 18, 7.27, 8 45, *9 16 a. m.; §4 25, §6 03 p. m.

For Woburn, §7 01, 7 45, 11 00 a.m.; 1 40, 4 30, 8 40 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45 a. m., §4 26, 6 03, p.m. *Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 2.10, 4.15, 5.50 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞Time below is from Middlesex street station.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.00 and 5.47 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.57, 9.14, 9.45, 10.13 a.m.; 12.11, 12.57, 1.44, 9.59, 3.43, 5.42, 6.21, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.02 a.m. (to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.45a. m.; 12.11, 1.44, 5.42, §8 13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.44 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.56 and †8.43, p.m.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, †8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.59 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞§Daily for Montreal.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.
H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't. Lowell.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street. Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch epairing.

W. A. LEW. 49 John Street. Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 137 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Mansur Block Attorney at Law.

BOOT'S OLD 64 CIGAR, For Sale by all Dealers, For a Good Smoke Try One. No. 9 Merrimack St. Henry Boot, Prop.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 333 to 345 Central St Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

T. M. BOLTON, 139 Market Street, Gates' Block, Saddle and Harness Maker, Fine Rep airing at the Lowest Rates

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 378 Bridge Street, Meats and Provisions. (Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street COAL. Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 121 Central Street. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

We will sell the material necessary for heating a house, AT COST FOR SPOT CASH.

-THE-

H. R. Barker M'f'g Co.

Guarantees this.

What would Lowell be without the spindle? The city is known the world over as "The Spindle City."

The Spindle Cigar is made by HENRY FLOOD: best smoke in town.

NewspaperARCHIVE® NewspaperARCHIVE®

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

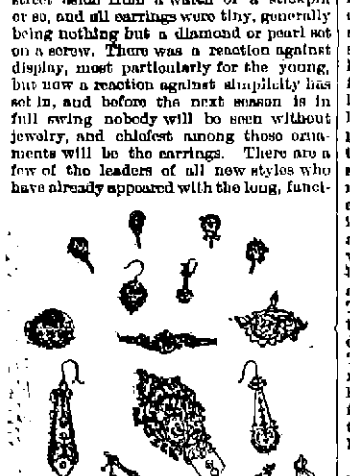
Mate Leroy Discusses Some New Fancies in Jewelry.

A Tendency Toward a Profuse Display of Old Fashioned Ornaments—New Styles In Neckwear—An Innovation in Wraps—Fall Woolens and Winter Furs.

NOVELTIES FOR MIDSUMMER.

The upper right figure shows a stylish blouse for a young girl, made of percale or silk. There is a double shirring across the bust. The sleeves are balloon, with a ruffle at the elbow. The figure in the center is an outing suit of striped novelty goods, with Eton jacket and dotted silk waist and a lace jabot tie. The large black Neapolitan hat is trimmed with black lace, black feathers, black silk bows and rhinestone buckle. At the left is a novel hat with wide side brim, trimmed with velvet ribbon, jet, black plumes and an upright bouquet of several kinds of flowers. The hat is black straw.

I have had the pleasure of looking at a large stock of jewelry that is to mark a new era in such matters for the coming fall and winter season. For several years very little jewelry has been worn on the street aside from a watch or a stickpin or so, and all earrings were tiny, generally being nothing but a diamond or pearl set on a screw. There was a reaction against display, most particularly for the young, but now a reaction against simplicity has set in, and before the next season is in full swing nobody will be seen without jewelry, and chiefest among those ornaments will be the earrings. There are a few of the leaders of all new styles who have already appeared with the long, funct-



NEW STYLES IN JEWELRY.

ful "card- -s" in vogue during our great grandmothers' time. Perhaps they had them, but in any case they have been seen, and they go so well with the styles now in favor of dress, coiffure and bonnets that we have been obliged to admire them as the right things in the right place. The earrings are long and made with slender chains, which support the lower portion, which is of intricate and extremely delicate workmanship. There are pearls, diamonds, turquoises and emeralds among the jewels set in these pendants. Some are of medium size, but more are over an inch long. I saw several pairs of hoop earrings, one pair set with diamonds that had a blue luster.

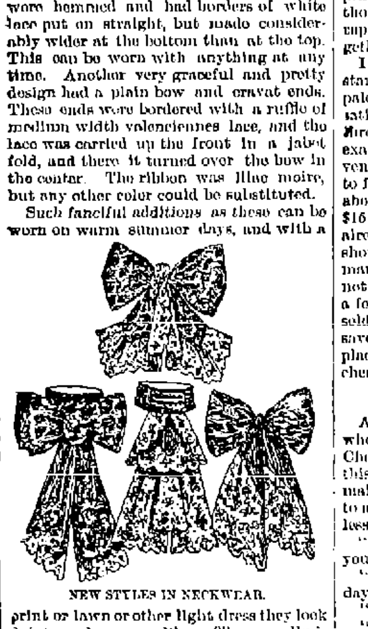
The lace and corsage pins follow the shapes and designs of the earrings, and fine chains are a feature in the most of them. Arabesques of every imaginable convolution are seen, and these twist about the jewels in a very artistic and ingenious manner. Necklaces follow the same general plan and are remarkable for their lightness and grace. One very beautiful necklace had one line of turquoise cut square, broken at intervals of one inch by little rosettes of seven pearls each. These held a festoon of turquoises graded in size from that of a very small pea to a pinhead. From the pearl rosettes hung fine chains of gold, with three pearls strung like beads on all the festoons except that in front. That had a cross made of four small pearls and a center of turquoise. Between the festoons were pendants, the inner ones being of three small pearls and the outer ones of gold, with one pearl at the end of each. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and grace of this necklace.

The chatelaine watch pendants are made in the same artistic style, and many of the fobs are set with jasper, coral or cornelian, with an initial letter carved thereon to serve as a cachet. Stickpins are shown in the same general design, but are considerably smaller than before. On the other hand, some of the jeweled hairpins might be called combs, they are so large, but the work upon them is fine and light. Rings, too, are not so massive, but are more artistic and are wrought with almost microscopic fineness. Long slender gold chains to watches are now in as high favor as they were a hundred years ago, and she is a happy woman who can bring forth an heirloom of that kind. If she cannot do that, she can buy one, and if she [illegible] believe "real hard" it will give her as much satisfaction as if her ancestress did wear it.

The new ideas put forth in neckwear and other accessories are pretty, though not very striking. Perhaps they are prettier by not being so remarkable. Anyhow they give a dainty and seal of daintiness to any costume, however plain. One was [illegible] 6 inches wide.

The collar was 2¼ inches wide and covered smoothly. In front there was a large soft bow set on the lower edge. The ends were 15 inches long, and on them was set an applique of duchess lace. A little more was placed upon the knot. This was extremely rich and elegant and suitable for an elderly lady. Another had a shaped dog collar of cherry velvet, with a large rhinestone buckle in front. At the front there fell a deep cross plait of white lace, and above that another piece was laid under and over a diamond shaped piece of black moire ribbon. This was intended more for evening wear than for the street. If, however, the collar were to be made of black, it would be suitable for any occasion. A bow of black moire 6 inches wide was tied into a very tight knot and had short ends cut diagonally. These were hemmed and had borders of white lace put on straight, but made considerably wider at the bottom than at the top. This can be worn with anything at any time. Another very graceful and pretty design had a plain bow and cravat ends. These ends were bordered with a ruffle of medium width valenciennes lace, and the lace was carried up the front in a jabot fold, and there it turned over the bow in the center. The ribbon was lilac moire, but any other color could be substituted.

Such fanciful additions as these can be worn on warm summer days, and with a



NEW STYLES IN NECKWEAR.

print or lawn or other light dress they look dainty and summerlike. There really is no limit to the variety of neckwear, and they are so easy to make, these little trifles. A plain dress made of salmon colored barege, with no trimming whatever, was made to look very festive by a postiche yoke of point de Paris lace, with full caps of the same, and a high collar of white moire. These were two stole ends of white silk muslin bordered by the same lace, but narrowed down by rolling the upper edge. There was a grass green belt of moire tied in a bow, with long ends in the back. Probably an hour's work would make this addition to a plain gown. Some of the best effects are achieved by the simplest means.

A very handsome new summer dress intended for garden parties was of pale gray blue taffeta in two shades of the same color and overthrown with swivel woven polka dots of bluish white. Around the bottom there was a double gauffered flounce 8 inches deep, and this was bordered with a blue and white passementerie. The blue was two shades darker than the darker shade in the skirt. There was a border of white Russian lace set under the passementerie on the skirt to represent a diagonal drapery. The waist was a plain Spencer, with a fichu of the taffeta bordered with lace and passementerie. The fichu ended in the back with a wide sash trimmed all around to match the rest of the dress. It made an elegant costume. At the throat was a small bow, with lace at the ends.

These colored passementeries are new and are very effective if not very durable trimming, and it is thought they will be popular in the early fall for light woolens and silks. They are made so as to stand up in high relief and are showy. We have had them in black, but never in colors before. I saw some woven in Parisian colors, and they are really beautiful. The colors will match those of the coming season, and if one can form an opinion from that scrap of information there will be much Persian coloring seen.

I saw a few samples of cloakings for fall and winter, and among them were eight different variations on heavy Persian brocade in small designs. The colors were soft and blended with all the taste and skill of the Persians. There were also some very splendid black matelasse weaves for rich black mantles, and the material is too thick and unyielding for anything but long wraps. There is a new basket weave for long cloaks which is nearly half an inch thick, though light and soft. This is shown in black, blue and very dark gray and brown.

It is rather early just yet to predict what will be worn next winter, but the samples are here, and even some of the goods. It seems queer, but ever since last summer men and women have been working on the things we are to wear next winter.

There is one innovation now ready to be thrust upon us, and that is to have coats and wraps made of mohair lined with white satin. These coats are of decidedly historic shape, and stand up in the back full and stiff, and are cut away in front to show the vest inside. Some of them have self sleeves, but others have sleeves to

GARDEN PARTY DRESSES.

match the gown worn with them. The mohair coat is worn with the richest silks. Heretofore mohair was considered a pretty and showy but rather inferior goods and was known under the name of alpaca, but now coats are made of it.

I was told by a furrier that the furs worn last season were not a circumstance beside the amount of fur that the coming season will require for trimmings and garments. The seal will be so very expensive that everybody will want nothing else, but in place of sealskin there will be a large amount of red fox worn. This will be used as lining to fly open wraps and mantles. It is very expensive and not particularly handsome, but it will be stylish. The preference will be, it is thought, for the hairy furs, and, aside from sealskin, they will be worn on everything. Beaver will be plucked so as to leave here and there a long hair, so that it will show white against the rest of the fur. "Pointed beaver" they call this, and it is very rich and handsome. Sea otter will be another favorite fur for trimming handsome garments. It is very costly and yet not showy, and nothing could make it look common. Sable and ermine and fine chinchilla will be employed to as great an extent as possible. Swan's down is coming forward as trimming for evening wraps, and it will be placed on them in great round bands, lined and puffed up with cotton, so as to get the greatest possible effect. Swan's down is unapproachable for beauty and softness of effect, and it is a move in the right direction to employ it. The commoner furs will be seen everywhere and on everything. The shapes of the new fur garments are decidedly 1830 style.

I find by search among the importers that the fall woolens will be very light and in soft tints, but in nearly all of them, where they are made of one color, there will be two shades, so distinct that it will give them a changeable appearance. Changeable and opaline goods have not gone out yet by any means, as we shall see when fall opens. There are silks in many tints changing like the opals and pearls, and others with metallic luster, as though the fabric was made of silver, gold, copper and steel wires, all woven together.

I saw one piece of stuff that made me stare. It was of a magnificent moire in pale blue, and over this was a series of satin stripes, and still above was a pattern thrown up in high relief in cream white, exactly as if there was a breadth of old venetian point stretched over it all. I had to feel it and turn it over to satisfy myself about it. This is 27 inches wide and costs $16 per yard. Two dress patterns have already been sold off this piece, and it is shown only to a select few. The gentleman who showed it told me that it would not be duplicated. Every season there are a few such pieces of goods received and sold to regular customers. No trimming save venetian point and pearls can be placed on such superb material without cheapening it. MATE LEROY.

Forgot He Was Married.

A story is told of a newly wedded couple who were guests at the Kennedy House, Chattanooga. The man registered like this: "August Buerger and wife." He remained one day, and when he stepped up to ask the amount of his bill Clerk Bayless said it would be $4.

"Four dollars!" Mr. Buerger said. "Why, your rates are rather high, aren't they?"

"No, I guess not. That's only $2 a day."

"But I have been here only one day."

"I know it, but it is $4," Mr. Bayless replied.

"How do you figure that?" the newly wedded man asked as he leaned over the counter with a frown of perplexity on his otherwise blissful features.

"Well, there's yourself, one day, $2; and there's your wife, one day, $2; two and two make four."

Then the fellow slammed his fist down on the register, while a crimson flush of blood suffused his cheeks.

"Well, I'll swear," he cried, "if I didn't forget all about her, I'll eat my hat. Here, take this V, keep the change and say nothing about it, please."

But the clerk didn't keep the change, so he didn't think there was any reason why he shouldn't tell the story, which he did, and thus it's told.—Hotel Reporter.

She Didn't Want Anything.

Two soft white arms go stealing around his neck, and a fair, peachlike cheek is rubbed against his own. Faintly whispered, "Dear papa" and "Darling papa," and "Don't you love your own little Ruth?" reach his startled ears as he vainly attempts to pull himself together and avoid the loving sugar coated attack which he well knows is coming.

"Well, daughter mine," he finally asks, "what is it? Not another new dress, surely?"

"Oh, no, papa darling."

"H-m-m, better still. It isn't the florist?"

"No, you dearest papa."

"H-m-m, is it a trip to Europe?"

"No, you loveliest of papas."

"Well, what in the name of goodness do you want, my girl?"

"Papa mine, I don't want anything—ah—that is—Tom wants me."—Truth.

Looking Out Nevertheless.

Johnny—Tommy, let's put our pennies together and buy ma a nice birthday present.

Tommy—All right.

"What will it be?"

"I guess we'd better get her a golden slipper."—Texas Siftings.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

WAR AND EDUCATION AND HOW REGARDED.

By Various Civilized Nations—More Spent for War Than for Intellectual Improvement.

There is no better proof, according to the Philadelphia Record, of the essential barbarism of even the most civilized nations of the world than is afforded by a comparison of the money they expend for the maintenance of physical supremacy as against the expenditure for mental improvement. Though it be assumed that brain is better than brawn, there is no evidence that statesmen so regard it. In some tables recently compiled the amounts per capita expended by various governments for military and for educational purposes are set down as follows:

	Military.	Education.
France	$4 10	70
England	3 72	62
Holland	3 58	61
Saxony	2 88	85
Wurtemberg	2 38	26
Bavaria	2 33	40
Prussia	2 04	60
Russia	2 04	8
Denmark	1 76	91
Italy	1 62	36
Belgium	1 33	40
Austria	1 30	32
Switzerland	82	84
United States	30	$1 35

A Popular American Production.

The consumption of pies in New York city, says The Sun, is increasing steadily and largely, but the increase is not quite so great proportionately as the increase of the population. This is due to the fact that many of the foreign born residents are not pie consumers. They are beginning to take to pie, however, and the number of those who eat them is increasing. The native citizen's taste for pie appears to remain about the same, and the average American consumption about keeps pace with the increase of that portion of the population, but its distribution is changed somewhat. The home consumption is now less than formerly and the restaurant and lunchroom consumption more.

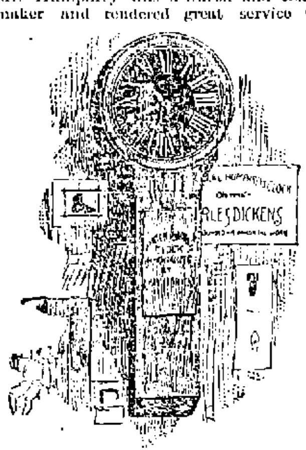
Forty years ago practically every family had a pie for dinner. They expected to have a pie as much as they expected to set the table. In the old days pies were made in only two sizes. Now they are made in five, but otherwise they remain practically unchanged. The head of a large pie baking establishment, of long experience in the business, says that the people still prefer the old fashioned pie, such as their mothers made.

A Souvenir of Dickens.

The Jewelers' Circular illustrates the famous "Master Humphrey's Clock," which is now ticking in a busy New York office, the property of Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, and remarks that it never was in London, in spite of Charles Dickens and the historians. Dickens made very free with his "stage properties." His account of Master Humphrey's clock is no more veracious than that of the "Seven Poor Travelers" who foregathered in Watts' charity that windy Christmas night.

In The Shoe and Leather Reporter of July 13, 1876, Mr. Bailey says:

"Until within a few weeks the original Master Humphrey's clock was to be seen over the door of the late Mr. Humphrey's shop in Barnard castle, Durham, England. Mr. Humphrey was a watch and clock maker and rendered great service to



MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

Charles Dickens in supplying him with materials for his 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and it was this worthy horologist's clock that suggested to him the quaint repository in which he chose to locate the manuscript of 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' Mr. Humphrey directed Mr. Dickens and his friend Phiz to the school which the two travelers rendered infamous by their pen and pencil. The schoolmaster had been very successful in obtaining pupils and had become very tyrannical and insulting to strangers. He received Mr. Dickens and his companion with extreme hauteur and did not so much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of penmaking during their interview. But Phiz, who did not venture to display his drawing materials openly, sketched him on his thumb nail and reproduced him so exactly that soon after the appearance of the novel the 'Dotheboys' school fell off and was ultimately deserted."

How Zola Writes.

Zola is a slow writer and seems to have difficulty in the mere mechanical operation of penmanship. Four pages, not a line more or less, day after day without interruption for years and years, line upon line, this has been the secret of a literary production which has not its equal among living writers. Immense preparation had been necessary for the "Auto de l'Abbe Mouret." Mountains of notebooks were heaped up on his table, and for months Zola was plunged in the study of religious works. All the mystical part of the book and notably the passages having reference to the cultus of Mary were taken from the works of the Spanish Jesuits. The "Imitation of Jesus Christ" was largely drawn upon, many passages being copied almost word for word into the novel—much as in "Clarissa Harlowe" that other great realist, Richardson, copied whole passages from the Psalms. The description of life in a grand seminary was given him by a priest who had been dismissed from ecclesiastical service. The little church of Ste. Marie des Batignolles was regularly visited.—R. H. Sherrard.

Wages and Rent at Pullman.

So much has been said in the papers about the houses furnished employees by the Pullman company that the testimony of one of the men is of interest. He says: "For a sample I refer you to my place of staying (not living). I have four little rooms somewhat larger than Corbett's fist for the small sum of $12 per month; also 60 cents per month for water. But that is not all. If a man leaves his flat, he is liable to get a permanent furlough."

This same man, speaking of the reduction against which the strike was made, says: "I used to get every two [illegible] $50; now I get from [illegible]"

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235 and 237 Central Street.

IF YOU WANT

SUMMER SHIRT WAISTS

That Will Fit Well and Don't Cost Too High, Come to Us.

Everything from 50c. to $1.25, also a lot of Silk Waists that will wear well, at less than the material would cost, even at 49c. a yard, whether in remnants or off the piece.

Gauze Undervests, long or short sleeves, 17c. or 3 for half a dollar.

Jersey Undervests, 5, 8½, 10, 12½c. and upwards. 50 different styles to select from.

Boys' regular 25c. Shirts and Drawers in colors, 15c., 2 for 25c.

Remnants of Laces and Hamburgs way down; buy at your own price.

Belts and Belt Buckles all kinds.

Duck Suits and Storm Serge Suits, all our make, which means they fit.

Ladies' Midsummer Wrappers, 98c., $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75.

Lace Mitts, colors or black. The 25c. Mitt is sold by some concerns at 39c. and considered cheap. See us before you buy.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

NOTICE—Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings during July and August.

Last Tuesday morning we commenced our annual sale of remnants of Printed Silks, and we never had such a great sale in all our experience. Our department was enlarged to four times its usual space, and still it was crowded all day with delighted purchasers. The variety is still good, but the amount sold was something wonderful, something beyond our most sanguine expectation.

If you have not yet secured any of them, you ought to call at once and secure enough for Blouse Waists and Dresses.

There is not an old style in the whole lot, but all this season's productions. The designs and colorings are superb. They are matched up in convenient lengths for Blouse Waists and Dresses.

They are the regular one dollar quality. We are selling them at unusual low price of 49c. a yard.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

Something new at all times. Now they are using Black Brilliantine for bathing suits. The salesman at our Black Goods counter will explain the many advantages that Brilliantine has over other material for that purpose.

25 inches wide, 25 cents.
38 inches wide, 50, 62, 75 cents.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

10 pieces of Navy Blue Storm Serge just come in. We got them from a manufacturer who wanted to sell the balance he had on hand. We got them under price, and shall give you the advantage of our buying. They are perfect in every way; all wool warp and filling, the color is perfectly fast, and will not crock. Sold everywhere at either 68 or 75c.; 50 inches wide; our price is 49c. a yard. We have many other grades of Storm Serges that we will be pleased to show you.

Palmer Street—Right Aisle.

At the Lining Counter you will find nothing but first-class and guaranteed goods. That is the secret of our selling more Linings than all of the other stores in the city. We have all of the new grades as soon as they appear in market.

Crinolines, Canvas, Lining Muslins, French Canvas, Buckram, Grassine, Hair Cloth, Haircloth Canvas, Cotton Haircloth, Lining Crinoline, Wigan, Fast Black Cambric, Rustling Percaline, Light Weight Surah Lining, Twilled Silesia, English Silesia, French Percaline, Surah Silesia, Watered Percale, Printed Silesia, Common Cambric, English Percale, Cotton Alpaca, Elastic Linings, Watered Percale, Silesi, Rustling Silkaline.

Palmer Street, Right Aisle.

Take no substitute for Hudnut's Richest Perfumes and Toilet Waters.

Merrimack Street, Right Aisle.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING CO. ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL MASS.

THE BIG CLOTHING HOUSE

TREMENDOUS MARK-DOWN SALE

—OF—

Men's Fine Tailor-made Suits, Pants and Light Weight Coats.

—ALSO—

Men's Straw Hats and Soft and Stiff Felt Hats.

Excepitonal Values in Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs, Underwear, Hosiery, &c.

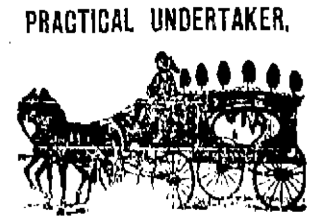
Special Bargains in Trunks and Bags for this Stock-taking Sale.

Boys' Pants and Waists a Specialty.

OPPO. CITY HALL.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,



Always on Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing July 1, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.30, 8.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 12.45, 2.30, 3.15, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.30, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 7.50, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 (11.21 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25, (11.25 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport and Amesbury, 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 6.20 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10 p. m.

For Somersworth, N H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 2.40, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, and Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Fridays at 12.15 p. m.

Southern Division.

On and After July 1, 1894, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:—

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *8.50, ¶9.00, *9.40, 11.00 a. m.; 1.40, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5.40, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45, a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.53, §7.01, §7.16, §7.27, *7.46, *8.57, 9.03, *9.50, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.43, 3.03, §3.03, 4.00, 4.10, 4.33, ¶5.21, *5.45, 6.26, 7.47, 8.46 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.18, 7.27, 8.45, *9.16 a. m.; §4.25, §6.03 p. m.

For Woburn, §7.01, 7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.40, 4.20, 8.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m., §4.20, 6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 2.10, 4.15, 5.50 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.36 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞Time below is from Middlesex street station.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.00 and 5.47 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.57, 9.14, 9.45, 10.13 a. m.; 12.11, 12.57, 1.44, 3.59, 3.43, 5.42, 6.21, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.02, a.m. (to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.45a. m.; 12.11, 1.44, 5.42, §8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.44 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.56 and †8.43. p.m.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, †8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.59 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞†Daily for Montreal.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.

H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't. Lowell.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street.
Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry.
Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch Repairing.

W. A. LEW. 49 John Street.
Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed
Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

E. H. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street,
Constable and Auctioneer.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 137 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Mansur Block
Attorney at Law.

BOOT'S OLD 64 CIGAR, For Sale by all Dealers,
For a Good Smoke Try One.
No. 9 Merrimack St. Henry Boot, Prop.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 333 to 345 Central St
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc.,
Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

T. M. BOLTON, 130 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 378 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street
COAL.
Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 131 Central Street.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal
of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

We will sell the material necessary for heating a house, AT COST FOR SPOT CASH.

THE

H. R. Barker M'f'g Co.

Guarantees this.

What would Lowell be without the spindle? The city is known the world over as "The Spindle City."

The Spindle Cigar

is made by HENRY FLOOD; best smoke in town.

ROUGH JOKES AND TRICKS.

The Pain Inflicting Sports Indulged In at the Homestead Mills.

Amid all this toil and danger the men are not without their sports. It is, let us suppose, 2 o'clock in the morning, and word has come to the rolling mills that the converting mill has broken down and there will be no more steel for at least three hours. The waiters dispose themselves for rest or play as best they can. There is one who has fallen asleep in spite of his efforts to keep awake. He sleeps the sleep of utter exhaustion. But creeping stealthily toward him is a fellow workman, who has in his hand a piece of freshly burnt limestone and a cup of water. He places the limestone on the sleeper's leg and pours the water on it. The limestone begins to steam and smoke.

Still the man sleeps on. But in a moment he stirs uneasily, then springs to his feet, with a cry of pain, only to be greeted with a howl of laughter from a crowd of men who have been watching the fun (?). He holds the hot burned cloth of his trousers away from his blistered skin. Any wrath he may have he best keep to himself, for a man caught sleeping is a fair mark for any joke, however hard. I have seen a shovelful of hot sand put on a man's shoe. No matter how quickly the victim may get his shoe off, in such a case, he has a large blister to warn him not to sleep again.

There is Bill, the greatest wag in the mill, asleep in plain sight on a pile of sand. In Bill this looks suspicious, but a confiding fellow workman, Jim, who has been his victim in many a trick, steals up to "bug" him, as this burning a man with a bit of lime is called. Bill, however, has a flexible, jointed iron pipe concealed in the sand and a confederate at the valve. As Jim is about to place the lime, Bill raises his arm with the nozzle under it. His confederate turns the valve, and a stream of water 1¼ inches in diameter, driven with a force of 500 pounds to the square inch, strikes Jim squarely in the chest, lifting him clear from the ground. Bill coolly keeps the nozzle pointed at him and completely drenches him, though he crawls away as fast as he can.

A man lying down, but obviously wide awake, is approached secretly from behind by another, who places a hot brick convenient to his grasp. Then the second, with much parade, makes an attempt to "bug" him. The lounger springs to his feet, with a cry of rage, and looking about for something to throw seizes the hot brick and gets a blistered hand to nurse along with his wrath.

Such are their joks. Rough? Rather, but then the work is rough too!—McClure's Magazine.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," said the disinterested friend, "to put a high grade bicycle in your window and mark it $50 or some such price? You'd lose some money on it, of course, but look at the advertising you would get out of it. Everybody in town would be talking of it inside of 24 hours, and your store would get a reputation for selling good machines cheap that would be worth hundreds of dollars to you."

"That's not a bad scheme," said the bicycle dealer after thinking it over. "John," he called out to one of the boys, "put that Greased Lightning racer in the front window and mark it $50."

"But"——

"Never mind arguing the matter. I know what I'm doing."

The Greased Lightning racer was placed conspicuously in the show window, with the $50 tag appended.

"Now," said the disinterested friend, "that looks something like it. You'll see a crowd gathering there inside of five minutes. By the way, you may just consider that machine sold. I'll take it off your hands. But I'm no hog," he added cheerfully. "I'll let it stay in your window till tomorrow morning."

"Wasn't that rather an unhandsome trick?" asked the silent partner after the disinterested friend had gone away.

"No," reflected the dealer. "That machine has been on hand two years, but it's worth every cent of $47.50."—Chicago Tribune.

In Boston Society.

It happened at a reception late in the season. The woman poet (a writer for fun) of society, who looks like a duchess of the divinely tall, and, in her youth, most divinely fair type, met the dowager poet of the literary set, who is a writer by profession and a society woman for the profit of it. Said the tall lady to the dumpy lady, "I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. ——, which I haven't done before this season by reason of illness." "Why, I'm surprised to hear you say you are glad to see me,'" said No. 2, fixing the other's lorgnette with her steely eyes. "I heard only last week that you said you thought me the greatest literary fraud of the century." The duchess of the hyphenated name was not nonplused, not she. She merely smiled sweetly and said, "Dear me, isn't it strange that any one who does me the honor to repeat any of my little sayings should not repeat the civil ones?" Then turning about to an acquaintance she added, perfectly audibly to the dumpy dowager, whose bad taste had precipitated the affair: "Who do you suppose told her? I've said it to more than a hundred people."—Boston Gazette.

An Honor Withheld.

The young German kaiser while reviewing the troops at Strasburg was struck by the martial bearing of a veteran. He noticed with surprise that the medal commemorative of service in the Franco-Prussian war was absent from his breast, and that he wore only what appeared to be a carnation in his buttonhole. The kaiser had the soldier summoned and interrogated him:

"Where and with whom did you serve?"

"With the Emperor Napoleon," was the calm reply.

The kaiser was disconcerted for a moment. He looked at the carnation and recognized the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Then he recovered himself.

"Ah," he said, smiling, "that is the one decoration I have thus far been unable to obtain."—Youth's Companion.

Made It Worse.

Mrs. de Bride was entertaining callers. After they left she remarked to her husband:

"I hope they didn't see my walking shoes lying there. They would think me very untidy if they did."

"Oh, if they saw them, they probably thought they were mine," answered her husband in a consoling tone. And she hasn't spoken to him since.—Detroit Free Press.

Very Young.

Minnie—Young Sapley tried to kiss me last night.

Mamie—Did he succeed?

Minnie—No. He didn't know how.—Indianapolis Journal.

Well Protected.

He had just folded up and pocketed the very voluminous railway ticket that seems to be so necessary an evil of travel.

"I hope you'll find everything comfortable," said the porter. "I'm afraid it's a little chilly in here."

"No danger about me," was the answer. "When I get tired of reading my railroad ticket, I can wrap myself up in it and go to sleep."—Washington Star.

MODERN WOUND TREATMENT.

Antiseptics, the Bacteriological Laboratory and Micro-organic Life.

The dawn of the new treatment, which was ultimately destined to revolutionize the whole subject of wound treatment and to lead surgeons into paths of surgical enterprise which could never have been dreamed of in earlier times, was at hand. Sir (then Mr.) Joseph Lister was at work in his laboratory in Glasgow and in the wards of the Royal infirmary at Glasgow. He had conceived the idea of the antiseptic treatment of wounds, and was engaged in elaborating out of it a system which ever since has borne his name. In brief, his method was based upon the assumption that the inflammatory changes occurring in a wound, associated with suppuration, were due to microbic infection. Here was a conviction which seemed to convey with it an infinity of problems, the solution of which might redound to the credit of surgery.

What a vast field for speculation and experiment it seemed to open out! The fact, however, having been established by incontrovertible scientific evidence that it was the presence of pathogenic germs in a wound which caused all those deplorable complications of blood poisoning, of which surgeons had so much to complain, the next step in the evolution of the system was comparatively an easy one. Naturally the only thing to be done was to insure the exclusion of all possible sources of infection. In order to arrive at this desirable condition of things, the most elaborate measures were deemed to be necessary. Evidently at the first a very serious view was taken of the wickedness of germs and of their illimitable power to propagate evil.

The science of bacteriology could hardly then be said to be in existence, and all micro-organisms consequently were able to do very much as they pleased. But "their time came" when bacteriology blossomed into a science. The bacteriological laboratory is now the "Scotland yard" of micro-organic life. There is so much known of the evil ways of germs that whenever an indefinable disease breaks out or an epidemic occurs the first questions asked are, What and where is the germ? Then the bacteriologist, like the detective sent down from the central police office, proceeds to take up the case, and it is seldom now that he fails to drag the evildoer before the tribunal of science and furnish proofs by which the micro-organism can be afterward identified.—Nineteenth Century.

MAN'S PROUD PRIVILEGE.

He Is the Only Living Creature That Can Scratch Its Own Back.

The act of back scratching has never been thought to possess a particularly deep signification. It has been reserved for M. Mouton, a French scientific man, to lay bare its true inwardness. To the simple fact that on a recent occasion the hot water apparatus of the Mouton menage was out of order the world owes one of the most momentous discoveries. One morning, as M. Mouton stepped into the philosophic bathing tub, the unwonted chill of the water sent a cold current through his spine. The great man shivered. Scientifically expressed, he was simply suffering from cutaneous irritation in the dorsal region. In a moment he had raised his hand, scratched the spot, and found—the true apocalypse of his own and his brothers' greatness, for an inspiration had flashed through his brain. "Eureka!" thought he. "Surely no living creature but man is endowed with the power of cratching his own back!" And as he stepped out of the tub he decided that there was really something in it.

M. Mouton's first care was to give the subject of his investigations a decent name, and it is in connection with the "the digito-dorsal movement" that he will be known to posterity. To avoid the possible imputation of puffing his fellow man up with vain conceits, he proceeded to the monkey house of the Jardin des Plantes and tickled the backs of the inmates for a whole fortnight. He was immensely comforted to find that the animals were utterly unable to relieve themselves of dorsal irritation in the exalted manner of M. Mouton himself, but had in every case to adopt the ignominious expedient of calling in a companion's help. Further investigation among other animals thoroughly convinced M. Mouton that the digito-dorsal movement is indeed the exclusive and ought therefore to be the most cherished possession of man. The tool using capabilities of man have hitherto been considered good, if inconclusive, evidence to show that there is no blood relationship between him and any other creature. But now that M. Mouton has disclosed the true import of back scratching an evolution ridden world will doubtless hold its head proudly erect and look even the highest anthropoid apo boldly in the face.—Westminster Gazette.

Knots and Miles.

One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about 87 per cent of a knot, the latter being, approximately, 6,082 feet in length, while the statute mile measures 5,280 feet. Three and one-half miles are equal, within a small fraction, to three knots. The result of this difference, of course, is that the speed of a vessel in miles per hour is always considerably larger than when stated in knots, and the confusion of the terms sometimes gives rise to rather remarkable claims of speed performance. When a 20 knot ship, for example, is lightly mentioned, it should be remembered that this really means a little over 23 miles; similarly, with higher figures, which are often glibly enough stated, the difference between the terms is worth bearing in mind. It will help to guard against the forming of ridiculous estimates of a vessel's capabilities.—Cassier's Magazine.

What Could Do It.

To wound a man's pride has often been found to be the most dangerous thing one can do.

The feeling of the greater part of humanity is represented by the reply of a Gascon officer to Charles VII when asked if anything could detach him from the king's service.

"No, sire—not even the offer of three kingdoms like yours; but, yes, sire—one single affront."—Youth's Companion.

Nonsuit in England is a renunciation by the plaintiff of his suit, generally upon the discovery of some error or defect when the matter is so far advanced that the jury is ready at the bar to deliver a verdict. The plaintiff is to pay all costs.

Scarlatti, one of the greatest musicians of his day, is now known only by the "Cat Fugue," a comical imitation of the mewing of cats.

No Chance For Him.

Willis—That young man who plays the cornet is sick.

Wallace—Do you think he will recover?

"I'm afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door."—Life.

No Danger.

"Aren't you afraid of the cholera?"

"Indeed, no. It could never get into our club, we are so exclusive."—Club.

Woman's Ways.

Fair women's ways are all so strange,
They keep us ever guessing;
Our reasonings they disarrange
In manners most distressing.
For when we think they love us more
Than mortal e'er was loved before,—
Love us and love us only—
They on some new found treasure smile
And gayly follow it the while
They leave us sad and lonely.

We bitter grow and straightway vow
To woo again, no, never!
No more their kind we shall allow
Love's tender cords to sever.
We cease to sigh for them, and then
They sigh and coo soft words again
As sweet as meads of clover,
And when their eyes upon us dwell
We pardon every thing and tell
The same old story over.

—Chicago Journal.

HIS LUCKY UNCLE.

How He Struck It Rich Once by Paying $2 a Bushel For 40 Cent Corn.

"My uncle over in the town of Wayne I s'pose was the luckiest man that ever lived," said Packy Griswold to the Fairchild House circle. "Everything he touched brought money to his till, but the luckiest strike he ever made was when John Rogers' barn burned down with a hundred bushels of corn in it that my uncle had just paid Rogers $2 a bushel for, although the biggest and hardest kind of yaller corn was only worth 40 cents, the best any one could do.

"John Rogers had owed my uncle a couple hundred dollars for five years and more, but that didn't bother John any, as he was one of those chaps who believe thoroughly in letting the other fellow walk. One day my uncle drove over to John's to see if he couldn't squeeze a little something out of him.

"'How're you fixed, John?' said my uncle.

"'Expected to have 50 today, sure,' said John, with a twinkle in his eye, 'but when I went over to Bill Mason's to borrow it Bill wouldn't let me have it. Beats the horses how some people don't seem to have confidence nowadays.'

"But after my uncle and John had talked awhile John said:

"'Tell you what I'll do, Abner,' said John. 'I've got a hundred bushels o' corn in the barn yonder. S'pose'n you take the corn, and I'll be willin to call me and you square.'

"My uncle figured up that, with corn at 40 cents, $2 a bushel was a tolerable high figure to pay for it, but he thought he might better pay $2 a bushel for corn and get $40 than to never get anything, so he said he'd take the corn and call it square. He went to the barn after awhile. There was the corn. But he came back to John feeling ugly.

"'Here, John,' said he, 'that's nothing but little runty popcorn.'

"'Yes,' said John, grinning, 'it's popcorn. I didn't think to say popcorn.'

"'Why,' said my uncle, 'popcorn ain't worth nothin at all in the market!'

"'Yes,' said John. 'That's about the figure for popcorn.'

"My uncle was pretty mad, I tell you, and John Rogers was pretty near tickled to death, and so he said to my uncle:

"'There's goin to be a circus in town tomorrow. Better stay all night with us, and I'll take you to the show.'

"My uncle thought he'd get that much out of John anyhow, so he staid. The circus was expected along by John's house early in the morning on its way to town, and when John's boys got up to see it go by they woke their father and my uncle with their yells.

"'Jumpin jacksnipes, pop!' they hollered. 'The back yard's got 20 foot o' snow in it!'

"John and my uncle piled out, for it was early in September, and there hadn't been any sign of snow. But there was the back yard, with a white drift clear across it and banked 20 feet high. Then it struck everybody all of a sudden that the barn was gone. You bet, it was gone! It had burned down some time during the night and stuffed my uncle jamful of luck. Every blamed kernal of that runty little popcorn had popped out like a snapdragon, and there it was, banked up where the barn had been, like a staring big snowdrift! Pop out a bushel of popcorn, and it will swell to five bushels, so here my uncle had 500 bushels of the choicest kind of popcorn on his hands. While they were all gawping at this curious transformation, along came the circus. The proprietor was in his wagon at the head of the procession.

"'Thunder!' said he, stopping to take a look at the big heap of popcorn. 'That'll sell like hot cakes with my show. How much do you want for it?'

"'Two dollars a bushel,' said my uncle.

"'Cheap enough!' said the circus man, and he bought the whole 500 bushels and planked down in my uncle's hands 10 nice, fat $100 bills.

"Lucky? I should say he was. But, do you know, John Rogers never spoke to him from that time until his dying day."—New York Sun.

The Phenix.

The ancient tradition concerning the phenix has introduced into nearly every language the habit of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. According to ancient writers, the phenix was a bird of great beauty about the size of an eagle. A shining and most beautiful crest adorned its head, its plumage contained nearly every tint of the rainbow, and its eyes sparkled like diamonds. Only one of these birds could live at a time, but its existence covered a period of 500 or 600 years. When its life drew to a close, the bird built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices, with its wings fanned the pile into a flame and therein consumed itself. From its ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phenix was formed, having all the vigor of youth. The first care of the new phenix was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. For that purpose it made a ball of myrrh, frankincense and other fragrant things. At Heliopolis, a city in lower Egypt, there was a magnificent temple dedicated to the sun. To this temple the phenix would carry the fragrant ball and burn it on the altar of the sun as a sacrifice. The priests then examined the register and found that exactly 500 years, or exactly 600 years, had elapsed since that same ceremony had taken place.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Malaria.

Did you ever hear of the Roman cure for malaria? I would advise a judicious preparation for anathema maranatha when about to administer the dose. It will give the marble Venus a wry face, but is claimed to have cured stubborn cases. Allow a pint of water to a lemon—four lemons make sufficient for many a dose. Cut up the lemons, rind, pulp and all, in the water and boil until the whole is reduced to a pint. A teaspoonful before each meal is the dose.—Philadelphia Record.

The Difference.

"Will you be mine, darling?" he asked after a year's courting.

"No, it can never be," was her reply.

"Then why have you let me hope so long?" he said as he went toward the door.

"Because I intend never to belong to any man. You can be mine if you like."

He saw the difference and stopped. Years afterward he saw the difference still more clearly.—London Tit-Bits.

CRAZY OVER WITCHES.

REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES OF POOR GEORGE KELLAR.

His Superstitions Made Him Daft—Destroyed His Property to Drive Away the Evil Influence and Did Many Other Odd and Foolish Things.

Five years ago George Kellar and his family, consisting of a wife and three daughters, came to this country from Franklin county, Pa., and settled on a farm at Eden's Mill, about three miles from this place. Mr. Kellar was a good gardener and brought with him great thrift. He brought with him a taint of superstition and a mild belief in witchcraft. It was only a spark at first, but a little hard luck has fanned it into a raging insanity.

Shortly after Kellar located in his new home he employed a young man to work on the farm. In the course of time love sprang up between this young man and one of the girls, but about the time they were to be married he sickened and died of some peculiar malady which baffled the physicians. The girl was driven almost crazy by the shock, and for awhile had to be carefully watched to prevent her doing violence to herself. Her grief was so great that she was soon brought down to what all believed to be her deathbed. About this time the old man Kellar began to imagine all sorts of things. He refused to allow the physician who attended the young man to enter the house. After trying two or three others in a very unsatisfactory way he discarded them all and sent to his old home in Franklin county for a witch doctor. In a few days the doctor came and remained two or three weeks with the patient, during which time she recovered rapidly and was able to walk about when he left. This healing of his bewitched daughter increased the old man's belief that some evil person of great power was trying to drive him from his new home, and he began to act strangely toward his neighbors, who pitied, then ridiculed, and were finally driven to disgust by his preposterous suspicions. And not until he was adjudged insane did they return again to pity.

Kellar began at once to take steps to check the evil influence which he believed was contemplating the utter destruction of him and his. He put wire cloth over the tops of his chimneys, changed some of his doors so they would open out instead of in and began to enter the house backward. Having converted the rest of the family to his belief, he was assured of their co-operation in all his undertakings and met with no opposition when he began to abuse and destroy his property. He evinced a strange desire to be rid of the terrible influence which was gradually stealing over his premises. He dug a great pit in his yard, where he burned all the bewitched articles of his household and kitchen, being so busily engaged in this wholesale sacrifice that he neglected to put in his crops or in any way make provisions for the support of his family. The house was a nice two story frame, well finished, but that did not hinder him from tearing off all the wainscoting throughout the building and burning it in the pit when he discovered that the witches were hiding behind it. Driven from there, they took refuge in the veranda. This was ruthlessly torn down and cast into the burning pit.

There was a brick walk from the front gate to the steps at the door, but it had to come up in an effort to break the charm. He thought he had them outside the gate at last, and hurriedly nailed it up tight and fast and began climbing over it when he wanted to go in and out. But the cruel witches had flanked him and entered the beautiful shade trees and shrubbery in the front yard, thinking, of course, that they were safe, as he would not dare to destroy the trees. They were sadly mistaken. There was no hiding place even in the trees. They were chopped down and left in confusion, as if to imprison the imps.

The mule took sick, and in spite of all the doctoring died. Kellar believed that the entire influence was in the mule, and as the mule was dead he wanted to keep that influence in the carcass. If the body of the mule was ever moved, the witches would be liberated, so he buried it just as it lay by the mound process. He must have made a bungling job of it, however, as his cow took sick in a few days and soon followed the mule.

The tactics were changed somewhat in the disposition of the dead body of the cow. He dragged the carcass into the pit, and chopping up the withered shade trees, together with parts of the house and fence, he piled all in one great heap above the pit. To this he applied the torch, and assured the family that when the fire began to consume the cow the person who was guilty of witchcraft would be compelled to come upon the scene. The dry limbs and brush made such a conflagration that one of his neighbors, Mr. Sherfey, thinking perhaps the house was on fire, came running over. He met with such a cool reception that he returned home in disgust.

Mr. Sherfey at once became an object of strict surveillance on the part of the Kellar family, who at once set about to undo everything he did and break the charm by doing the opposite of what he did. This led them into deep water. Sherfey opened his gate and dropped his bars when he wanted to go in or out, but Kellar did just the opposite in his exits and entrances. He would leave his gate open until he wanted to go out; then he would shut it and climb over. When Sherfey built a house over his well, Kellar, who had a nice lattice house over his, went out and tore it down and cast it into the burning pit. A roofless kitchen now stands at the rear of the Kellar home as a result of Mr. Sherfey's putting a new roof on that part of his residence.

By this time the house was a sorry spectacle indeed, but the strange lunatic knocked the glass out of the windows so he could see out without looking through the glass, as Sherfey did. Up to this juncture his efforts had been directed to the destruction of his own property only, but his delusion had now reached such proportions that it could not longer be confined on his own premises, and he began to find bewitched objects on Sherfey's side of the lane. Consequently he cut down a lot of wire fence for his neighbor and dug up the posts. This brought the culmination. A man may be allowed to destroy his own property with impunity, but he ceases to be eccentric when he crosses the well defined line lying between him and his neighbor and does mischief. He is crazy. Sherfey became afraid he would do him some bodily injury and had him arrested. He was adjudged insane, and the poor fellow is now in jail at Jonesboro.—Johnson City Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Cactus opuntra, or prickly pear, supposed to be an American plant, grows wild in Greece and Italy and is found in abundance in the lava of Mount Ætna.

One Sign.

"I'll bet they live a cat and dog life."

"What makes you think so?"

"They always call each other darling before company."—New York Press.

A Marked Contrast.

Van Braam—What quiet eyes Miss Manchester has!

Shingiss—Yes. So widely different from her chin!—Wonder.

A MIDNIGHT LULLABY.

How a Dying Mother and Her Child Were Found at Sea.

We were off the gulf of Taranto, on the southeast coast of Naples, and heading up for the Adriatic sea, when at sunset one evening the last vestige of a breeze died away, and no sailor ever saw a more glorious night come down. The heavens seemed to blaze with stars, and so quiet was the ship after the 8 o'clock watch got settled down on deck that the silence made one really lonesome. There was only a light ground swell, and the ship heaved with scarcely the creak of a bulkhead below or the cheep of a block aloft. At 10 o'clock a light fog settled down to make the situation still more lonely. One standing at the wheel could just make out the foremast rising from the deck, but nothing forward of that. It was in summer, and the sailors were without shoes. Now and then I could hear them moving about, and their soft footfalls reminded me of cats advancing upon their prey. From 8 to 11 o'clock the ship was like a grave. There was not even the splash of a fish jumping out of water. At 11 or soon after the man on lookout hailed me in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and as I went forward he said:

"I've heard something very queer off the starboard bow for the last 10 minutes. It's not me alone, sir, but here are two of the men who will tell you the same."

"What sort of a sound is it?" I asked.

"Well, it's the next thing to singing, I should say. At least there's a sort of tune to it—something like one of our old nursery songs."

"It can't be a craft out there, for nothing was within 10 miles of us when the wind died out. Keep quiet now, and we'll all listen!"

One—two—three minutes passed away, and then all got the sound together. It certainly sounded like a human voice, but a weak one, and it also seemed to follow the air of a nursery song.

"But it can't be that," I said to the men, who instinctively drew closer together and betrayed their superstitious fears. "The noise may be caused by a sea fowl or even a fish. At any rate, it's nothing we need look into."

I walked aft, and for 15 minutes all was quiet. Then I suddenly caught the sound again, and this time it was so much nearer or louder that I was startled. At the same moment the lookout hailed again, and as I went forward I found the whole watch bending over the starboard bow in the attitude of listening.

"I heard it," I said as I halted. "All listen now, and see if it comes again."

It was fully five minutes before the silence was broken, and when the sound came again no one could doubt what it was. It was a weak and rasping human voice crying out in a strange fashion in an effort to sing. If you have ever heard a very old person try to sing, you can get a fair idea of what this voice was like. It was faint and quavery, and yet there was a rasp to it which instinctively reminded me of thirst. It struck at least one of the men that way also, for he turned and whispered:

"If that isn't a spirit, sir, it'll be some castaway on a bit of wreckage whose throat is so parched that he can't send us a hail!"

I went for my night glass, and after a long look I thought I could make out an object resembling a boat. I couldn't be certain, however, but waited for the sound to come again. When it came, I called the captain, and two minutes after he reached the deck we could make out a boat to the east of us, and he ordered a boat lowered and sent me off in charge to investigate. We did not have a cable's length to go. We not only found it to be a boat, but there was a human being in it sitting on the bottom amidships. The queer singing began again as we reached the boat, and while we were making her fast the figure moved its shoulders and arms, but not its position. The motions reminded me of a mother soothing a child, and yet I had no doubt the figure would turn out to be some poor devil of a fisherman blown off shore in a gale. When we reached the ship, one of the men entered the strange boat to assist the castaway on deck, but he had not yet laid hands on the sitting figure when he started back and shouted:

"Bless my eyes, Captain Cook, but it's a woman instead of a sailor, and she's holding something I take to be a baby."

I went down to inspect, and, sure enough, it was a woman and a baby. She had been bending over it and did not look up till I laid my hand on her arm. Even in the darkness I knew the child was dead and the mother very near it. She would not let go of the little dead body, and suffering had wrecked her mind. She looked about in a dazed and stupid way and then sat down on deck and began to rock and croon. We offered her brandy and water, but for some time she would not touch it. I moistened a sponge and rubbed it over her cracked lips, and then she filled her mouth, but could not swallow. She began to shiver and shake like one with the ague, and soon after that gave utterance to a wild, long shriek and fell over dead.

The presence of the mother and child in the boat out there was easily explained. It was a pleasure boat, and they had drifted off the coast. Four different craft were out in search, and they were in the highway of sailing and steam craft, and yet they had been four days adrift when we brought them aboard. It was hardly daylight before we were boarded by one of the searching parties, but all we could give them was the dead—two corpses burned and shriveled in the hot sun and wasted to skeletons by hunger and thirst.

M. QUAD.

Quakers, Puritans and Turks.

The first Quakers who came to New England were two unprotected women—the one, Ann Austin, about 60 years of age, the mother of five children, and the other, Mary Fisher, her maiden friend, over 30. They came from Barbados. Immediately upon their arrival they were taken from ship to jail, and for fear that any one would talk with them and thereby spread their heresies the window of the cell was boarded up.

Four years afterward Mary Fisher went on a mission to the orient to bring her testimony to the Turks. The great Sultan Mohammed IV was on the throne. He accorded her an audience and received her with civility, and she was in no wise restrained while in his dominions. The circumstance of Mary Fisher's having been persecuted and imprisoned both in old and New England and left free and unmolested in the dominions of the sultan has been variously explained so as not to be too creditable to the "grand Turk." The fact is, in Mohammedan lands the humane principle of toleration had been learned and practiced earlier than in Christian countries, as is evidenced by the Turkish concessions to Christians and other sects, which date back to the twelfth century. These were continued and renewed in the middle of the fifteenth century, when Constantinople was captured.—"Roger Williams" by Oscar S. Straus.

He Wasn't In It.

"Throw up your hands!"

"Throw up your own!"

"Who are you?"

"I'm a burglar."

"So am I. Let's do the job together and divide the spoils."

"Not by a blamed sight. I found a fellow ransacking the kitchen that I'm going snags wid, and dere ain't enough for three. See? Get out or I'll call the police!"—Seattle Press-Times.

GOOD HEALTH.

BALANCE OF PHYSICAL STRUCTURE WITH ENVIRONMENT.

Etiquette of Entertaining Visitors—Personal Liberty Desirable The Golden Mean of Hospitality.

Every breathing creature from the first dawn of time has had to conform its structure to the conditions imposed by the nature of the air supply, declares the editor of Popular Science News in expressing the following ideas: The structure of our blood and its chemical composition are such that it can only perform its work properly where there is but little carbon dioxide and much oxygen. The structures of our lungs, hearts, livers and blood vessels are exactly adjusted to just such a quality of blood and such air. Through all the countless years of the past every creature in the line of descent toward ourselves has survived solely because these organs changed as the air changed, thus adapting themselves to the new environment. It is certain that slight deviations from the true physiological balance of structure cause certain families to be liable to certain diseases. We now know that the old notion that consumption is hereditary is wrong. But we also know that a very slight narrowing in the diameter of the pulmonary arteries and veins renders one more liable to consumption.

Since some families have a structural deviation of this kind that is hereditary, all such people are more likely to have consumption of the lungs than others. The principal reason lies in the fact that they are unable to as fully aerate their blood and keep it in as perfect vigor as their fellow creatures. Where such people are constantly engaged in vigorous, healthy out of door work they seldom catch the disease, even though liable. When compelled to rapidly and completely inflate their lungs by reason of proper physiological exercise, they are safe under otherwise ordinary conditions of exposure to the disease. The causes that conspire to this and other serious forms of disease have been traced to the atmosphere.

It is not the air itself nor any gaseous constituent thereof that is directly responsible for these troubles. The part performed by the air in the affair resides in its buoyant property, by means of which light particles of solid matter are able to float in it.

Crossing the Legs When Sitting.

Women who sit with their legs crossed to sew or read or to hold the baby are not aware that they are inviting serious physical ailments, but it is true nevertheless. When a man crosses his legs he places the ankle of one limb across the knee of the other and rests it lightly there. A woman, more modest and restricted in her movements, rests the entire weight of one limb on the other, and this pressure upon the sensitive nerves and cords, if indulged in for continued lengths of time, as is often done by ladies who sew or embroider, will produce disease. Scintica, neuralgia and other serious troubles frequently result from this simple cause. The muscles and nerves in the upper portion of a woman's leg are extremely sensitive, and much of her whole physical structure can become deranged if they are overtaxed.

Chloroform and Ether.

Statistics have been collected which show that there is one death to every 3,000 administrations of chloroform, while with ether there is only one fatal case in 14,000. Ether is dangerous to the lungs, chloroform to the heart.

ENTERTAINING VISITORS.

Guests Like a Little Personal Liberty—The Golden Mean of Hospitality.

The friend who is your guest is for the time an honored member of your family, and the best the house affords is quietly placed at his disposal. To treat an invited guest, or, for that matter, the chance guest whom circumstances have brought within your gates, with scant courtesy or inattention is to show yourself underbred. "We take you right in as one of ourselves," says the unconventional hostess, not reflecting that to do this literally may be both thoughtless and unkind. As opposed to this latter view of the subject, Harper's Bazar points out that the golden mean is attained in households wherever guests are entertained agreeably, but not loaded with attentions. Never to be left a moment to one's own devices is as uncomfortable as to be neglected entirely. Most people prefer a little personal liberty. They have letters to write, a book or two to read, a little mending to do, or they may even like to go out for a walk by themselves. It is kind to let them feel that they are not interfering with the regular work of the house, and that their hostess is able to carry on her own affairs, even though she has company. The social authority already mentioned says further:

A visitor in ordinary cases should not be put to any expense which can be avoided while under a friend's roof. The host defrays all small expenses, such as car fare and ferriage, and of course purchases all tickets for entertainments—theaters, etc.—to which the guest is taken, paying carriage hire if this is needed. The guest, on the other hand, does not allow expense to be incurred by the host if it is properly her duty to attend to it. A trunk or other baggage coming to the house from the station should be paid for in advance by its owner.

The children of a family should be taught to perform little friendly services for visitors, and it ought to be their pleasure to do this, but sometimes a doting mother makes the mistake of imposing her babies upon her guests until the latter are excessively tired of the little ones. As all people are not equally devoted to children, mothers should discriminate, not allowing the juniors to be too constantly in the foreground.

Card Customs.

Daughters leave cards for their fathers, wives for their husbands, nieces for uncles. Sons should do their own calling.

It is an interesting custom to use infants' cards. They are quite small and bear the full baptismal name of the child with the date of birth. The card with one of the mother's inclosed is forwarded to friends.

In cases of sympathy, whether in sorrow or joy, prompt personal inquiry is imperative where it is possible. Otherwise a card by mail should be sent, with a word of congratulation or condolence or inquiry if it is a case of illness.

He Learned.

A Lewiston young fellow from St. Hyacinth, P. Q., who undertook to repair a music box the other day, found out something about one. He took the spring out just as it had stopped, pretty well wound up, and when he released it it flew up, grabbed him by the neck, knocked two teeth out, cross countered on his nose, tore the insides of the music box out and threw them at him, scared the cat out from under the table, knocked over the spirit lamp, and when the young man came to his senses he simply asked: "Did they save any of the children? I would rather be kicked by a mule, shot with a baked potato or knocked out by Fitzsimmons than be embraced by a mainspring in action."—Lewiston Journal.

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ROUGH JOKES AND TRICKS.

The Pain Inflicting Sports Indulged In at the Homestead Mills.

Amid all this toil and danger the men are not without their sports. It is, let us suppose, 9 o'clock in the morning, and word has come to the rolling mills that the converting mill has broken down and there will be no more steel for at least three hours. The waiters dispose themselves for rest or play as best they can. There is one who has fallen asleep in spite of his efforts to keep awake. He sleeps the sleep of utter exhaustion. But creeping stealthily toward him is a fellow workman, who has in his hand a piece of freshly burnt limestone and a cup of water. He places the limestone on the sleeper's leg and pours the water on it. The limestone begins to steam and smoke.

Still the man sleeps on. But in a moment he stirs uneasily, then springs to his feet, with a cry of pain, only to be greeted with a howl of laughter from a crowd of men who have been watching the fun (?). He holds the hot burned cloth of his trousers away from his blistered skin. Any wrath he may have he best keep to himself, for a man caught sleeping is a fair mark for any joke, however hard. I have seen a shovelful of hot sand put on a man's shoe. No matter how quickly the victim may get his shoe off, in such a case, he has a large blister to warn him not to sleep again.

There is Bill, the greatest wag in the mill, asleep in plain sight on a pile of sand. In Bill this looks suspicious, but a confiding fellow workman, Jim, who has been his victim in many a trick, steals up to "bug" him, as this burning a man with a bit of lime is called. Bill, however, has a flexible, jointed iron pipe concealed in the sand and a confederate at the valve. As Jim is about to place the lime, Bill raises his arm with the nozzle under it. His confederate turns the valve, and a stream of water 1¼ inches in diameter, driven with a force of 500 pounds to the square inch, strikes Jim squarely in the chest, lifting him clear from the ground. Bill coolly keeps the nozzle pointed at him and completely drenches him, though he crawls away as fast as he can.

A man lying down, but obviously wide awake, is approached secretly from behind by another, who places a hot brick convenient to his grasp. Then the second, with much parade, makes an attempt to "bug" him. The lounger springs to his feet, with a cry of rage, and looking about for something to throw seizes the hot brick and gets a blistered hand to nurse along with his wrath.

Such are their joks. Rough? Rather, but then the work is rough too!—McClure's Magazine.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," said the disinterested friend, "to put a high grade bicycle in your window and mark it $50 or some such price? You'd lose some money on it, of course, but look at the advertising you would get out of it. Everybody in town would be talking of it inside of 24 hours, and your store would get a reputation for selling good machines cheap that would be worth hundreds of dollars to you."

"That's not a bad scheme," said the bicycle dealer after thinking it over. "John," he called out to one of the boys, "put that Greased Lightning racer in the front window and mark it $50."

"But"——

"Never mind arguing the matter. I know what I'm doing."

The Greased Lightning racer was placed conspicuously in the show window, with the $50 tag appended.

"Now," said the disinterested friend, "that looks something like it. You'll see a crowd gathering there inside of five minutes. By the way, you may just consider that machine sold. I'll take it off your hands. But I'm no hog," he added cheerfully. "I'll let it stay in your window till tomorrow morning."

"Wasn't that rather an unhandsome trick?" asked the silent partner after the disinterested friend had gone away.

"No," reflected the dealer. "That machine has been on hand two years, but it's worth every cent of $47.50."—Chicago Tribune.

In Boston Society.

It happened at a reception late in the season. The woman poet (a writer for fun) of society, who looks like a duchess of the divinely tall, and, in her youth, most divinely fair type, met the dowager poet of the literary set, who is a writer by profession and a society woman for the profit of it. Said the tall lady to the dumpy lady, "I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. ——, which I haven't done before this season by reason of illness." "Why, I'm surprised to hear you say you are glad to see me," said No. 2, fixing the other's lorgnette with her steely eyes. "I heard only last week that you said you thought me the greatest literary fraud of the century." The duchess of the hyphenated name was not nonplused, not she. She merely smiled sweetly and said, "Dear me, isn't it strange that any one who does me the honor to repeat any of my little sayings should not repeat the civil ones?" Then turning about to an acquaintance she added, perfectly audibly to the dumpy dowager, whose bad taste had precipitated the affair, "Who do you suppose told her? I've said it to more than a hundred people."—Boston Gazette.

An Honor Withheld.

The young German kaiser while reviewing the troops at Strasburg was struck by the martial bearing of a veteran. He noticed with surprise that the medal commemorative of service in the Franco-Prussian war was absent from his breast, and that he wore only what appeared to be a carnation in his buttonhole. The kaiser had the soldier summoned and interrogated him:

"Where and with whom did you serve?"

"With the Emperor Napoleon," was the calm reply.

The kaiser was disconcerted for a moment. He looked at the carnation and recognized the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Then he recovered himself.

"Ah," he said, smiling, "that is the one decoration I have thus far been unable to obtain."—Youth's Companion.

Made It Worse.

Mrs. de Bride was entertaining callers. After they left she remarked to her husband:

"I hope they didn't see my walking shoes lying there. They would think me very untidy if they did."

"Oh, if they saw them, they probably thought they were mine," answered her husband in a consoling tone. And she hasn't spoken to him since.—Detroit Free Press.

Very Young.

Minnie—Young Sapley tried to kiss me last night.

Mamie—Did he succeed?

Minnie—No. He didn't know how.—Indianapolis Journal.

Well Protected.

He had just folded up and pocketed the very voluminous railway ticket that seems to be so necessary an evil of travel.

"I hope you'll find everything comfortable," said the porter. "I'm afraid it's a little chilly in here."

"No danger about me," was the answer. "When I get tired of reading my railroad ticket, I can wrap myself up in it and go to sleep."—Washington Star.

MODERN WOUND TREATMENT.

Antiseptics, the Bacteriological Laboratory and Micro-organic Life.

The dawn of the new treatment, which was ultimately destined to revolutionize the whole subject of wound treatment and to lead surgeons into paths of surgical enterprise which could never have been dreamed of in earlier times, was at hand. Sir (then Mr.) Joseph Lister was at work in his laboratory in Glasgow and in the wards of the Royal infirmary at Glasgow. He had conceived the idea of the antiseptic treatment of wounds, and was engaged in elaborating out of it a system which ever since has borne his name. In brief, his method was based upon the assumption that the inflammatory changes occurring in a wound, associated with suppuration, were due to microbic infection. Here was a conviction which seemed to convey with it an infinity of problems, the solution of which might redound to the credit of surgery.

What a vast field for speculation and experiment it seemed to open out! The fact, however, having been established by incontrovertible scientific evidence that it was the presence of pathogenic germs in a wound which caused all those deplorable complications of blood poisoning, of which surgeons had so much to complain, the next step in the evolution of the system was comparatively an easy one. Naturally the only thing to be done was to insure the exclusion of all possible sources of infection. In order to arrive at this desirable condition of things, the most elaborate measures were deemed to be necessary. Evidently at the first a very serious view was taken of the wickedness of germs and of their illimitable power to propagate evil.

The science of bacteriology could hardly then be said to be in existence, and all micro-organisms consequently were able to do very much as they pleased. But "their time came" when bacteriology blossomed into a science. The bacteriological laboratory is now the "Scotland yard" of micro-organic life. There is so much known of the evil ways of germs that whenever an indefinable disease breaks out or an epidemic occurs the first questions asked are, What and where is the germ? Then the bacteriologist, like the detective sent down from the central police office, proceeds to take up the case, and it is seldom now that he fails to drag the evildoer before the tribunal of science and furnish proofs by which the micro-organism can be afterward identified.—Nineteenth Century.

MAN'S PROUD PRIVILEGE.

He Is the Only Living Creature That Can Scratch Its Own Back.

The act of back scratching has never been thought to possess a particularly deep signification. It has been reserved for M. Mouton, a French scientific man, to lay bare its true inwardness. To the simple fact that on a recent occasion the hot water apparatus of the Mouton menage was out of order the world owes one of the most momentous discoveries. One morning, as M. Mouton stepped into the philosophic bathing tub, the unwonted chill of the water sent a cold current through his spine. The great man shivered. Scientifically expressed, he was simply suffering from cutaneous irritation in the dorsal region. In a moment he had raised his hand, scratched the spot, and found—the true apocalypse of his own and his brothers' greatness, for an inspiration had flashed through his brain. "Eureka!" thought he. "Surely no living creature but man is endowed with the power of cratching his own back!" And as he stepped out of the tub he decided that there was really something in it.

M. Mouton's first care was to give the subject of his investigations a decent name, and it is in connection with the "digito-dorsal movement" that he will be known to posterity. To avoid the possible imputation of puffing his fellow man up with vain conceits, he proceeded to the monkey house of the Jardin des Plantes and tickled the backs of the inmates for a whole fortnight. He was immensely comforted to find that the animals were utterly unable to relieve themselves of dorsal irritation in the exalted manner of M. Mouton himself, but had in every case to adopt the ignominious expedient of calling in a companion's help. Further investigation among other animals thoroughly convinced M. Mouton that the digito-dorsal movement is indeed the exclusive and ought therefore to be the most cherished possession of man. The tool using capabilities of man have hitherto been considered good, if inconclusive, evidence to show that there is no blood relationship between him and any other creature. But now that M. Mouton has disclosed the true import of back scratching an evolution ridden world will doubtless hold its head proudly erect and look even the highest anthropoid ape boldly in the face.—Westminster Gazette.

Knots and Miles.

One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about 87 per cent of a knot, the latter being, approximately, 6,082 feet in length, while the statute mile measures 5,280 feet. Three and one-half miles are equal, within a small fraction, to three knots. The result of this difference, of course, is that the speed of a vessel in miles per hour is always considerably larger than when stated in knots, and the confusion of the terms sometimes gives rise to rather remarkable claims of speed performance. When a 20 knot ship, for example, is lightly mentioned, it should be remembered that this really means a little over 23 miles; similarly, with higher figures, which are often glibly enough stated, the difference between the terms is worth bearing in mind. It will help to guard against the forming of ridiculous estimates of a vessel's capabilities.—Cassier's Magazine.

What Could Do It.

To wound a man's pride has often been found to be the most dangerous thing one can do.

The feeling of the greater part of humanity is represented by the reply of a Gascon officer to Charles VII when asked if anything could detach him from the king's service.

"No, sire—not even the offer of three kingdoms like yours; but, yes, sire—one single affront."—Youth's Companion.

Nonsuit in England is a renunciation by the plaintiff of his suit, generally upon the discovery of some error or defect when the matter is so far advanced that the jury is ready at the bar to deliver a verdict. The plaintiff is to pay all costs.

Scarlatti, one of the greatest musicians of his day, is now known only by the "Cat Fugue," a comical imitation of the mewing of cats.

No Chance For Him.

Willis—That young man who plays the cornet is sick.

Wallace—Do you think he will recover?

"I'm afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door."—Life.

No Danger.

"Aren't you afraid of the cholera?"

"Indeed, no. It could never get into our club, we are so exclusive."—Club.

Woman's Ways.

Fair women's ways are all so strange,
They keep us ever guessing;
Our reasonings they disarrange
In manners most distressing.
For when we think they love us more
Than mortal e'er was loved before,—
Love us and love us only—
They on some new found treasure smile
And gayly follow it the while
They leave us sad and lonely.

We bitter grow and straightway vow
To woo again, no, never!
No more their kind we shall allow
Love's tender cords to sever.
We cease to sigh for them, and then
They sigh and coo soft words again
As sweet as meads of clover,
And when their eyes upon us dwell
We pardon everything and tell
The same old story over.
—Chicago Journal.

HIS LUCKY UNCLE.

How He Struck It Rich Once by Paying $2 a Bushel For 40 Cent Corn.

"My uncle over in the town of Wayne I s'pose was the luckiest man that ever lived," said Pucky Griswold to the Fairchild House circle. "Everything he touched brought money to his till, but the luckiest strike he ever made was when John Rogers' barn burned down with a hundred bushels of corn in it that my uncle had just paid Rogers $2 a bushel for, although the biggest and hardest kind of yaller corn was only worth 40 cents, the best any one could do.

"John Rogers had owed my uncle a couple hundred dollars for five years and more, but that didn't bother John any, as he was one of those chaps who believe thoroughly in letting the other fellow walk. One day my uncle drove over to John's to see if he couldn't squeeze a little something out of him.

"'How're you fixed, John?' said my uncle.

"'Expected to have 50 today, sure,' said John, with a twinkle in his eye, 'but when I went over to Bill Mason's to borrow it Bill wouldn't let me have it. Beats the horses how some people don't seem to have confidence nowadays.'

"But after my uncle and John had talked awhile John said:

"'Tell you what I'll do, Abner,' said John. 'I've got a hundred bushels o' corn in the barn yonder. S'pose'n you take the corn, and I'll be willin to call me and you square.'

"My uncle figured up that, with corn at 40 cents, $2 a bushel was a tolerable high figure to pay for it, but he thought he might better pay $2 a bushel for corn and get $40 than to never get anything, so he said he'd take the corn and call it square. He went to the barn after awhile. There was the corn. But he came back to John feeling ugly.

"'Here, John,' said he, 'that's nothing but little runty popcorn.'

"'Yes,' said John, grinning, 'it's popcorn. I didn't think to say popcorn.'

"'Why,' said my uncle, 'popcorn ain't worth nothin at all in the market!'

"'Yes,' said John. 'That's about the figure for popcorn.'

"My uncle was pretty mad, I tell you, and John Rogers was pretty near tickled to death, and so he said to my uncle:

"'There's goin to be a circus in town tomorrow. Better stay all night with us, and I'll take you to the show.'

"My uncle thought he'd get that much out of John anyhow, so he staid. The circus was expected along by John's house early in the morning on its way to town, and when John's boys got up to see it go by they woke their father and my uncle with their yells.

"'Jumpin jucksnipes, pop!' they hollered. 'The back yard's got 20 feet o' snow in it!'

"John and my uncle piled out, for it was early in September, and there hadn't been any sign of snow. But there was the back yard, with a white drift clear across it and banked 20 feet high. Then it struck everybody all of a sudden that the barn was gone. You bet, it was gone! It had burned down some time during the night and stuffed my uncle jamful of luck. Every blamed kernal of that runty little popcorn had popped out like a snapdragon, and there it was, banked up where the barn had been, like a staring big snowdrift! Pop out a bushel of popcorn, and it will swell to five bushels, so here my uncle had 500 bushels of the choicest kind of popcorn on his hands. While they were all gawping at this curious transformation, along came the circus. The proprietor was in his wagon at the head of the procession.

"'Thunder!' said he, stopping to take a look at the big heap of popcorn. 'That'll sell like hot cakes with my show. How much do you want for it?'

"'Two dollars a bushel,' said my uncle.

"'Cheap enough!' said the circus man, and he bought the whole 500 bushels and planked down in my uncle's hands 10 nice, fat $100 bills.

"Lucky? I should say he was. But, do you know, John Rogers never spoke to him from that time until his dying day."—New York Sun.

The Phenix.

The ancient tradition concerning the phenix has introduced into nearly every language the habit of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. According to ancient writers, the phenix was a bird of great beauty about the size of an eagle. A shining and most beautiful crest adorned its head, its plumage contained nearly every tint of the rainbow, and its eyes sparkled like diamonds. Only one of these birds could live at a time, but its existence covered a period of 500 or 600 years. When its life drew to a close, the bird built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices, with its wings fanned the pile into a flame and therein consumed itself. From its ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phenix was formed, having all the vigor of youth. The first care of the new phenix was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. For that purpose it made a ball of myrrh, frankincense and other fragrant things. At Heliopolis, a city in lower Egypt, there was a magnificent temple dedicated to the sun. To this temple the phenix would carry the fragrant ball and burn it on the altar of the sun as a sacrifice. The priests then examined the register and found that exactly 500 years, or exactly 600 years, had elapsed since that same ceremony had taken place.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Malaria.

Did you ever hear of the Roman cure for malaria? I would advise a judicious preparation for anathema maranatha when about to administer the dose. It will give the marble Venus a wry face, but is claimed to have cured stubborn cases. Allow a pint of water to a lemon—four lemons make sufficient for many a dose. Cut up the lemons, rind, pulp and all, in the water and boil until the whole is reduced to a pint. A teaspoonful before each meal is the dose.—Philadelphia Record.

The Difference.

"Will you be mine, darling?" he asked after a year's courting.

"No, it can never be," was her reply.

"Then why have you let me hope so long?" he said as he went toward the door.

"Because I intend never to belong to any man. You can be mine if you like."

He saw the difference and stopped. Years afterward he saw the difference still more clearly.—London Tit-Bits.

CRAZY OVER WITCHES.

REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES OF POOR GEORGE KELLAR.

His Superstitions Made Him Daft — Destroyed His Property to Drive Away the Evil Influence and Did Many Other Odd and Foolish Things.

Five years ago George Kellar and his family, consisting of a wife and three daughters, came to this country from Franklin county, Pa., and settled on a farm at Eden's Mill, about three miles from this place. Mr. Kellar was a good gardener and brought with him great thrift. He brought with him a taint of superstition and a mild belief in witchcraft. It was only a spark at first, but a little hard luck has fanned it into a raging insanity.

Shortly after Kellar located in his new home he employed a young man to work on the farm. In the course of time love sprang up between this young man and one of the girls, but about the time they were to be married he sickened and died of some peculiar malady which baffled the physicians. The girl was driven almost crazy by the shock, and for awhile had to be carefully watched to prevent her doing violence to herself. Her grief was so great that she was soon brought down to what all believed to be her deathbed. About this time the old man Kellar began to imagine all sorts of things. He refused to allow the physician who attended the young man to enter the house. After trying two or three others in a very unsatisfactory way he discarded them all and sent to his old home in Franklin county for a witch doctor. In a few days the doctor came and remained two or three weeks with the patient, during which time she recovered rapidly and was able to walk about when he left. This healing of his bewitched daughter increased the old man's belief that some evil person of great power was trying to drive him from his new home, and he began to act strangely toward his neighbors, who pitied, then ridiculed, and were finally driven to disgust by his preposterous suspicions. And not until he was adjudged insane did they return again to pity.

Kellar began at once to take steps to check the evil influence which he believed was contemplating the utter destruction of him and his. He put wire cloth over the tops of his chimneys, changed some of his doors so they would open out instead of in and began to enter the house backward. Having converted the rest of the family to his belief, he was assured of their co-operation in all his undertakings and met with no opposition when he began to abuse and destroy his property. He evinced a strange desire to be rid of the terrible influence which was gradually stealing over his premises. Hollow a great pit in his yard, where he burned all the bewitched articles of his household and kitchen, being so busily engaged in this wholesale sacrifice that he neglected to put in his crops or in any way make provisions for the support of his family. The house was a nice two story frame, well finished, but that did not hinder him from tearing off all the wainscoting throughout the building and burning it in the pit when he discovered that the witches were hiding behind it. Driven from there, they took refuge in the veranda. This was ruthlessly torn down and cast into the burning pit.

There was a brick walk from the front gate to the steps at the door, but it had to come up in an effort to break the charm. He thought he had them outside the gate at last, and hurriedly nailed it up tight and fast and began climbing over it when he wanted to go in and out. But the cruel witches had flanked him and entered the beautiful shade trees and shrubbery in the front yard, thinking, of course, that they were safe, as he would not dare to destroy the trees. They were sadly mistaken. There was no hiding place even in the trees. They were chopped down and left in confusion, as if to imprison the imps.

The mule took sick, and in spite of all the doctoring died. Kellar believed that the entire influence was in the mule, and as the mule was dead he wanted to keep that influence in the carcass. If the body of the mule was ever moved, the witches would be liberated, so he buried it just as it lay by the mound process. He must have made a bungling job of it, however, as his cow took sick in a few days and soon followed the mule.

The tactics were changed somewhat in the disposition of the dead body of the cow. He dragged the carcass into the pit, and chopping up the withered shade trees, together with parts of the house and fence, he piled all in one great heap above the pit. To this he applied the torch, and assured the family that when the fire began to consume the cow the person who was guilty of witchcraft would be compelled to come upon the scene. The dry limbs and brush made such a conflagration that one of his neighbors, Mr. Sherfey, thinking perhaps the house was on fire, came running over. He met with such a cool reception that he returned home in disgust.

Mr. Sherfey at once became an object of strict surveillance on the part of the Kellar family, who at once set about to undo everything he did and break the charm by doing the opposite of what he did. This led them into deep water. Sherfey opened his gate and dropped his bars when he wanted to go in or out, but Kellar did just the opposite in his exits and entrances. He would leave his gate open until he wanted to go out; then he would shut it and climb over. When Sherfey built a house over his well, Kellar, who had a nice lattice house over his, went out and tore it down and cast it into the burning pit. A roofless kitchen now stands at the rear of the Kellar home as a result of Mr. Sherfey's putting a new roof on that part of his residence.

By this time the house was a sorry spectacle indeed, but the strange lunatic knocked the glass out of the windows so he could see out without looking through the glass, as Sherfey did. Up to this juncture his efforts had been directed to the destruction of his own property only, but his delusion had now reached such proportions that it could not longer be confined on his own premises, and he began to find bewitched objects on Sherfey's side of the fence. Consequently he cut down a lot of wire fence for his neighbor and dug up the posts. This brought the culmination. A man may be allowed to destroy his own property with impunity, but he ceases to be eccentric when he crosses the well defined line lying between him and his neighbor and does mischief. He is crazy. Sherfey became afraid he would do him some bodily injury and had him arrested. He was adjudged insane, and the poor fellow is now in jail at Jonesboro.—Johnson City Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Cactus opuntra, or prickly pear, supposed to be an American plant, grows wild in Greece and Italy and is found in abundance in the lava of Mount Etna.

One Sign.

"I'll bet they live a cat and dog life."

"What makes you think so?"

"They always call each other darling before company."—New York Press.

A Marked Contrast.

Van Broam—What quiet eyes Miss Manchester has!

Shingiss—Yes. So widely different from her chin!—Wonder.

A MIDNIGHT LULLABY.

How a Dying Mother and Her Child Were Found at Sea.

We were off the gulf of Taranto, on the southeast coast of Naples, and heading up for the Adriatic sea, when at sunset one evening the last vestige of a breeze died away, and no sailor ever saw a more glorious night come down. The heavens seemed to blaze with stars, and so quiet was the ship after the 8 o'clock watch got settled down on deck that the silence made one really lonesome. There was only a light ground swell, and the ship heaved with scarcely the creak of a bulkhead bulge or the chafe of a block aloft. At 10 o'clock a light fog settled down to make the situation still more lonely. One standing at the wheel could just make out the foremast rising from the deck, but nothing forward of that. It was in summer, and the sailors were without shoes. Now and then I could hear them moving about, and their soft footfalls reminded me of cats advancing upon their prey. From 8 to 11 o'clock the ship was like a grave. There was not even the splash of a fish jumping out of water. At 11 or soon after the man on lookout hailed me in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and as I went forward he said:

"I've heard something very queer off the starboard bow for the last 10 minutes. It's not me alone, sir, but here are two of the men who will tell you the same."

"What sort of a sound is it?" I asked.

"Well, it's the next thing to singing, I should say. At least there's a sort of tune to it—something like one of our old nursery songs."

"It can't be a craft out there, for nothing was within 10 miles of us when the wind died out. Keep quiet now, and we'll all listen!"

One—two—three minutes passed away, and then all got the sound together. It certainly sounded like a human voice, but a weak one, and it also seemed to follow the air of a nursery song.

"But it can't be that," I said to the men, who instinctively drew closer together and betrayed their superstitious fears. "The noise may be caused by a sea fowl or even a fish. At any rate, it's nothing we need look into."

I walked aft, and for 15 minutes all was quiet. Then I suddenly caught the sound again, and this time it was so much nearer or louder that I was startled. At the same moment the lookout hailed again, and as I went forward I found the whole watch bending over the starboard bow in the attitude of listening.

"I heard it," I said as I halted. "All listen now, and see if it comes again."

It was fully five minutes before the silence was broken, and when the sound came again no one could doubt what it was. It was a weak and rasping human voice crying out in a strange fashion in an effort to sing. If you have ever heard a very old person try to sing, you can get a fair idea of what this voice was like. It was faint and quavery, and yet there was a rasp to it which instinctively reminded me of thirst. It struck at least one of the men that way also, for he turned and whispered:

"If that isn't a spirit, sir, it'll be some castaway on a bit of wreckage whose throat is so parched that he can't send us a hail!"

I went for my night glass, and after a long look I thought I could make out an object resembling a boat. I couldn't be certain, however, but waited for the sound to come again. When it came, I called the captain, and two minutes after he reached the deck we could make out a boat to the east of us, and he ordered a boat lowered and sent me off in charge to investigate. We did not have a cable's length to go. We not only found it to be a boat, but there was a human being in it sitting on the bottom amidships. The queer singing began again as we reached the boat, and while we were making her fast the figure moved its shoulders and arms, but not its position. The motions reminded me of a mother soothing a child, and yet I had no doubt the figure would turn out to be some poor devil of a fisherman blown off shore in a gale. When we reached the ship, one of the men entered the strange boat to assist the castaway on deck, but he had not yet laid hands on the sitting figure when he started back and shouted:

"Bless my eyes, Captain Cook, but it's a woman instead of a sailor, and she's holding something I take to be a baby."

I went down to inspect, and, sure enough, it was a woman and a baby. She had been bending over it and did not look up till I laid my hand on her arm. Even in the darkness I knew the child was dead and the mother very near it. She would not let go of the little dead body, and suffering had wrecked her mind. She looked about in a dazed and stupid way and then sat down on deck and began to rock and croon. We offered her brandy and water, but for some time she would not touch it. I moistened a sponge and rubbed it over her cracked lips, and then she filled her mouth, but could not swallow. She began to shiver and shake like one with the ague, and soon after that gave utterance to a wild, long shriek and fell over dead.

The presence of the mother and child in the boat out there was easily explained. It was a pleasure boat, and they had drifted off the coast. Four different craft were out in search, and they were in the highway of sailing and steam craft, and yet they had been four days adrift when we brought them aboard. It was hardly daylight before we were boarded by one of the searching parties, but all we could give them was the dead—two corpses burned and shriveled in the hot sun and wasted to skeletons by hunger and thirst.

M. QUAD.

Quakers, Puritans and Turks.

The first Quakers who came to New England were two unprotected women—the one, Ann Austin, about 60 years of age, the mother of five children, and the other, Mary Fisher, her maiden friend, over 30. They came from Barbados. Immediately upon their arrival they were taken from ship to jail, and for fear that any one would talk with them and thereby spread their heresies the window of the cell was boarded up.

Four years afterward Mary Fisher went on a mission to the orient to bring her testimony to the Turks. The great Sultan Mohammed IV was on the throne. He accorded her an audience and received her with civility, and she was in nowise restrained while in his dominions. The circumstance of Mary Fisher's having been persecuted and imprisoned both in old and New England and left free and unmolested in the dominions of the sultan has been variously explained so as not to be too creditable to the "grand Turk." The fact is, in Mohammedan lands the humane principle of toleration had been learned and practiced earlier than in Christian countries, as is evidenced by the Turkish concessions to Christians and other sects, which date back to the twelfth century. These were continued and renewed in the middle of the fifteenth century, when Constantinople was captured.—"Roger Williams" by Oscar S. Straus.

He Wasn't In It.

"Throw up your hands!"

"Throw up your own!"

"Who are you?"

"I'm a burglar."

"So am I. Let's do the job together and divide the spoils."

"Not by a blamed sight. I found a fellow ransacking the kitchen that I'm going songs wid, and dere ain't enough for three. See? Get out or I'll call the police!"—Seattle Press-Times.

GOOD HEALTH.

BALANCE OF PHYSICAL STRUCTURE WITH ENVIRONMENT.

Etiquette of Entertaining Visitors—Personal Liberty Desirable The Golden Mean of Hospitality.

Every breathing creature from the first dawn of time has had to conform its structure to the conditions imposed by the nature of the air supply, declares the editor of Popular Science News in expressing the following ideas: The structure of our blood and its chemical composition are such that it can only perform its work properly where there is but little carbon dioxide and much oxygen. The structures of our lungs, hearts, livers and blood vessels are exactly adjusted to just such a quality of blood and such air. Through all the countless years of the past every creature in the line of descent toward ourselves has survived solely because these organs changed as the air changed, thus adapting themselves to the new environment. It is certain that slight deviations from the true physiological balance of structure cause certain families to be liable to certain diseases. We now know that the old notion that consumption is hereditary is wrong. But we also know that a very slight narrowing in the diameter of the pulmonary arterius and veins renders one more liable to consumption.

Since some families have a structural deviation of this kind that is hereditary, all such people are more likely to have consumption of the lungs than others. The principal reason lies in the fact that they are unable to as fully aerate their blood and keep it in as perfect vigor as their fellow creatures. Where such people are constantly engaged in vigorous, healthy out of door work they seldom catch the disease, even though liable. When compelled to rapidly and completely inflate their lungs by reason of proper physiological exercise, they are safe under otherwise ordinary conditions of exposure to the disease. The causes that conspire to this and other serious forms of disease have been traced to the atmosphere.

It is not the air itself nor any gaseous constituent thereof that is directly responsible for these troubles. The part performed by the air in the affair resides in its buoyant property, by means of which light particles of solid matter are able to float in it.

Crossing the Legs When Sitting.

Women who sit with their legs crossed to sew or read or to hold the baby are not aware that they are inviting serious physical ailments, but it is true nevertheless. When a man crosses his legs he places the ankle of one limb across the knee of the other and rests it lightly there. A woman, more modest and restricted in her movements, rests the entire weight of one limb on the other, and this pressure upon the sensitive nerves and cords, if indulged in for continued lengths of time, as is often done by ladies who sew or embroider, will produce disease. Sciatica, neuralgia and other serious troubles frequently result from this simple cause. The muscles and nerves in the upper portion of a woman's leg are extremely sensitive, and much of her whole physical structure can become deranged if they are overtaxed.

Chloroform and Ether.

Statistics have been collected which show that there is one death to every 9,000 administrations of chloroform, while with ether there is only one fatal case in 14,000. Ether is dangerous to the lungs, chloroform to the heart.

ENTERTAINING VISITORS.

Guests Like a Little Personal Liberty—The Golden Mean of Hospitality.

The friend who is your guest is for the time an honored member of your family, and the best the house affords is quietly placed at his disposal. To treat an invited guest, or, for that matter, the chance guest whom circumstances have brought within your gates, with scant courtesy or inattention is to show yourself underbred. "We take you right in as one of ourselves," says the unconventional hostess, not reflecting that to do this literally may be both thoughtless and unkind. As opposed to this latter view of the subject, Harper's Bazar points out that the golden mean is attained in households wherever guests are entertained agreeably, but not loaded with attentions. Never to be left a moment to one's own devices is as uncomfortable as to be neglected entirely. Most people prefer a little personal liberty. They have letters to write, a book or two to read, a little mending to do, or they may even like to go out for a walk by themselves. It is kind to let them feel that they are not interfering with the regular work of the house, and that their hostess is able to carry on her own affairs, even though she has company. The social authority already mentioned says further:

A visitor in ordinary cases should not be put to any expense which can be avoided while under a friend's roof. The host defrays all small expenses, such as car fare and ferriage, and of course purchases all tickets for entertainments—theaters, etc.—to which the guest is taken, paying carriage hire if this is needed. The guest, on the other hand, does not allow expense to be incurred by the host if it is properly her duty to attend to it. A trunk or other baggage coming to the house from the station should be paid for in advance by its owner.

The children of a family should be taught to perform little friendly services for visitors, and it ought to be their pleasure to do this, but sometimes a doting mother makes the mistake of imposing her babies upon her guests until the latter are excessively tired of the little ones. As all people are not equally devoted to children, mothers should discriminate, not allowing the juniors to be too constantly in the foreground.

Card Customs.

Daughters leave cards for their fathers, wives for their husbands, nieces for uncles. Sons should do their own calling.

It is an interesting custom to use infants' cards. They are quite small and bear the full baptismal name of the child with the date of birth. The card with one of the mother's inclosed is forwarded to friends.

In cases of sympathy, whether in sorrow or joy, prompt personal inquiry is imperative where it is possible. Otherwise a card by mail should be sent, with a word of congratulation or condolence or inquiry if it is a case of illness.

He Learned.

A Lewiston young fellow from St. Hyacinth, P. Q., who undertook to repair a music box the other day, found out something about one. He took the spring out just as it had stopped, pretty well wound up, and when he released it it flew up, grabbed him by the neck, knocked two teeth out, cross countered on his nose, tore the insides of the music box out and threw them at him, scared the cat out from under the table, knocked over the spirit lamp, and when the young man came to his senses he simply asked: "Did they save any of the children? I would rather be kicked by a mule, shot with a baked potato or knocked out by Fitzsimmons than be embraced by a music spring in action."—Lewiston Journal.

SULPHUR BITTERS

IT WILL drive the humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by IMPURE BLOOD. They can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood purifier, Sulphur Bitters.

TRY A BOTTLE TO-DAY.

Why suffer with Boils? Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain with RHEUMATISM? Use Sulphur Bitters. They will cure you where all others fail. The dose is small—only a teaspoonful. TRY IT and you will be satisfied. The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has SAVED HUNDREDS.

If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use Sulphur Bitters. They never fail to cure. Get it of your Druggist.

DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE.

Sulphur Bitters will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; IT WILL CURE YOU.

Send 2 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Capital is not required, you make it. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

$5000 WORTH OF TRUNKS,

Valises, Bags, Grips, Shawl Straps, Extension Cases, and every kind of goods usually kept in a well stocked Trunk Manufactory. We have outgrown our store, and in order to continue business we have got to have more room, and in order to do this work we will be obliged to get all our goods removed, so for the next ten days we will sell goods at prices that will be so low that everybody can have a trunk by calling at the

LOWELL Trunk Manufactory 70-72 Middlesex Street. Old Wooden Building.

P. F. Devine, Prop.

THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANO

Is characterized by that same Highest Standard of Excellence which has achieved a reputation for the Mason & Hamlin Organ as the standard of the world. The Mason & Hamlin Piano is constructed on an improved method of stringing, invented and patented in 1883, which piano experts pronounce "The Greatest Improvement in Pianos in Half a Century. The agency for these Pianos and Organs has been secured for Lowell and vicinity by

GEORGE GARDNER 45 PRESCOTT STREET.

Teacher of Music.

Miss Ethel O'Neil is now forming classes for Piano and Organ. For further particulars call at

COR. LANE AND HORN STS. (No. 68.)

N. B.—Would accept position as organist at reasonable terms.

JAMES MARREN, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, 121 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.

All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

I. VAN TINE Expert Bicycle Machinist, Builder of "Climax" and "Built to Reach" bicycles.

Fine Repairing a Specialty. All work guaranteed. Parts of principal makes always in stock. No. 7 HURD STREET.

DR. BRETON

The eminent Specialist, will be glad to see all his former patrons and any who desire his services at

44 Central Street.

Office Hours—1 to 8 p. m. Sundays and Holidays by appointment only.

DRS. CUFF & CONSTANTINEAU Surgeon Dentists

Rooms 5, 6, 7, 8, Bon Marche Build'g. 159 Merrimack Street.

DR. KELLEY'S SURGEON DENTIST

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JULY 14.

SUN RISES	4 20	MOON SETS	1 03 A M
SUN SETS	7 21	FULL SEA	9 15 A M
LENGTH OF DAY	15 00		9 15 P M

Forecast for Maine and New Hampshire: Partly cloudy, with local showers in southern portion; west winds; cooler.

For Vermont: Fair; winds shifting to northwest.

For Massachusetts: Showers, followed by fair weather; cooler; west winds.

For Rhode Island and Connecticut: Fair, followed by local thunder storms in Connecticut; west winds; cooler in Connecticut.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN, with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Everybody agrees that last night was the hottest night of the season.

The Atlantic mills, Lawrence, are to close July 28th for five weeks.

The Massachusetts Cycle club of Boston is the guest of the Vesper club today.

The memorial fund to the late Chief Henry L. Bixby of Newton has reached $7000.

Mr. and Mrs. John Coville of Watertown, are visiting in Lowell and renewing old acquaintances.

Benjamin Lee and Wm. Loobey are to run a 100 yard dash at the Fair grounds, July 28th, for $50 a side.

The Y. M. C. A. gives a free concert in their rooms on Hurd street at 7.30 tonight. The Irene orchestra will furnish music.

The new bicycle law is in force. Ten miles an hour is the limit to the speed in cities, and a bell must be used on the machine.

The outing club of the Y. W. C. A. is at Willow Dale, this afternoon. A basket lunch will be served free to all who attend.

The Ward Six committee of the republican city committee met last night, and arranged for electioneering at Tuesday's election.

The Burkes are holding their annual picnic and games, this afternoon, at Shawsheen river grove. Among other attractions there will be a base ball game and races.

Wm. Barry of this city, charged with obtaining money under false pretences was held for the grand jury at Concord, N. H., Friday. Bail was fixed at $300. He was committed.

Read Kittredge & Co.'s ad. today and get your supply of paints, brushes, etc., for every day use. Paris green is not mentioned, so put this on the list, too. Warranted to kill with one application; 208 Central street.

A small boy named Alphonse Tetreau was arrested in Dracut Thursday, on a charge of breaking glass in a house at that place. He was discharged on account of his being so young, as he is only 7 years old. Another boy still younger was also mixed up in this affair, but was not arrested.

Haverhill Commandery, U. O. G. C., of Haverhill, had an installation of officers last evening. Following are the officers: Deputy Grand Commander J. A. Janvrin, Grand Herald J. F. Robarge, Past Grand Commander Lady Henrietta Robarge officiated. Rev. H. Lockhart was present to advocate Golden Cross principles.

A Tent Blown Down.

The tent over the flying horses in the vacant lot on Lakeview avenue was blown down by the wind, yesterday.

Offer Ten Per Cent.

Joseph O. Lebarge, general trader, 44 Aiken street, Lowell, owes $3719.96, and the assets consisted of the stock, accounts and bills receivable. He offers his creditors 10 per cent. payable in 30 days.

Aiken Street Bridge Afire.

There was a slight blaze on the Aiken street bridge at 6 o'clock last evening, but it was extinguished by David Benoit before any damage was done. It probably caught from a lighted cigar.

Fees to Lowell Lobbyists.

Among the items paid by corporations to counsel who represented them during the legislative session are the following: Tremont & Suffolk mills to Francis W. Qua of Lowell, counsel to secure legislation in relation to deposits of cities and towns in banks, $318.65; Lowell & Suburban Street Railway company to George F. Richardson counsel on petition for amendment to charter, $100.

Wanted a Free Ride.

A youth who gave his name as Storry Shonkanskie, aged about 13, says the Woonsocket Reporter, who had been hanging around the railroad station at Blackstone, R. I., Monday, and could tell a very plausible story, was forwarded to his home at Lowell, Mass., Monday, at 5 p. m., by Overseer of the Poor William Fitzgerald of that place. The young lad stated that he had been sent to relatives in New York some time ago, who took what money he had except enough to pay his fare to New London from which place he had traveled on foot to Blackstone. As there is no person by that name in the directory, the youth probably gave a fictitious name, or wanted to get a free ride to this city.

CANOE CAMP AT CROTON POINT.

American Association Expects to Have About 200 in Attendance.

CROTON POINT, N. Y., July 14.—The 14th meet of the American Canoe association began here yesterday and will last two weeks. The formal opening of the camp was deferred until today on account of the non-arrival of the association flags and the ammunition for the camp cannon, but the Knickerbocker canoe club hoisted their club flag, saluted it, and opened their part of the camp.

The camp is on the high banks of Croton point, and overlooks the wide waters of Haverstraw bay, facing toward the northwest. There are already about 20 tents in position and a half dozen more arrived this evening. About 40 are in camp. It is expected tomorrow will bring the arrivals up to 200. All preparations are made to receive a large number of new comers.

The camp steamer began running today, and makes four trips daily each way between Sing Sing and the camp. Two stores and a restaurant have been opened on the grounds by enterprising residents of the neighborhood. In addition to Knickerbocker, Red Dragon and Ianthe clubs have club messes.

The following clubs are now represented in the camp; Knickerbocker of New York city, Ianthe of Newark, N. J.; Arlington of Arlington; Red Dragon of Philadelphia, Washington canoe association of Washington, D. C.; Owanux canoe association of Bridgeport, Conn.; Ottawa of Ottawa, Can.; Bulwagga of Port Henry, N. Y.; Rochester of Rochester, N. Y., and Newburgh boating and canoeing association of Newburgh, N. Y.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 81 MERK ST.

Old Hundred 10c. cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

The Martin Luthers held an outing at Tyng's Island yesterday.

There are 305 entries for the Worcester trotting meeting next week.

The Emmets play the Centrals on the North common this afternoon.

The police arrested John Savage, yesterday, charged with escaping from the city farm.

The Pawtucket Blues play the Collinsville B. B. club in Pawtucketvill this afternoon.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

Operations were begun this forenoon on those promised iron stairs to Chelmsford street at the Middlesex street station.

Three pool tables and a billiard table will be put in at Lakeview in that part of the bowling alley formerly used for rifle practice.

Sergeant Dangler, the recruiting officer from Fort Warren, Boston harbor, reports four men enlisted during his six weeks stay in Lowell.

P. J. Hoar, attorney-at-law, has removed his office from 19 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack corner of Palmer street.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the thermometer at Ellingwood's store registered 98 degrees. The awning was down and the electric fans were kept going all day.

Before Corbett sails for home this month he is to put on the gloves in England with old Jem Mace. The veteran ex-champion of the world is in need of coin, and Corbett will give him a helping hand by appearing at his benefit and using him gently in the boxing.

About 12.30 last night the residents of Howard street in the vicinity of Chelmsford street, were startled by hearing a series of unearthly yells and cries that lasted two or three minutes. Several of the residents got up and a few people who were passing along Chelmsford street ran down and made a hunt for the "howler," but without success, as he had disappeared.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Objects to His Name.

Mr. Prescott Lynch of the Mail, who strenuously objects to being called "Percy," is to take the newspaper men up river on an excursion, and he will foot all bills.

They Danced For Prizes.

The B. C. club had a sail up river on the May Queen to Harmony Grove, last night. Fred Tucker won the prize dance and Jennie McKenzie took a gold ring for the ladies' prize.

A Despicable Act.

A sneak thief entered the house of a woman named Bridget Daley, who lives at 50 Chestnut street, while she was out working yesterday afternoon, and carried away the scanty stock of food which she had bought that morning. The theft was reported to Inspector Laflamme. The thief who stole the victuals deserves heavy punishment, for the loss falls heavily on the family of six, the husband and father being out of work.

Who Will Preach Tomorrow.

Rev. W. D. Leland preaches at Eliot church. Rev. J. C. Tomlinson, at First Universalist church. Prof. R. A. Beard, at First Congregational church. Rev. E. W. Pride of Andover at High Street Congregation church. Miss Bertha Stevens of Franklin, N. H., at Union F. B. church. Prof. J. P. Taylor of Andover, at Kirk Street church. Rev. E. P. Curnick at Worthen Street Baptist, morning; and Worthen Street Methodist, evening.

Dracut a Little Excited.

There is no little excitement in the town of Dracut over an attempt to get Officer Scott investigated. It is said that he aroused the ire of the townspeople by carrying two revolvers, a billy, handcuffs and twisters, in fact he was a walking arsenal in the opinion of law breakers. The people say he used his revolver to scare a man who was running away on the Fourth, but Officer Scott says it was only a blank cartridge, and as he caught and arrested the man the burnt powder was well expended.

Only Fooled Once.

An item in yesterday's SUN reads, "The long promised iron stairs from Chelmsford street down to the Northern depot have at last been commenced."

This item recalls a few humorous incidents which were seen for the few days following the boarding up of the Chelmsford street entrance to the old stairs. Many of our prominent citizens had a habit, when they had occasion to go to Boston, of jumping off a Westford street car and making a dive down the stairway with great speed.

For a few days after this had been boarded up, it was very humorous to stand for about an hour—between 8 and 9 o'clock—and watch those who were unacquainted with the fact that-it-was-closed, make a running jump from the car to the entrance and to see the looks of amazement that came over their faces. Most of them would use pretty strong language when they found they had to walk away round to Middlesex street, but they never get fooled more than once in this way.

THE NEW QUARTERS.

To be Occupied by the License Commissioners at City Hall.

The license commissioners will have their new quarters in city hall, in the truant commissioners' office, unless they change their minds. It is understood that the members of the commission are favorably impressed with the truant commissioners quarters, and will have a railing put in the room.

They will have office hours so as not to interfere with the work of the truant commissioners.

It is said that upon their recent visit to Worcester, the commissioner found that several clerks have been employed to do work for the commissioners there and so reported to Mayor Pickman. His honor replied that he guessed there would be no need of several clerks here. City Clerk Dowd and Asst. McCarthy have managed to perform their regular work and attend to license business besides in past years.

Woodbury removes Moles,

Warts, Pimples, Freckles, Wrinkles, Superfluous Hair, all Facial Blemishes, and Skin Diseases. Regular registered Physicians. Call or write. Consultation free. 125 West 42d Street, N. Y.

Send 10c. for a little "Beauty" book. 190 pages on skin and scalp, care of the hair, preservation of the complexion, removal of all skin blemishes, in short the result of 20 years' practical experience treating the skin. Mailed, sealed, to any address, with sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Will They Win?

The Mathew Temperance institute nine went to Milford, N. H., this noon, to play off the rubber game with the team representing that place.

Not Much of That.

The way the Lakeview theatre fills up at every performance of The Mascot, it is evident the people like the opera. Last night "standing room only" was the order.

Look Out For Dogs.

George D. Dudley, foreman at Woods, Sherwood & Co's., wire factory, on Bridge street, was bitten by a dog, Thursday. Officer Libbey settled with the dog later.

Easy to Break an Arm.

Arthur S. Howard, of Tech, who was editor of the High School Review, and major of the battalion in '92, stubbed his toe on Central street, yesterday, and falling, broke his left forearm.

Called on Little Ruth.

Gov. Greenhalge as the guest of Gen. C. H. Taylor of the Globe at his summer home on Buzzard's bay, called on Mrs. Cleveland, Little Ruth and Baby Esther, on Thursday, enjoying a very pleasant evening.

Gov. Greenhalge Off for Maine.

Gov. Greenhalge and family left yesterday for Kennebunkport, Me. The governor will remain there for several days, returning to the state house next Tuesday morning. In the meantime Sec. Thomas will hold the fort alone.

It Pleased the Crowd.

St. Patrick's Cadet band gave a free concert last night in front of city hall. A crowd of almost 900 gathered around in the vicinity and seemed to greatly enjoy itself. The program was the same as that rendered on the 4th of July, but was somewhat shortened, as the program was concluded at 9 o'clock.

Money Sold at Auction.

The Lowell Co-operative bank held its regular meeting last evening when $9000 and over were sold after lively bidding. The highest price paid was 7 4-5 per cent. interest on one block of $1500. About $2000 was sold at 6 9 10 per cent., about $4000 for 6 2-5 per cent. and about $3700 for 6 3-10 per cent. The largest block sold to one purchaser was $3000, sold at 6 3-10 per cent.

Endorsement for the C. L. U.

The Mule Spinners' union met last evening at 12 Middle street. The most important business was the discussion on the resolutions adopted by the Central Labor union Sunday last and by a unanimous vote the action of the the union was fully endorsed.

It was also voted to turn out in a body on Labor day in the parade, and at the next meeting the marshal and his aids will be elected.

His Head Smashed in.

A despatch from Haverhill says that Timothy Driscoll of this city, employed in C. H. Hayes' new factory had the top of his head crushed by brick falling from a tub that was being hoisted to the top of the building, a distance of 20 feet. He was taken to the city hospital and late last evening was in a critical condition and will probably die. He is married and has a family in this city.

The only Timothy Driscoll in the directory is the one that resides on Charles street.

Vote for O'Day.

Every democratic voter in Ward Six should turn out on Tuesday next to vote for Mr. O'Day. His defeat would be a severe blow to the democrats of the city.

It is now known by the democratic city committee that several of the defeated candidates who have heretofore been regarded as good democrats are out in opposition to Mr. O'Day. These gentlemen are making the mistake of their lives because they will be punished for their treachery if they show by their actions that the reports in circulation regarding them are true. Should Mr. O'Day's vote fall below the democratic strength they will be held responsible.

STEERAGE RATES CUT.

Vacation Trip to Liverpool and Return for Only $15.

NEW YORK, July 14.—The cut in steerage rates to points in England, made yesterday by the White Star line, was beat today by the American Line Steamship company. Hereafter until further notice they will carry steerage passengers to the other side for $10 each, with the privilege of purchasing a return ticket prepaid for $15.

This rate is to the common points, technically speaking, which are Southampton, Liverpool, London and Belfast.

An additional $1 will be added to this rate to Dublin, and $2 to Bristol. The fare to Havre, Amsterdam, Bremen or Rotterdam will be $15, and $2.25 additional to Paris. The continental rate also holds good for Scandinavian ports.

The Cunard company say they have done nothing in the way of a cut as yet.

Nothing to Give Out.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Reports are still very unsatisfactory as to the progress of the Democratic tariff conference, and nothing more direct can be obtained from conferees than that they are making satisfactory progress, and that the bill is being gradually put into shape, which it is hoped will make it reasonably satisfactory to the Democratic party.

Mind Was Unbalanced.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., July 14.—Rev. A. B. Dascomb committed suicide at his home in Westminster. He was 59 years old. He was stationed at Bellows Falls for 12 years, resigning in September, 1890, on account of illness. He never regained his health. His malady being of a mental nature, resulted in unbalancing his mind a few months ago.

Poland Brothers Recaptured.

LEWISTON, Me., July 14.—Henry Poland, who escaped from Auburn jail last May, was brought back yesterday by Officer Sparrow of Portland, who found him and George Poland, his brother, at Gloucester, N. H. George escaped from Deputy Marshal True of Mechanic Falls last week, but was rearrested by Officer Sparrow.

Ex-Roundsman Under Arrest.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Samuel J. Campbell, a former roundsman on the police force and now a real estate agent, was arrested yesterday. He is accused of having forced tribute from east side Bohemian saloon keepers.

A Postponement.

BUFFALO, July 14.—The triennial general convocation of Royal Arch Masons of the Grand Chapter was to have been held in Topeka next week, but on account of the strike the convocation will not be held until Aug. ??

Clearance Sale!!!

Now is the time to get your vacation or business suit or trouser, at greatly reduced prices. Best values in the city at Alexander's, importer and tailor, 65 Central street.

Giving Away

Elegantly decorated nappies and platters with a pound of our high grade tea. Dickson Bros: 68 Merrimack street.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CONGRESS ACTS.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL HAS PASSED.

Other Matters of Importance Taken Up Without Delay—Pension Appropriation Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The river and harbor appropriation bill, which usually gives rise to sharp debate and consumes from three days to a week for its completion, was passed yesterday. Another important bill—the legislative, executive and judicial—was immediately taken up and put well on its way toward passage before the senate adjourned.

The early part of the day's proceedings was enlivened by a discussion of Mr. Hale's resolution inquiring whether there had been a meeting of the conference committee on the tariff bill. Besides the author of the resolution, the Republican conferees, Senators Allison, Aldrich and Sherman, each expressed their condemnation of "senate chamber" method of considering the bill now involved.

Mr. Voorhees replied that he had been actuated by an overwhelming desire to hurry the bill through its last stage in not inviting the Republican members to the meetings. It was necessary that the majority should first formulate some line of action for themselves, after which a full conference would be called. Several bills of minor importance were passed.

The house agreed to the report of the conference on the pension appropriation bill. The remainder of the day was devoted to the consideration of private bills. Although several were debated none was passed. The evening session was for the consideration of private pension bills.

WON WITH EASE.

Two of Cincinnati's Pitchers Badly Pounded by the Bostons.

CINCINNATI, July 13.—Boston hammered both of Cincinnati's pitchers without ceasing, and won with the greatest ease.

Boston	4	1	3	2	0	2	0	7	8—22
Cincinnati	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0—7

Earned runs—Boston, 18; Cincinnati, 7. Base hits—Boston, 29; Cincinnati, 13. Errors—Boston, 2; Cincinnati, 5. Batteries—Staley and Ryan; Tannehill, Parrott and Murphy.

At St. Louis:

St. Louis	3	3	0	0	0	0	5	0	—11
Baltimore	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	5	0—10

Base hits—St. Louis, 12; Baltimore, 8. Errors—St. Louis, 6; Baltimore, 8. Batteries—Breitenstein and Twineham; Hawke, McMahon and Clarke.

At Pittsburg:

Pittsburg	4	3	0	3	0	0	0	0	—10
New York	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—4

Base hits—Pittsburg, 8; New York, 6. Errors—Pittsburg, 3; New York, 6. Batteries—Ehret and Mack; Westervelt and Farrell.

At Cleveland:

Cleveland	1	4	0	5	4	1	1	0	—16
Philadelphia	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	2—8

Base hits—Cleveland, 15; Philadelphia, 19. Errors—Cleveland, 1; Philadelphia, 5. Batteries—Young and O'Connor; Callahan and Buckley.

At Portland—Portland, 20; Bangor, 9.

At Lewiston—Lewiston, 14; Haverhill, 12.

At Brockton—Brockton, 7; Pawtucket, 6.

Hayes and McGlone of the disbanded Worcester club have been signed by Bangor.

Five Persons Injured.

CHICAGO, July 14.—A passenger and a freight collided on the Wisconsin Central railroad at Fourteenth and Robey streets. Five persons were injured, but none killed.

Mrs. Sarah E. Combs
Auburn, Mass.

All Broken Down

Weak, Nervous, Dizzy Spells

Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I had been in poor health for a long time. For years my appetite was very poor. Supper was my best meal, but even then I could not sleep nights and I had to walk the floor a great deal at night. I was very nervous and had frequent dizzy spells and headaches. I suffered with pains in my bowels.

I Did Not Think I Could Live

three months when I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla for my blood. Before I had used one bottle I began to feel better and my appetite improved. I was troubled with constipation, so I got a box of Hood's Vegetable Pills. Soon I passed a knotted tape worm 25 feet long. At once the pains in my bowels ceased and though very weak, I began to pick up in appetite and strength. I am no longer troubled with headache or dizzy spells, and sleep soundly. I am perfectly well and work hard each day." MRS. SARAH E. COMBS, Auburn, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

BARGAINS!

2 cans Peaches	25 cents
2 cans Salmon	25 cents
3 cans Peas	25 cents
4 bottles Ammonia	25 cents
3 mugs Mustard	25 cents
2 lbs Hops	25 cents
1 gallon Molasses	25 cents
6 boxes Macaroni	25 cents
8 dozen Crackers	25 cents
4 packages Corn Starch	25 cents
5 lbs Tapioca	25 cents
5 lbs Raisins	25 cents
6 lbs Currants	25 cents
5 lbs Starch	25 cents
10 bars Soap	25 cents
5 boxes Sardines	25 cents
3 boxes Mince Meat	25 cents
3 bottles of Root Beer	25 cents

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

Only Three Voters.

Only three Ward Six voters showed up to be registered in city hall, yesterday.

Took French Leave.

"Shorty" Devine, as he is know around town, is reported to have taken French leave from the workhouse.

An Ungodly Warm Day.

Two men approached each other on Central street yesterday afternoon. The first ejaculated, "pretty warm, isn't it?" "Well, I guess it is," replied the other, "its a regular Bob Ingersoll day."

Firemen vs. Police.

The would-be champions at the national game in the police and fire departments will meet on the Fair grounds next Thursday afternoon. Money is being placed even; odds are given that more than two umpires will be needed.

Has Sung the World Over.

Mr. Robert Tyrrell, the famous tenor singer, is at his home in this city. He came on from San Francisco, Cal., to see his father whom he learned was quite ill. "Bob" has been engaged during the past season at Maguire's theatre in San Francisco. He has signed for next season with the Minnie Hauk company. During his life "Bob" has travelled considerably and has visited Europe, Asia, Africa, North America and South America.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

LADIES' OXFORD SHOES.

The season for outing and vacation is at hand, and the ideal shoe for recreation is the Oxford. It furnishes coolness and comfort, convenience and economy all in one. For the seashore, for the mountain, for the summer picnic, you need a pair of Oxfords. Here's the chance to supply the need:—

Ladies' Dongola, patent leather tip, opera and Philadelphia toe Oxfords, 75c.

Ladies' Dongola opera and square toe Oxfords, widths D and E, 99c.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, patent leather tip Oxfords, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' tan goat opera and square toe Oxfords, widths B, C, D and E, $1.23.

Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, opera and square cloth top Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, turn, opera and square toe, patent tip, Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat turn, opera and square toe Oxfords, $1.50.

Ladies' tan goat, McKay sewed, opera toe Oxfords, widths B and E, $1.50.

Ladies' Dongola, needle toe, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square toe, cloth top, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' Dongola, narrow square turn, patent tip Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Ten Vici Kid, McKay sewed, opera Oxfords, $2.

Ladies' best Russia Calf, McKay sewed opera Blucher and Oxfords, $2.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

Lakeview Theatre

Afternoons at 3. Evenings at 8.

THE GILBERT OPERA COMPANY

A Mascot is a Mascot because it is a

MASCOT

Beginning MONDAY, July 9th, this merriest of Audran's operas will be produced.

New Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, American Orchestra, Superb Chorus, Excellent Caste.

Bettina, the Mascot	Miss Jennie Corea
Fiametta	Miss Kate Powers
Frederic	Mrs. Carrie Carrel Lloyd
Lorenzo XVII	Raymond Hitchcock
Pippo	John Lloyd
Rocco	Tom Callahan
Doctor	George Ireland
Matteo	Peter Depew
Parafonte	Frank Emerson
Carlo	Miss Madeline Sandford
Macco	Miss Edith Cinq Mars

Lords, ladies, soldiers, peasants, etc.

Grandest production ever seen in Lowell.

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes.

For Breakfast, What Shall We Eat?

TRY

Cunningham's Breakfast Delicacy,

A WHEAT FOOD.

12c. per pkg. A perfect food, especially those of weak digestion.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK.

Mantle Bed with Spring and Mattress, complete, for $12.50, usual price $16.

Sideboard folding Bed with French Mirror, all quartered Oak, $30, usual price $35. A fine Antique Bedroom Set, large Plate Mirror, $18.

The verw best Soft Top Mattress for $3.

Wash Tubs, Clothes Baskets, Bench and Tub Wringers, at lowest prices.

We have a few Refrigerators left and will sell at a bargain. A new lot of Baby Carriages just received, with all latest improvements, for the small sum of $5.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

Weather Indications—Fair and Continued Warm.

Attention, Gentlemen

FREE SHINE. | This week we offer you 172 pairs of finest Calfskin Hand Sewed | FREE SHINE.

OXFORDS,

FREE SHINE. | Varying in value from $7 to $4.50. Take your choice at $3.50. See them in our window. | FREE SHINE.

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS POLISHED FREE AT OUR STORE.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall.

BEEF AWAY OFF.

LOWER THAN EVER

—AT—

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

CARPET REMNANTS.

We have a large stock of Carpet Remnants and Samples which we are selling very cheap. Just the thing for Rugs and Mats. Goods that usually sell for 65c. per yard, you can buy from us for 25c. per yard; 85c. goods for 50c.; $1.25 goods for 65c.

Remnants large enough for a good sized carpet we can sell you for half price. Bring the measure of your room and you can get a carpet very cheap. We can furnish you anything you need in the furniture or carpet line at bottom prices. Our stock is one of the largest and best selected in Lowell. We guarantee our goods first class and our prices the lowest. We are here to stay and when you want anything in our line come to

Gookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

WILLIAM WADE'S PROCLAMATION.

This has nothing to do with the Chicago trouble; but it is a subject of interest to every man, woman and child in this city and suburbs. I am not a millionaire, but I am willing to help everyone to save a dollar. What fairer proposition can I make?

Defying competition I present a list of the following bargains.—

GOAT BUTTON BOOTS, regular price $1.50, our price 80c.

MISSES' DONGOLA BUTTON BOOTS, regular price $1.25, our price 75c.

LADIES' BLACK OXFORDS, patent tips, all sizes, usual price 75c., our price 50c.

MISSES' and CHILDREN'S OXFORDS, colored and black, 49c. and upwards.

CHILD'S RUSSET BOOTS, our own make, 40c.; small sizes less.

MEN'S TENNIS SHOES, 25c.

MEN'S HIGH CUT BICYCLE BAL SHOES, rubber soles, 75c.; former price $1.25

These are simply a sample of the hundreds of bargains offered. If you do not believe I have them, call and see. Dollars are scarce nowadays, and only by saving the pennies can our merchants keep alive. When you want anything in Footwear call on

WILLIAM WADE,

23 MERRIMACK STREET,

Two Doors Below the Post Office.

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM, 182 Merrimack Street, Photographers, Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block, Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing Of all kinds. Telephone 32-5. Prescott Street Lowell, Mass.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, JULY 14.
Sun Rises........ 4 20 | Moon Sets... 1 03 AM
Sun Sets......... 7 21 | Full Sea ... 9 15 AM
Length of Day..15 00 | ... 9 15 PM

Forecast for Maine and New Hampshire: Partly cloudy, with local showers in southern portion; west winds; cooler.

For Vermont: Fair; winds shifting to northwest.

For Massachusetts: Showers, followed by fair weather; cooler; west winds.

For Rhode Island and Connecticut: Fair, followed by local thunder storms in Connecticut; west winds; cooler in Connecticut.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN, with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Everybody agrees that last night was the hottest night of the season.

The Atlantic mills, Lawrence, are to close July 28th for five weeks.

The Massachusetts Cycle club of Boston is the guest of the Vesper club today.

The memorial fund to the late Chief Henry L. Bixby of Newton has reached $7000.

Mr. and Mrs. John Covillo of Watertown, are visiting in Lowell and renewing old acquaintances.

Benjamin Lee and Wm. Looby are to run a 100 yard dash at the Fair grounds, July 28th, for $50 a side.

The Y. M. C. A. gives a free concert in their rooms on Hurd street at 7.30 tonight. The Irena orchestra will furnish music.

The new bicycle law is in force. Ten miles an hour is the limit to the speed in cities, and a bell must be used on the machine.

The outing club of the Y. W. C. A. is at Willow Dale, this afternoon. A basket lunch will be served free to all who attend.

The Ward Six committee of the republican city committee met last night, and arranged for electioneering at Tuesday's election.

The Burkes are holding their annual picnic and games, this afternoon, at Shawsheen river grove. Among other attractions there will be a base ball game and races.

Wm. Barry of this city, charged with obtaining money under false pretences was held for the grand jury at *Concord, N. H.*, Friday. Bail was fixed at $300. He was committed.

Read *Kittredge & Co.'s ad. today and* get your supply of paints, brushes, etc., for every day use. Paris green is not mentioned, so put this on the list, too. Warranted to kill with one application; 208 Central street.

A small boy named Alphonse Tetreau was arrested in Dracut Thursday, on a charge of breaking glass in a house at that place. He was discharged on account of his being so young, as he is only 7 years old. Another boy still younger was also mixed up in this affair, but was not arrested.

Haverhill Commandery, U. O. G. C., of Haverhill, had an installation of officers last evening. Following are the officers: Deputy Grand Commander J. A. Jauvrin, Grand Herald J. F. Robarge, Past Grand Commander Lady Henrietta Robarge officiated. Rev. H. Lockhart was present to advocate Golden Cross principles.

A Tent Blown Down.

The tent over the flying horses in the vacant lot on Lakeview avenue was blown down by the wind, yesterday.

Offer Ten Per Cent.

Joseph O. Lebarge, general trader, 44 Aiken street, Lowell, owes $2719.96, and the assets consisted of the stock, accounts and bills receivable. He offers his creditors 10 per cent. payable in 30 days.

Aiken Street Bridge Afire.

There was a slight blaze on the Aiken street bridge at 6 o'clock last evening, but it was extinguished by David Benoit before any damage was done. It probably caught from a lighted cigar.

Fees to Lowell Lobbyists.

Among the items paid by corporations to counsel who represented them during the legislative session are the *following*: Tremont & Suffolk mills to Francis W. Qua of Lowell, counsel to secure legislation in relation to deposits of cities and towns in banks, $318.65; Lowell & Suburban Street Railway company to George F. Richardson counsel on petition for amendment to charter, $100.

Wanted a Free Ride.

A youth who gave his *name* as Storry Shonkauskie, aged about 13, says the Woonsocket Reporter, who had been hanging around the railroad station at Blackstone, R. I., Monday, and could tell a very plausible story, was forwarded to his home at Lowell, Mass., Monday, at 5 p. m., by Overseer of the Poor William Fitzgerald of that place. The young lad stated that he had been sent to relatives in New York *some time ago, who took* what money he had except enough to pay his fare to New London from which place he had traveled on foot to Blackstone. As there is no person by that name in the directory, the youth probably gave a fictitious name, or wanted to get a free ride to this city.

CANOE CAMP AT CROTON POINT.

American Association Expects to Have About 200 in Attendance.

CROTON POINT, N. Y., July 14.—The 14th meet of the American Canoe association began here yesterday and will last two weeks. The formal opening of the camp was deferred until today on account of the non-arrival of the association flags and the ammunition for the camp cannon, but the Knickerbocker canoe club hoisted their club flag, saluted it, and opened their part of the camp.

The camp is on the high banks of Croton point, and overlooks the wide waters of Haverstraw bay, facing toward the northwest. There are already about 20 tents in position and a half dozen more arrived this evening. About 40 are in camp. It is expected tomorrow will bring the *arrivals up to 200*. All preparations are made to receive a large number of new comers.

The camp steamer began running today, and makes four trips daily each way between Sing Sing and the camp. Two stores and a restaurant have been opened on the grounds by enterprising residents of the neighborhood. In addition to Knickerbocker, Red Dragon and Ianthe clubs have *club messes*.

The following clubs are now represented in the camp; Knickerbocker of New York city, Ianthe of Newark, N. J.; Arlington of Arlington; Red Dragon of Philadelphia, Washington canoe association of Washington, D. C.; Owanux canoe association of Bridgeport, Conn.; Ottawa of Ottawa, Can.; Balwagen of Port Henry, N. Y.; Rochester of Rochester, N. Y., and Newburgh boating and canoeing association of Newburgh, N. Y.

DR. COBURN DENTIST 61 MERK. ST.

Old Hundred 10c. cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

The Martin Luthers held an outing at Tyng's Island yesterday.

There are 305 entries for the Worcester trotting meeting next week.

The Emmets play the Centrals on the North common this afternoon.

The police arrested John Savage, yesterday, charged with escaping from the city farm.

The Pawtucket Blues play the Collinsville B. B. club in Pawtucketvill this afternoon.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

Operations were begun this forenoon on those promised iron stairs to Chelmsford street at the Middlesex street station.

Three pool tables and a billiard table will be put in at Lakeview in that part of the bowling alley formerly used for rifle practice.

Sergeant Dangler, the recruiting officer from Fort Warren, Boston harbor, reports four men enlisted during his six weeks stay in Lowell.

P. J. Hoar, attorney-at-law, has removed his office from 10 P. O. block to O'Donnell & Gilbride's building, Merrimack corner *of Palmer street*.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that *kind. Visit his studio in Barristers'* hall and have a sitting made.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the *thermometer at Ellingwood's store* registered 98 degrees. The awning was down and the electric fans were kept going all day.

Before Corbett sails for home this month he is to put on the gloves in England with old Jem Mace. The veteran ex-champion of the world is in need of coin, and Corbett will give him a helping hand by appearing at his benefit and using him gently in the boxing.

About 12.30 last night the residents of Howard street in the vicinity of Chelmsford street, were startled by hearing a series of unearthly yells and cries that lasted two or three minutes. Several of the residents got up and a *few people* who were passing along Chelmsford street ran down and made a hunt for the "howler," but without success, as he had disappeared.

Laborers Take Warning.

We have reduced the price of coal for your benefit. Buy your coal of D. W. Horne & Son, 15 Central street.

Objects to His Name.

Mr. Prescott Lynch of the Mail, who strenuously objects to being called "Percy," is to take the newspaper men up river on an excursion, and he will foot all bills.

They Danced For Prizes.

The B. C. club had a sail up river on the May Queen to Harmony Grove, last night. Fred Tucker won the prize dance and Jennie McKenzie took a gold ring for the ladies' prize.

A Despicable Act.

A sneak thief entered the house of a woman named Bridget Daley, who lives at 50 Chestnut street, while she was out working yesterday afternoon, and carried away the scanty stock of food which she had bought that morning. The theft was reported to Inspector Laflamme. The thief who stole the victuals deserves heavy punishment, for the loss falls heavily on the *family of six*, the husband and father being out of work.

Who Will Preach Tomorrow.

Rev. W. D. Leland preaches at Eliot church. Rev. J. C. Tomlinson, at First Universalist church. Prof. R. A. Beard, at First Congregational church. Rev. E. W. Pride of Andover at High Street Congregation church. Miss Bertha Stevens of Franklin, N. H., at Union F. B. church. Prof. J. P. Taylor of Andover, at Kirk Street church. Rev. E. P. Curnick at Worthen Street Baptist, morning; and Worthen Street Methodist, evening.

Dracut a Little Excited.

There is no little excitement in the town of Dracut over an attempt to get Officer Scott investigated. It is said that he aroused the ire of the townspeople by carrying two revolvers, a billy, handcuffs and twisters, in fact he was a walking arsenal in the opinion of law breakers. The people say he used his revolver to scare a man who was running away on the Fourth, but Officer Scott says it was only a blank cartridge, and as he caught and arrested the man the burnt powder was well expended.

Only Fooled Once.

An item in yesterday's SUN reads, "The long promised iron stairs from Chelmsford street down to the Northern depot have at last been commenced."

This *item recalls a few humorous* incidents which were seen for the few days following the boarding up of the Chelmsford street entrance to the old stairs. Many of our prominent citizens had a habit, when they had occasion to go to Boston, of jumping off a Westford street car and making a dive down the stairway with great speed.

For a few days after this had been *boarded up, it was very humorous to stand* for about an hour—between 8 and 9 o'clock —and watch those who were unacquainted with the fact that-it-was closed, make a running jump from the car to the entrance and to see the looks of amazement that came over their faces. Most of them would use pretty strong language when they found they had to walk away round to Middlesex street, but they never get fooled more than once in this way.

THE NEW QUARTERS.

To be Occupied by the License Commissioners at City Hall.

The license commissioners will have their new quarters in city hall, in the truant commissioners' office, unless they change their minds. It is understood that the members of the commission are favorably impressed with the truant commissioners quarters, and will have a railing put in the room.

They will have office hours so as not to interfere with the work of the truant commissioners.

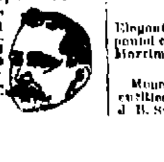
It is said that upon their recent visit to Worcester, the commissioner found that several clerks have been employed to do work for the commissioners there and so reported to Mayor Pickman. His honor replied that he guessed there would be no need of several clerks here. City Clerk Dowd and Asst. McCarthy have managed to perform their regular work and attend to license business besides in past years.

Woodbury removes Moles,

Warts, Pimples, Freckles, Wrinkles, Superfluous Hair, all Facial Blemishes, and Skin Diseases. Regular registered Physicians. Call or write. Consultation free.

125 West 42d Street, N. Y.

Send 10c. for a little "Beauty" book, 150 pages on skin and scalp, care of the hair, preservation of the complexion, removal of all skin blemishes, in short the result of 20 years' practical experience treating the skin. Mailed, sealed, to any address, with sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



Will They Win?

The Mathew Temperance Institute nine went to Milford, N. H., this noon, to play off the rubber game with the team representing that place.

Not Much of That.

The way the Lakeview theatre fills up at every performance of The Mascot, it is evident the people like the opera. Last night "standing room only" was the order.

Look Out For Dogs.

George D. Dudley, foreman at Woods, Sherwood & Co's., wire factory, on Bridge street, was bitten by a dog, Thursday. Officer Libbey settled with the dog later.

Easy to Break an Arm.

Arthur S. Howard, of Tech, who was editor of the High School Review, and major of the battalion in '92, stubbed his toe on Central street, yesterday, and falling, broke his left forearm.

Called on Little Ruth.

Gov. Greenhalge as the guest of Gen. C. H. Taylor of the Globe at his summer home on Buzzard's bay, called on Mrs. Cleveland, Little Ruth and Baby Esther, on Thursday, enjoying a very pleasant evening.

Gov. Greenhalge Off for Maine.

Gov. Greenhalge and family left yesterday for Kennebunkport, Me. The governor will remain there for several days, returning to the state house next Tuesday morning. In the meantime Sec. Thomas will hold the fort alone.

It Pleased the Crowd.

St. Patrick's Cadet band gave a free concert last night in front of city hall. A crowd of almost 900 gathered around in the vicinity and seemed to greatly enjoy itself. The program was the same as that *rendered on the 4th of July, but was somewhat* shortened, as the program was concluded at 9 o'clock.

Money Sold at Auction.

The Lowell Co-operative bank held its regular meeting last evening when $9000 and over were sold after lively bidding. The highest price paid was 7 4-5 per cent. interest on one block of $1500. About $2000 was sold at 6 9 10 per cent., about $4000 for 6 2-5 per cent. and about $3700 for 6 3-10 per cent. The largest block sold to one purchaser was $3000, sold at 6 3-10 per cent.

Endorsement for the C. L. U.

The Mule Spinners' union met last evening at 12 Middle street. The most important business was the discussion on the resolutions adopted by the Central Labor union Sunday last and by a unanimous vote the action of the the union was fully endorsed.

It was also voted to turn out in a body on Labor day in the parade, and at the next meeting the marshal and his aids will be elected.

His Head Smashed In.

A despatch from Haverhill says that Timothy Driscoll of this city, employed in C. H. Hayes' new factory had the top of his head crushed by brick falling from a tub that was being hoisted to the top of the building, a distance of 20 feet. He was taken to the city hospital and late last evening was in a critical condition and will probably die. He is married and has a *family in this city*.

The only Timothy Driscoll in the directory is the one that resides on Charles street.

Vote for O'Day.

Every democratic voter in Ward Six should turn out on Tuesday next to vote for Mr. O'Day. His defeat would be a severe blow to the democrats of the city.

It is now known by the *democratic* city committee that several of the defeated candidates who have heretofore been regarded as good democrats are out in opposition to Mr. O'Day. These gentlemen are making the mistake of their lives because they will be punished for their treachery if they show by their actions that the reports in circulation regarding them are true. Should Mr. O'Day's vote fall below the democratic *strength they will be held responsible*.

STEERAGE RATES CUT.

Vacation Trip to Liverpool and Return for Only $15.

NEW YORK, July 14.—The cut in steerage rates to points in England, made yesterday by the White Star line, was beat today by the *American Line Steamship* company. Hereafter until further notice they will carry steerage passengers to the other side for $10 each, with the privilege of purchasing a return ticket prepaid for $15.

This rate is to the common points, technically speaking, which are Southampton, Liverpool, London and Belfast.

An additional $1 will be added to this rate to Dublin, and $2 to Bristol. The fare to *Havre, Amsterdam, Bremen* or Rotterdam will be $15, and $2.25 additional to Paris. The continental rate also holds good for Scandinavian ports.

The Cunard company say they have done nothing in the way of a cut as yet.

Nothing to Give Out.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Reports are still *very unsatisfactory as to the progress* of the Democratic tariff conference, and nothing more direct can be obtained from conferrees than that they are making satisfactory progress, and that the bill is being gradually put into shape, which it is hoped will make it reasonably satisfactory to the Democratic party.

Mind Was Unbalanced.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., July 14—Rev. A. B. Dascomb committed suicide at his home in Westminster. He was 59 years old. He was stationed at Bellows Falls for 12 years, resigning in September, 1890, on account of illness. He never regained his health. His malady being of a mental nature, resulted in unbalancing his mind a few months ago.

Poland Brothers Recaptured.

LEWISTON, Me., July 14.—Henry Poland, who escaped from Auburn jail last May, was brought back yesterday by Officer Sparrow of Portland, who found him and George Poland, his brother, at Gloucester, *N. H.* George escaped from Deputy Marshal True of Mechanic Falls last week, but was rearrested by Officer Sparrow.

Ex-Roundsman Under Arrest.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Samuel J. Campbell, a *former roundsman on the police* force and now a real estate agent, was arrested yesterday. He is accused of having forced tribute from east side Bohemian saloon keepers.

A Postponement.

BUFFALO, July 14.—The triennial general convocation of Royal Arch Masons of the Grand Chapter was to have been held in Topeka next week, but on account of the strike the convocation will not be held until Aug. ?

Clearance Sale!!!

Now is the time to get your vacation or business suit or trousers, at greatly reduced prices. Best values in the city at Alexander's, importer and tailor, 65 Central street.

Giving Away

Elegantly decorated napkins and platters with a pound of our high grade tea. Dickson Bros; 68 Merrimack street.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 406-4.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CONGRESS ACTS.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL HAS PASSED.

Other Matters of Importance Taken Up Without Delay—Pension Appropriation Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The river and harbor appropriation bill, which usually gives rise to sharp debate and consumes from three days to a week for its completion, was passed yesterday. Another important bill—the legislative, executive and judicial—was immediately taken up and put well on its way toward passage before the senate adjourned.

The early part of the day's proceedings was enlivened by a discussion of Mr. Hale's resolution inquiring whether there had been a meeting of the conference committee on the tariff bill. Besides the author of the resolution, the Republican conferrees, Senators Allison, Aldrich and Sherman, each expressed their condemnation of "senate chamber" method of considering the bill now involved.

Mr. Voorhees replied that he had been actuated by an overwhelming desire to hurry the bill through its last stage in *not inviting* the Republican members to the meetings. It was necessary that the majority should first formulate some line of *action for themselves*, after which a full conference would be called. Several bills of minor importance were passed.

The house agreed to the report of the conference on the pension appropriation bill. The remainder of the day was devoted to the consideration of private bills. Although several were debated none was passed. The evening session was for the consideration of private pension bills.

WON WITH EASE.

Two of Cincinnati's Pitchers Badly Pounded by the Bostons.

CINCINNATI, July 13.—Boston *hammered both of Cincinnati's* pitchers without ceasing, and won with the greatest ease.

Boston	4	1	3	2	0	2	0	7	8	—27
Cincinnati	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	—7

Earned runs—Boston, 18; Cincinnati, 7. Base hits—Boston, 20; Cincinnati, 13. Errors—Boston, 2; Cincinnati, 5. Batteries—Staley and Ryan; Tannehill, Parrott and Murphy.

At St. Louis:

St. Louis	3	3	0	0	0	0	5	0		—11
Baltimore	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	—10

Base hits—St. Louis, 12; Baltimore, 8. Errors—St. Louis, 6; Baltimore, 8. Batteries—Breitenstein and Twineham; Hawke, McMahon and Clarke.

At Pittsburg:

Pittsburg	4	3	0	3	0	0	0	0		—10
New York	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4

Base hits—Pittsburg, 8; New York, 8. Errors—Pittsburg, 3; New York, 0. Batteries—Ehret and Mack; Westervelt and Farrell.

At Cleveland:

Cleveland	1	4	0	5	4	1	1	0		—16
Philadelphia	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	—8

Base hits—Cleveland, 15; Philadelphia, 10. Errors—Cleveland, 1; Philadelphia, 6. Batteries—Young and O'Connor; Callahan and Buckley.

At Portland—Portland, 20; Bangor, 9.

At Lewiston—Lewiston, 14; Haverhill, 12.

At Brockton—Brockton, 7; Pawtucket, 6.

Hayes and McGlone of the disbanded Worcester club have been signed by Bangor.

Five Persons Injured.

CHICAGO, July 14.—A passenger and a freight collided on the Wisconsin Central railroad at Fourteenth and Robey streets. Five persons were injured, but none killed.

Mrs. Sarah F. Combs
Auburn, Mass.

All Broken Down

Weak, Nervous, Dizzy Spells

Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I had been in poor health for a long time. For years my appetite was very poor. Supper was my best meal, but even then I could not sleep nights and I had to walk the floor a great deal at night. I was very nervous and had frequent dizzy spells and headaches. I suffered with pains in my bowels.

I Did Not Think I Could Live

three months when I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla for my blood. Before I had used one bottle I began to feel better and my appetite improved. I was troubled with constipation, so I got a box of Hood's Vegetable Pills. Soon I passed a knotted tape worm 25 feet long. At once the pains in my bowels ceased and though very weak, I began to pick up in appe-

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

tite and strength. I am no longer troubled with headache or *dizzy spells*, and sleep soundly. I am perfectly well and work hard each day." MRS. SARAH F. COMBS, Auburn, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

BARGAINS!

- 2 cans Peaches ...... 25 cents
- 2 cans Salmon ...... 25 cents
- 3 cans Peas ...... 25 cents
- 4 bottles Ammonia ...... 25 cents
- 3 mugs Mustard ...... 25 cents
- 2 lbs Hops ...... 25 cents
- 1 gallon Molasses ...... 25 cents
- 6 boxes Macaroni ...... 25 cents
- 8 dozen Crackers ...... 25 cents
- 5 packages Corn Starch ...... 25 cents
- 5 lbs Tapioca ...... 25 cents
- 5 lbs Raisins ...... 25 cents
- 6 lbs Currants ...... 25 cents
- 5 lbs Starch ...... 25 cents
- 10 bars Soap ...... 25 cents
- 5 boxes Sardines ...... 25 cents
- 3 boxes Mince Meat ...... 25 cents
- 3 bottles of Root Beer ...... 25 cents

FARLEY'S :. CASH :. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

Only Three Voters.

Only three Ward Six voters showed up to be registered in city hall, yesterday.

Took French Leave.

"Shorty" Devine, as he is know around town, is reported to have taken French leave from the workhouse.

An Ungodly Warm Day.

Two men approached each other on Central street yesterday afternoon. The first ejaculated, "pretty warm, isn't it?" "Well, I guess it is," replied the other, "its a regular Bob Ingersoll day."

Firemen vs. Police.

The would-be champions at the national *game in the police and fire departments* will meet on the Fair grounds next Thursday afternoon. Money is being placed even; odds are given that more than two umpires will be needed.

Has Sung the World Over.

Mr. Robert Tyrrell, the famous tenor singer, is at his home in this city. He came on from San Francisco, Cal., to see his father whom he learned was quite ill. "Bob" has been engaged during the past season at Maguire's theatre in San Francisco. He has signed for next season with the Minnie Hauk company. During his life "Bob" has travelled considerably and has visited *Europe, Asia, Africa, North* America and South America.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

LADIES' OXFORD SHOES.

The season for outing and vacation is at hand, and the ideal shoe for recreation is the Oxford. It furnishes coolness and comfort, convenience and economy all in one. For the seashore, for the mountain, for the summer picnic, you need a pair of Oxfords. Here's the chance to supply the need:—

- Ladies' Dongola, patent leather tip, opera and Philadelphia toe Oxfords, 75c.
- Ladies' Dongola opera and square toe Oxfords, widths D and E, 99c.
- Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, patent leather tip Oxfords, C, D and E, $1.23.
- Ladies' tan goat opera and square toe Oxfords, widths B, C, D and E, $1.23.
- Ladies' Dongola, McKay sewed, opera and square cloth top Oxfords, $1.50.
- Ladies' Dongola, turn, opera and square toe, patent tip, Oxfords, $1.50.
- Ladies' tan goat turn, opera and square toe Oxfords, $1.50.
- Ladies' tan goat, McKay sewed, opera toe Oxfords, widths B and E, $1.50.
- Ladies' Dongola, needle toe, patent tip Oxfords, $2.
- Ladies' Dongola, narrow square toe, cloth top, patent tip Oxfords, $2.
- Ladies' Dongola, narrow square turn, patent tip Oxfords, $2.
- Ladies' best Ten Vici Kid, McKay sewed, opera Oxfords, $2.
- Ladies' best Russia Calf, McKay sewed opera Blucher and Oxfords, $2.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

Lakeview Theatre

Afternoons at 3. Evenings at 8.

THE GILBERT OPERA COMPANY

A Mascot is a Mascot because it is a

MASCOT

Beginning MONDAY, July 9th, this merriest of Audran's operas will be produced.

New Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, American Orchestra, Superb Chorus, Excellent Caste.

- Bettina, the Mascot ...... Miss Jennie Corea
- Fiametta ...... Miss Kate Powers
- Frederic ...... Mrs. Carrie Carrol Lloyd
- Lorenzo XVII ...... Raymond Hitchcock
- Pippo ...... John Lloyd
- Rocco ...... Tom Callahan
- Doctor ...... George Ireland
- Matteo ...... Peter Depew
- Parafante ...... Frank Emerson
- Carlo ...... Miss Madeline Sandford
- Macco ...... Miss Edith Cinq Mars

Lords, ladies, soldiers, peasants, etc.

Grandest production ever seen in Lowell.

Round Trip Tickets 20 Cts.

Cars leave Bridge and Merrimack streets every 10 minutes.

For Breakfast, What Shall We Eat?

TRY

Cunningham's Breakfast Delicacy,

A WHEAT FOOD.

12c. per pkg. A perfect food, especially those of weak digestion.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 486.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 314-3, Fresh Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH ...... Proprietor

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK.

Mantle Bed with Spring and Mattress, complete, for $12.50, usual price $16.

Sideboard folding Bed with French Mirror, all quartered Oak, $30, usual price $35. A fine Antique Bedroom Set, large Plate Mirror, $18.

The very best Soft Top Mattress for $3.

Wash Tubs, Clothes Baskets, Bench and Tub Wringers, at lowest prices.

We have a few Refrigerators left and will sell at a bargain. A new lot of Baby Carriages just received, with all latest improvements, for the small sum of $5.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number. 85 Prescott Street.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,

Feet Fitters, Opp. City Hall.

Weather Indications—Fair and Continued Warm.

Attention, Gentlemen

FREE SHINE. | This week we offer you 172 pairs of finest Calfskin Hand Sewed | FREE SHINE.

OXFORDS,

FREE SHINE. | Varying in value from $7 to $4.50. Take your choice at $3.50. See them in our window. | FREE SHINE.

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS POLISHED FREE AT OUR STORE.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Opp. City Hall.

BEEF AWAY OFF.

LOWER THAN EVER

—AT—

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St.

CARPET REMNANTS.

We have a large stock of Carpet Remnants and Samples which we are selling very cheap. Just the thing for Rugs and Mats. Goods that usually sell for 65c. per yard, you can buy from us for 25c. per yard; 85c. goods for 50c.; $1.25 goods for 65c.

Remnants large enough for a good sized carpet we can sell you for half price. Bring the measure of your room and you can get a carpet very cheap. We can furnish you anything you need in the furniture or carpet line at bottom prices. Our stock is one of the largest and best selected in Lowell. We guarantee our goods first class and our prices the lowest. We are here to stay and when you want anything in our line come to

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

WILLIAM WADE'S PROCLAMATION.

This has nothing to do with *the Chicago trouble*; but it is a subject of interest to every man, woman and child in this city and suburbs. I am not a millionaire, but I am willing to help everyone to save a dollar. What fairer proposition can I make?

Defying competition I present a list of the following bargains.—

GOAT BUTTON BOOTS, regular price $1.50, our price 80c.
MISSES' DONGOLA BUTTON BOOTS, regular price $1.25, our price 75c.
LADIES' BLACK OXFORDS, patent tips, all sizes, usual price 75c., our price 50c.
MISSES' and CHILDREN'S OXFORDS, colored and black, 49c. and upwards.
CHILD'S RUSSET BOOTS, our own make, 40c.; small sizes less.
MEN'S TENNIS SHOES, 25c.
MEN'S HIGH CUT BICYCLE BAL SHOES, rubber soles, 75c.; former price $1.25

These are simply a sample of the hundreds of bargains offered. If you do not believe I have them, call and see. Dollars are scarce nowadays, and only by saving the pennies can our merchants keep alive. When you want anything in Footwear call on

WILLIAM WADE,

23 MERRIMACK STREET,

Two Doors Below the Post Office.

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM,
182 Merrimack Street,
Photographers,
Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO.,
Room 1, Shattuck's New Block,
Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing
of all kinds. Telephone 375-5, Prescott Street Lowell, Mass.